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PERSONAL SKETCHES

OF

HIS OWN TIMES

BY

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON

MEMBER OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT,
JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT OF ADMIRALTY IN IRELAND, AND AUTHOR OF
'THE RISE AND FALL OF THE IRISH NATION.'

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THIRD EDITION

With a Memoir of the Author; an Essay on Irish Wit and Humour; and Notes and Corrections

BY TOWNSEND YOUNG, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF 'THE HISTORY OF IRELAND,' ETC.

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BARRINGTON'S PERSONAL SKETCHES

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SIR JONAH BARRINGTON'S PERSONAL SKETCHES.

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

By the Editor.

The Irish are not wittier than other people, but they are happier in having their wit at hand, and on slight occasions.

This essay is intended to be a modest record of passing jokes as illustrative of our national bent; the philosopher will see that our wish to be happy is predominant. I do not desire to enter into the minute disquisitions of Quintilian or Campbell. The whole subject seems to be within the scope of a few sentences, which the reader will be more pleased with than if I quoted twenty pages.

Without entering into any subtleties of distinction, the principal species of wit may be safely intrusted to three well understood popular terms—Wit properly so called, humour, and drollery. Amongst these you may distribute as you please the wolf—Pun. Irish bulls have no just claim on my attention at present, even if I had time to bestow it on them; but the critical observations, however curt, simple, and free from pedantic nicety, which are necessary to preserve this essay from the reproach of reading from a jest-book, fortunately deprive me of the opportunity of discussing many matters that are, it is to be regretted, too popular and too ready to the hand of those who shine in confusing the human understanding. A little philosophy keeps mirth fresh and respectable. It rewards attention by improving reason; while buffoonery is a real though sly satire on the taste and intelligence of its admirers.

Of the species mentioned there are several genera, which are readily recognised by the terms denoting them, although the features of individuals under them are not easily contra-distinguished by the tints of words. Thus, we have grave and moral wit, caustic and festive; so we have humour—gay, light, broad, jocose, comic, satirical. Drollery is rather an inferior sort of humour than a separate kind. In connection with those terms are many others whose boundaries we need not determine, such as pleasantry, dicacity, urbanity, etc.

It is now time to inquire on what does wit depend? What are its sources, its causes, its components? How does it act? What are its effects? The answering of these questions has given employment to some of the critics and metaphysicians of ancient times as well as of modern. As a minute account or discussion would be out of place, I shall be as brief yet as clear as possible.

The little I shall say respecting these matters is essential to your greater gratification. You cannot fairly accuse me of delay while preparing your taste for the better discernment of the things with which you are to be entertained. You will soon see that I aim at enlarging your capacity for enjoyment—for our subject is not in the ordinary course of reading; if I aim at doing this, you will assuredly not complain of getting tired. At all events I shall strive to avert your censure by informing you that the elegant Quintilian devotes several pages to the analysis of wit, and that these pages can be dull only to the dull, and tedious only to the novel-reader who reads every day with complacency ten pages that could be better written in one.

To what Quintilian has left us, not much of any importance has been added since; but we may confine ourselves to the more familiar writings of the moderns. All agree in opinion that the chief cause of wit is the comparison of ideas, and the introduction and fit application of strange and unexpected images. Accordingly, surprise, comparison, contrast, figure, have been considered as the chief constituents of wit. We can assent to this, without being fully satisfied. Indeed, I am by no means satisfied with Dr. Campbell's disquisition in his *Philosophy of Rhetoric*,

nor with Sydney Smith's elaborate review of Edgeworth's *Essay on Irish Bulls.* Both are narrow in their views, and indistinct in giving them expression. I cannot help thinking that Smith never read the Roman; for if he had, assuredly more of his matter would have been transferred through the careful English page.

Addison says that wit is often produced, not by the resemblance but by the opposition of ideas. Sydney Smith observes that "wit discovers real relations that are not apparent." Dr. Campbell writes thus:—"The materials employed by wit, in the grotesque pieces she exhibits, are partly derived from those common fountains of whatever is directed to the imaginative powers; the ornaments of elocution; and the oratorical figures, simile, apostrophe, antithesis, and metaphor." Now all this is true enough, but supplies a very defective analysis of wit. There is a general concurrence of opinion that surprise, as cause or effect, is essential to wit. "Of so much consequence," writes Campbell, "are surprise and novelty, that nothing is more tasteless and sometimes disgusting than a joke which has become stale by frequent repetition." This is very loose criticism. What is said refers to the effects of repetition, and not to the merits of the joke. Besides, the author flies from wit to joke, by a rapid descent through an immense distance. Yet he may have meant no more than Smith means when he lays it down as an axiom that "the essence of every species of wit is surprise." There is not a great deal more to be learned from modern authorities. What has been quoted is, in the main, true; but it is not quite explicit, and is exposed to some exceptions.

True wit is so easy and natural that it creates little surprise. The truth is, as there are many varieties of wit, so there must be a variety of characteristic principles. These are to be discovered by examining a large number of true instances. It will then be seen that those characteristics can be grouped; yet in grouping them we should be guided rather by the principle of natural affinity than by a forced identity.

What has been observed of wit is, with certain modifications,

applicable to humour; drollery and pun are, with respect to commentary, beyond my reach at present. To follow these subjects through all their bearings would be impossible save in an express and bulky volume. All that can be done is to take a good view of prominent objects; and to make long strides, but to hasten leisurely. It is now the proper moment to introduce the predominating feature of every species and kind of wit—whether moral or philosophic, sarcastic or ironical, smart repartee or elegant compliment; for there is a true criticism of wit which may be abstracted from all its peculiar attributes and characteristics.

This criterion is point—which needs neither definition, nor description, nor discussion. No more is necessary to be said than that wit without point is like a needle in the same predicament—not deserving of the name.

There are numerous examples of wit which cannot be pronounced surprising. Thus, a lady presiding at tea, of high reputation for a stingy teapot, observed to a guest that Mr. Gladstone did a great deal of good by reducing the tax on tea. "He would have done a great deal more good," was the gentleman's reply, "if he had put on water what he had taken off tea."

Point, however, cannot exist without truth and accuracy in all the bearings; symmetry and harmony of conveyance; purity and temper in the material. The presence or absence of those characters is what constitutes the often delicate distinction between true wit and false; the former of which is as scarce as diamonds, the latter as abundant as glass bugles.

Comparison is an abundant source of pleasure; and it is in a state of perpetual activity, even in those moments when we believe ourselves thinking of nothing. There are but few examples of wit independent of the relation which may be established between two different ideas; or, which is the same thing, between two different phases of the same idea. You may wish to take exception to this form of expression, yet it conveys what the argument requires. These set comparison in motion, and thus comparison becomes intimately connected with

wit. But as one at least of those ideas or images is due to imagination, we must conclude that it is in imagination we are to find the real origin of wit; a term which is accordingly applied, especially in the older writers, to poets and poesy, and all the nobler productions of the mind.

I shall lay down the thread of the argument for a while to introduce a few illustrations by way of refreshment. I have provided none better. One of the prettiest similes in the world is Sir John Suckling's, from *The Wedding*—

> "Her feet beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice stole in and out,
> As if they feared the light."

"La, what is this like?" asked Bessy Martin, on being handed a bunch of lavender, cut very short. "Like yourself—short and sweet," exclaimed Phil, who was in lavender ever after in that direction. The day before "the consummation of all things," Phil—she used to call him Philomel—or Philip le Bel—or Nasty Phil—an amputation he often helped her to perform; well, Philip espied the lavender in her work-box. "'Tis as short as ever," said Phil; "but not half so sweet as you are *now*." "You were very witty," was Bessy's grave reply, "when I understood you. I hope this will be the last time you will say any fine things. We must be wise the rest of our lives; and talk of bread and butter." All this is wit, sun, and soul!

In his mock-heroic poem, *The Dispensary*, Sir S. Garth has a simile which, though a long one, is well sustained. He compares hydrops, or the dropsy, to a miser; and insatiable avarice, to the feverish thirst often experienced in that disease:—

> "The hydrops next appears among the throng,
> Bloated and big she slowly sails along;
> But like a miser in excess she's poor,
> And pines for thirst amid her watery store."

Of Sheil's wit I have heard mention but once. It was by Purcell O'Gorman, whom I met at Lord Norbury's auction. The conversation was accidental; but the punning celebrity gave

it a turn, of which I can give some account. There lived a gentleman in Merrion Square, who had little to divide among a bevy of daughters but the mamma's beauty and his pedigree. Papa allowed the young birds perfect freedom, with perfect safety; for they were perfectly trained. Notwithstanding our supply, we are aware that the competition in the market of beauty is dreadful. This, that, and the other, sent in his tender; but as the lowest was not binding, the contracts lay open for a long time. The expectations of the fascinating parties transcended even their charms. The gossip concerning their important affairs slipped one evening into conversation at Sheil's. "I know for certain," said one of the party, "that R——, who is making already two thousand a-year, and is sure of a silk gown, has had a flat refusal. They'll never be caught who will not catch." "Ay will they," observed Sheil; like butterflies that soar too high in the day, they'll be caught in the evening without an effort." Sheil's figure is a good specimen of poetical wit. I mean the figure of speech, not the speeching figure; which some of us remember was neither Apollo's nor Endymion's.

In the introduction an undercurrent of thought conducts me towards observations of some interest, and which may as well find utterance now as by-and-by. In a general way 'tis as easy to account for the disappearance of the year's wit at the year's end as for that of the year's pins. They are lost, and so is the wit, for want of a pincushion. But there are items that cannot be so easily accounted for. Notwithstanding their defects, the records of wit are copious enough to lead us to expect in them many examples of the best quality; whereas it is admitted that proportionally they present only a few. And again, how lamentably scanty are the memorials of men, notorious for a flow of wit in their time. The explanation seems to be this:—Although men of genius are not always men of wit, still it is amongst them that wits of the highest order are found. The fine touches of such masters often pass unobserved, like those of Titian or Guido; while the ruder strokes of others fail not to be noticed, like the bold broad pencil of Spagnoletto or Sassoferato.

Delicate wit is perceptible only to delicate sensibilities; and these are much more rare than egotism will ever be persuaded of. We are quite free to acknowledge that nothing milder than fiery pickle will create the saline sensation in some palates; but we recoil from the proposition that attic salt requires an attic palate; for we all believe that silk or broadcloth refines the mucous membrane. Many, with the hide of a rhinoceros, fancy themselves exposed to perpetual abrasion from bees' wings and gossamer.

Besides, much that may not escape immediate observation fades from the memory. The good things of an evening, for want of the pincushion, scarcely outlive their delivery. Even the impressions of rattling humour are fugitive. What is to become of the tremulous osculations of airy wit? They are as evanescent as the music heard in dreams. So transitory are the flashes of wit, that unless they be photographed at the moment of corruscation, they run the risk of being lost for ever. Hence it is that so little remains of Curran; and so very little to correspond with his reputation. The traditions are almost discreditable to his name; and the same may be said of Swift and Sheridan. Our loss is great, for we have reason to know they were prodigal of their peculiar wealth.

From Dr. Thomas Hill of Harcourt Street, formerly Regius Professor of Medicine in Trinity College, Dublin, I have had a token of Curran not unworthy the mint. In a discussion concerning the relations of colour and figure with the beautiful, Curran was asked for his opinion, and answered, "I am not sure that colour is essential to beauty; but I know it is the chief ornament of modesty. I am one of the awkward squad, and no authority; but, pointing to the youthful and blooming Miss Ponsonby, go to *head-quarters*, and let beauty and modesty speak for themselves."

This reminds me of a fine piece of polished drollery extemporised by a country priest. O'Connell, in a romantic oath, had just pledged the beauty of the women of Kilkenny, at a banquet where it mustered strong. Beside him stood one of its fairest

specimens; towards whom, as he significantly turned, the priest cried out, "I think you should kiss the book, Mr. O'Connell!"

Although this jocular observation does not indicate great resources, it is nevertheless witty and graceful. Cicero would certainly have put it in the class of dicacity; and if we were often enlivened by such sallies, I fear that attempts in this place would be exposed to a dangerous fastidiousness.

When I laid it down as a proposition that imagination is the genuine origin of wit, the conclusion at which I arrived was this: —The proximate cause is the comparison of ideas; the nearness or distance of the images, or illustrations; the suggesting of singular and felicitous affinities. That is, I arrived at an admitted truth; so that my speculations have not been subtle enough to set me astray.

What has been said with respect to imagination may be considered as equally applicable to poetry. Granted; but it is not rendered thereby indispensable, as we shall see by considering points of qualification and distinction. True wit is generally, but not always, poetical. When Swift, to account for the little use made of Marsh's Public Library, said, "Make knowledge as cheap as ditch-water, and it will be treated as ditch-water," he was witty, but not poetical. Such examples may be greatly multiplied; and therefore what has been said is pertinent and necessary. Moreover, we must distinguish between poetry properly so called, and what is merely poetical. To poetry we must attribute peculiar numbers, style, and expression. Now we do not circumscribe wit by such limitations. If anything be said of the one should be also applicable to the other, it is not therefore superfluous, since the two are different things; and the application is susceptible of being properly restricted, and directed through a special channel.

If all that could be said of poetry could likewise be said of wit, then every piece of wit would be a short poem. This, it is plain, would be going too far. If all that could be said of wit could likewise be said of poetry, then every poem would be witty, which would be equally absurd. One of the best poems

of any age, almost equal to the Georgics in grandeur and strength, and superior in variety and tenderness, the production of a man of more exquisite festivity of genius than Virgil himself—*The Deserted Village*—presents but very few verses bordering in the least on that humour of which Goldsmith was so great a master. Conversely, one of the wittiest pieces in our language—Swift's *Verses on his own Death*—is not allowed by Thomas Campbell, perhaps the best formal critic since Johnson, to be poetry at all. And in his opinion I acquiesce with reluctance.

To wit should be assigned some particular feature; something to mark it out in the progeny of imagination; some mole or beauty-spot that will enable us to recognise it from other offspring of the same stock. Sydney Smith says, "The less apparent and the more complete the relations established by wit, the higher gratification does it afford;" a sentiment already referred to, but now more clearly expressed. He also lays it down that "the essence of every species of wit is surprise." To this add the testimony of the author of the *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, —"Of so much consequence here are surprise and novelty, that nothing is more tasteless and sometimes disgusting, than a joke which has become stale by frequent repetition." The same author subjoins, "Wit and humour indulge a tendency to provoke laughter, by exhibiting a curious and unexpected affinity." I lay stress only on the terms *curious* and *surprising, novel* and *unexpected*. What is said as to the effects of repetition goes for nothing. Repetition wears the hearer, not the joke, which always remains the same. Its pungency is not gone for ever, like soda-water, on the drawing of the cork. Too much familiarity breeds contempt. By repetition the merriest airs lose their relish—with some notable exceptions, such as "The Groves of Blarney," "Haste to the Wedding," and "Jenny dang the Weaver." There is a remarkable exception, that old duet—"The Kiss," which holds its ground with rare pertinacity.

Sydney Smith's dictum, as expressed, is not correct. Surprise is not an essence, but an emotion; and an emotion,

moreover, may be agreeable or disagreeable according to the exciting cause. At all events, instead of novelty, which is too slight and trifling a term, and of surprise, which converts the effect into the cause, I would prefer strangeness or singularity as the leading characteristic of wit. And I believe it is by this very homely feature that it is best known to us all.

We must, however, observe that some of the finest strokes of wit are so natural as to excite little or no surprise. "I am told they will cut off my head if your Majesty sends me," said the ambassador to Louis. "If they do," replied the king, "I'll have the head of every Englishman in my dominions cut off too." "Not one of them all may be found to fit my shoulders, please your Majesty," was the cool observation, in which nothing very surprising is observable, although the wit is striking enough. A gentleman who had been helped to the bare head of a sole, and who had never heard of the ambassador's shrewd remark, presented his plate to the host, with "I should like to see how the shoulders fitted this bald head." Our muscles were not taken by surprise, but they were agitated wonderfully nevertheless. "I hope I don't intrude," said a rotund mass entering a railway carriage of a very hot day. "Well, we have only room for about half of you," exclaimed a fair sister of rival dimensions. "Thanks to you for that, ma'am." "That's because you speak *ex cathedra*, ma'am." "You have the advantage of me, ma'am," was the prompt but not surprising rejoinder, yet the emphasis on *advantage* did not leave the *double entendre* a moment in suspense. Here one flash succeeded another like lightning without any perceptible surprise. Indeed, what may be called our domestic wit, which is often truly brilliant, partakes rarely of the electric character. It resembles more the ordinary bubble of a spring than the sudden shock of a torpedo. Whoever recollects the unforeseen promptitude of a thistle as he smelt the new-mown wisp, or the expected impromptu of a cold shower-bath with 80° in the shade; or whoever experienced a flop of a wet sponge in the middle of a balmy doze, or the allocution of a literary lord-

deputy at an agricultural banquet, will never trust much to surprise for amusement. I do not, however, mean to deny that surprise does not produce amusement. It often does, and frequently when wit of any kind or calibre is entirely absent. What a roar from the knaves at the corner when Hodge lets drop the heated horse-shoe! What fun Dizzy had when he found an old fool left him £40,000 for his civility to the Israelites! Dr. Whately would furnish examples without end.

If I sell the whole of the argument to the diversion, you may as well have Toole to write, or any other performer on the human understanding.

The surprising is not a fast colour. It generally runs out in the hot water of criticism. It sometimes leaves the wit behind, and sometimes nothing more than Paddy Blake left his creditors—a copy of his Unwritten Visions. Surprise, from its very nature, cannot long be the concomitant of wit. It cannot be always fresh; but it is too much to say that the wit ceases when its freshness ceases. Wit is entitled generally to some indulgence, and it usually receives a large share. To test it we should not have recourse to torture. In general we are disposed to receive it kindly; and where there is most taste it is most welcome. "Wherever there is taste," writes Campbell, "the witty and the humorous make themselves perceived, and produce their effect instantaneously; but they are of so subtle a nature they will hardly bear to be touched, much less to undergo a strict analysis and scrutiny." Now true wit—we speak of true and false wit—will bear a very severe test—in my opinion, the severest; whereas those images which create a sudden surprise are such as are likely to lose much reputation on being sifted. They share the fate of gentlemen who figure some time upon flash where they are not known, and are noisy in strange hotels, but who disappear upon inquiry. In suggesting the adoption of singularity or strangeness in lieu of *surprise* and *novelty*, I do not aim at being a reformer of nomenclature; it is enough for me to show that the latter terms are so objectionable that we ought to welcome any that are less so. Nomenclature

is, in some subjects, surrounded with difficulties; for instance, in grammar not one part of speech has a name with any meaning; nor have we ever been able to name correctly any tense but the present. Logically, we can speak of the past and future, but these terms are mere tints in grammar.

Although an image or illustration is one of the ordinary components of wit, it is not invariably so, at least directly and bodily. The figurative part is, instead of being clearly visible, barely hinted, and often so grudgingly that it would be a pity to discover it. Sometimes it is curiously hidden, as it were on the back of the leaf, like a butterfly's nest; and little will be got by looking for it. Where an illustration is entirely wanting, the wit is generally of the humorous genus, as we have seen in the conversation between the fat couple in the railway carriage. "Very indigestible," ejaculated Rabelais, as the lampreys were laid before the archbishop, who, being a dyspeptic, ordered them away. "Reach them here," cried the doctor, who was excessively fond of them. The butler complied, and Rabelais fell to, to the great astonishment of the divine, who naturally observed, "I thought I heard you exclaiming *durissimum*, most indigestible." "'Twas of the dish I was speaking, my lord, not of the lampreys," cried the wit. There is here no new image introduced, nor any metaphorical allusion; and notwithstanding it is a bit of practical jocularity. I am not so sour as to reject its pretension to true wit. Sancroft, who had refused to officiate at Mary's coronation, received a message from her, previously to the ceremony, to request his blessing. "Tell her," answered the venerable primate, "to get her father's first." But an example of this kind would not be called wit by Sydney Smith. According to his views, the dignity of tone and sublimity of sentiment would exclude it. I think he pushes this matter much too far.

The real beauty of wit is in its point. This expression is used in two different senses. In one it is applied to the weapon itself; in the other to the aim given to it. Wit may be well threaded with its argument, but the argument never gets

through without the point. Without the point the weapon is not entitled to its name. It is the penetrating power which affects the intellectual perceptions and functions, and the moral sentiments and sensitive emotions. The point of wit depends chiefly on the appositeness and delicacy of the comparison instituted between the images brought together; and the natural remoteness of these improves the whet of collision. If there be no express image, it depends upon some felicity of turn in the fundamental idea, or some fine and *imperceptible* allusion, the creation of the *acer spiritus et vis;* of that energy and vivacity which are the attributes of genius, and which give to every species of true wit a mode independent of the drift.

By vivacity, I mean that special power of winning, of pleasing, or of diverting, which is as sure a sign of wit as the three balls are of avunculism. The contemplation of this power so greatly captivated the sedate Dr. Isaac Barrow, who taught Newton the conic sections, that he has devoted sundry long comic sections to define its properties. You will find the passage in *Half-Hours with the Best Authors;* but you will not be greatly illuminated by it. This vivacity does not necessarily produce laughter, but only that degree of animation which the physiologists have denominated "a disturbance or perturbation of the spirits." Such is Barrow's and George Campbell's phraseology—quaint but expressive. The latter discriminates in this way—"Sublimity elevates; beauty charms; wit diverts. The first enraptures, dilates the soul; the second diffuseth over it a serene delight; the third tickles the fancy, and throws the spirits into an agreeable vibration;" which, I suppose, we may liken to the undulation of a ray under the wand of the gentle Ariel.

By energy is intended any force or vigour which cannot be confounded with vivacity, as it has been defined, but which gives velocity and momentum to the thought, which furnishes it with wings, or which drives it onward as the gale does the barque; or which imparts to it strength, invincibility, boldness, and agility. Of the various terms to which allusion was made

in the beginning—such as *grave, moral, caustic*, etc., as applied to wit and its congeners—any interpretation would be now superfluous. They are descriptive of accidents, not of essentials; so, for their sakes, we need no longer defer the engagement.

In the French Academy the hat went round in aid of the family of a deceased member. The curé of Notre Dame held the hat, and began with the president, the Archbishop of Paris, who was notorious as a crusty customer. The curé, finishing his circuit, presented, by mistake, the hat a second time to the president, and received for answer—"Monsieur, I gave my donation before; you may believe it; Monsieur Lafontaine here saw it." "Yes," cried the poet, "I saw it, my lord, but did not believe it!"

We take drollery to be funnier than humour. I once asked a youngster the difference between *farther* and *further*. "Farther, he replied, "is the comparative of *far*, and *further* is *farther* than that." Humour is droll; but what is *droller* than humour, we call drollery. This comparison, though you won't believe me at present, is not droll; but the ground I have built on really is. The young Aristotles of Master Morgan's class acknowledged it with an instantaneous titter; and he was saluted ever after as Morgan Rattler. But how comes it that we are amused with this paralogy? It is the attempt which pleases us. We recognise such attempts with infinite complacency, and purr like a cat when rubbed down softly. This accounts for the amazing success of bad puns. There is no kind of wit so egotistically participated in as *pun*. Every one by deems the *jeu de mot* personally intended for his delectation, and treats it politely. The more murderous the attempt, the greater seems the sacrifice for your merriment; and the audacity is liberally rewarded. There is always something of the ridiculous in failure; and the ridiculous, by prescription, has always the laugh on its side. So, in the punning trade, the greater the failure the greater the success; and in other trades too, if we can believe all we hear.

I was not disposed to take notice of puns, but the oppor-

tunity coaxed me. Nor do I regret to proclaim the justice of a general toleration of all puns, good and bad, but not indifferent, and the abolition of tests, and of impediments—except dinner. In this department of science I have made a discovery, which, as I do not mean to protect it by patent, may as well be let loose here. I have seen fellows open in the love line, and doing a good business on a small capital, utterly ruin their prospects by over-dealing in puns. I pray you avoid it. Pun and sentiment are hereditary foes; and, in courtship, he who does not take a sound physiological view of a young lady's feelings will never go snacks.

It is curious to observe in what a small radical stock originates the numerous progeny of puns. In this respect, punning resembles what the old grammarians considered to be a perfect language; that is, a language whose entire vocabulary, though ever so copious, may be referred to, or derived from, a few primitive roots. Thus, Greek, a most comprehensive tongue, has held the first place as a perfect language, for it is reducible to a dozen vocables not more significant, or insignificant, just as you please, than the puffs of a half-burned bellows. On this principle punning wit is attic wit *cum grano salis;* for twenty thousand puns at least are manufactured from *air, hot, fine, coarse, sharp, tight,* and *spirit.* I shall not decide on the humanity of the tortures practised in the manufacture, for in prospect of the total abolition of capital punishment all hope of a remedy is at an end.

I am ignorant how modern nosologists deal with punning; whether they consider it a cutaneous disease or a brain-fever, an itch or a congestion. It is admitted to be as infectious as incurable, and that all sanitary precautions are worse than useless, except deafness alone, or perhaps congenital idiocy. In most cases, from the way it runs, it has evidently the appearance of a softening of the cerebellum, which is corroborated by the *bellum internecinum* always observable as the result of an overflow at a social congress of the afflicted. Instances, however, are not uncommon where the most superficial diagnosis will immediately detect local irritation, or some obscure capillary attraction barely

sufficient to draw a brash. Here Holloway's ointment may be tried, if all the fat has not gone in the fire. In other cases the itch is decided, and begets a scrape. This eruption leaves no doubt as to the existence of subcutaneous inflammation, the best application for which is a counter-irritant to bring the pustules to a head. We should rather forward the symptoms than keep them back, and help nature by friendly fomentations without openly adding fuel to the fire. Immediately close the windows, and put on the gas, for a high temperature wonderfully promotes the discussion of lazy tumours. Dr. Samuel Johnson—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—the eternal terror of all quacks, was the first to discover the connection between pneumonia and kleptomania. I apprehend pneumonia in his time presented phases not observable now. I never saw a punster pick a pocket, but I have seen him pick a quarrel more than once.

Two young gentlemen, one red with hair, but both green and unreserved, who had just been gazetted to the same regiment, but had no previous intimacy, met among a little group of juvenile Hannibals like themselves. "What do you say to that Cayenne?" asked one, with more meaning than the other perceived. "My name is Pepper, sir," was the rejoinder, at once cold and hot, like a snowball in summer. "Off with your castor, and let's see whether red or black." We escaped a row by a hair's-breadth.

Few speculations have caused me more uneasiness than the reticence—is that the correct word?—of ladies respecting puns. I once suspected my hostess's patronage. I thought she had been trotting me out; and put forth a feeler, with, "I wonder, madam, you, to whom it would be no trouble, never make a pun yourself." She answered severely, "I have no notion, sir, to make myself so ridiculous!" This shot was fired from the magazine of the early-closing movement, and up my shutters went. As I related the adventure to Andrew Oulton, he thus requited me:—"'Miss Williams,' said I, 'why don't you try a pun?' 'Thank you,' said she, 'I'd rather try a custard!' I handed a custard. I had been doing my best to make her interested in me; and,

thinking this bad pay, I was bent on mischief. Accordingly I began simply, 'May I ask why, Miss Williams?' 'Well,' said she, still more simply, 'I always find something in a custard; but, to be candid with you, I could never find anything in a pun.' This was a stunner, but not the catastrophe. 'May not the fault lie with you?' said I, in a tone peevish in spite of me. 'I fear not,' said she, with a deadly shake on the word fear; 'I do not know of any one who has a taste for the insipid.' This was a morceau I had no relish for; and it cured my taste for the service for a full twelvemonth. Had I been in possession of the antecedents, I had not lost a year's life. She was a blue-stocking and a wit; but being totally devoid of the genius for punning, she hated its practitioners, and was always concocting their discomfit. What I took for simplicity was premeditation and spleen. The next time we met she was vexatiously friendly; but her beauty would shiver Gibraltar; and I behaved prettily. Among other things, she informed me—what I didn't care—that she heard I had given up punning, and asked gaily how I did without it. 'Well,' said I, 'I miss it.' 'I have not heard any one else complain, thank God!' shouted she, with a laugh that rang through my ears like the shriek of Cocytus. Nothing remained for me but to join the uproar, mount the guns, and re-open the batteries as speedily as possible. As we were breaking up she gave me her hand. 'I had a full swing to-night,' cried I exultingly. 'And tired yourself and the children, no doubt,' she added, with an honest smile, which cured the sarcasm, and me of the presumption to deprive wit and learning of their fair opportunities in company, and of the folly of becoming as great a nuisance as rotten fish, for the sake of shining." If there be any obstinate punster here, let him meditate on this unique anecdote. *His*—but not now!—*utere mecum.*

Taking them in the lump, determined drolls and punsters are a harmless fraternity. Of the former there can be no doubt; but of the latter we must make a short inquisition. An ill-natured punster must be at cross-purposes with all mankind. He would have to exist in society as in the crater of a volcano, not know-

ing the moment he would be expelled, consumed, or devoured. As, however, their toleration is matter of notoriety, the matter of their disease must be innocuous, in a vital sense. There is, to be sure, nothing to hinder a bad temper from perpetrating a joke, and no more to prevent an evil heart from seeming kind than a rotten egg from seeming sound. Norbury has often been innocently witty. As he was passing into the court, he stumbled, and would have had a bad fall had I not caught him. "Thank you, lad; who are you?" he blubbered. "A fortune-hunter." "A fortune-teller would be better." "Mieu que ça," said I, "a teller of the exchequer. Really I do not yet know; a student, and that's nothing." I was starting off. "Hold, hold; can I do anything for you?" "Don't hang me, my lord." "Hang me if I don't give you a lift, if I can; call on me." I made the congé. I knew a very close-fisted attorney who made a charitable pun that cost him a shilling. He was doing some business with Mr. Josiah Dunne, upon whom I waited on behalf of a *brother-in-law* whose case was one of dilapidation. Mr. D. handed me a pound, which I left on the table as a nest-egg, while plying the other covey. He was versed in the hackneyed parries of the hard-hearted, most of which preclude a civil reply. I drove him, however, to the humanitarian's *dernier resort*—"Every man knows best what to do with his money." "But" said I, "if every man knew what best to do with his money, no man would want; and want least a solicitor." Then, pointing to the note, I continued—"You think that lost; I think it a pound gained!" Whereupon he thrust his hand into his pocket, and before I had time to chuckle over my marvellous eloquence, he pressed his thumb on the pound, and drew forth my zealous "Bravo!" "There," said he with an ominous simper, "there, I'll make it, at all events, a pound—one!" He raised the thumb; I had no necessity to look at the white sovereign, but seizing it and my hat, exclaimed, "Josiah will help a brother."

Drollery suffers by relation more than any other sort of wit. Ordinarily the child of the moment, it perishes at the birth; and the obituary is dull and fusty. For this reason, perhaps, invented

drollery seldom smells fresh: the artifice betrays the gestation. There is a species, however, which may at any time pass for authentic, though forged; when the jollity is not absolutely involved in the circumstances, but in some image, or allusion, or chimera, supplied by a lucky hit or fruitful fancy; that is, to obviate all misunderstanding, when the fun is fetched from a distance, and not the growth of the immediate neighbourhood. The merest trifle which comes at once, as if always familiar and at hand, is sure to please. The other day the long calm in the channel was mentioned. The speaker said his friend's yacht had been sixteen days coming from London. "Well," said a young lady, "they didn't paddle their own canoe." No one will ask was there a laugh. Such wit is genuine and translucid, though not as noisy as crimson, nor as bright as the Drummond light. It is a gem of purest ray serene. It is not very droll, but droll enough for one of the Graces.

MRS. JORDAN: A MEMOIR.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE reader's kind indulgence is requested for this incidental memoir, which has been prepared with the view of making such portions of Sir Jonah Barrington's first part as have been deemed deserving of retention, intelligible. With respect to Mrs. Jordan's sojourn in France, and the melancholy termination of her brilliant but chequered career, we have no authority except our author. The object of the editor is not merely to enhance the value of this volume by gratifying the curiosity created by Mrs. Jordan's name, but also to assert the dignity and safety of principle, to point a moral, and to vindicate the consoling maxim—

"Virtue alone is happiness below."

Mrs. Jordan was born about 1762. Her parents were Welsh. The father's name was Bland, the mother's Grace Phillips. The latter was an actress; the former found something to do about the theatre, for he was a scene-shifter in Cork when Heaphy was manager. It is supposed that their daughter Dora was born at Waterford. At the commencement of her career she used the names of Francis, Phillips, or Bland, from time to time. Neither is the place of her birth nor of her first appearance on the stage, certain. If the circumstances related by Herbert in his *Irish Varieties* be true, it is improbable that Ireland was her native place. He relates having met the family in 1780 on the Pigeon-house Wall, when they had just landed from Wales, and were on their way to Dublin with an introduction to Ryder, the manager in that city. Ryder brought her out as Phebe in *As you Like it.* Her success

secured her the impersonation of all the scenic hoydens for some time, and was sufficient to attract the attention of the profligate and unprincipled Daly, a rival manager, who expurgated his ruffianism by sixteen duels. At this time Daly was in possession of Smock Alley, where Miss Francis appeared as Lopez in the *Duenna;* for the manager had started the novelty of a general metamorphose, by which the men and women were to exchange the parts appropriate to their sex. Soon after, Miss Francis impersonated Adelaide in Jephson's *Count of Narbonne,* and with notable applause. Shortly after she proceeded with Daly's company to the provinces; and at Waterford had the honour of captivating Sir Jonah's needy friend, Dragoon-Lieutenant Doyne, and of rejecting his addresses. In these early trials she manifested talents for tragedy as well as comedy, and gained favour with the public for the unaffected force and fidelity of voice and gesture, and produced a deep impression by her artless and winning *naïveté.* Moreover, her gift of song, though by no means equal to that of several rivals, possessed secret charms that fascinated more than melody, and astonished more than execution.

In July 1782 she took Leeds before York by surprise, when Tate Wilkinson was manager, of whom Paddy Kelly—I mean Mick—speaks so precisely and pleasantly. It is said that her comic vein did not make its appearance till about this period; but the assertion is a mistake. She first came forward as Calista in the *Virgin Unmasked.* The song of *Greenwood Laddie,* which she volunteered after the play, laid the foundation of her popularity and fame. Tate, a far-seeing fellow, immediately prognosticated her future greatness, and arranged for her visiting York, his head-quarters.

She was announced in York, through a fatal necessity, as Mrs. Jordan; the surname being somewhat inexplicable. It has been said that she adopted the new designation to please an aunt who was of the same profession, and then dying in the northern capital, but still excessively jealous of Welsh honour. She acted immediately in the *Son-in-Law,* and the *Fair*

Penitent. Towards the close of the year Mrs. Jordan was pursuing her triumphs at Hull. Here she had the misfortune to fall ill, and her malady became a source of unsisterly scandal in the mouths of her fair corps. Her re-appearance on the virtuous stage was saluted with an astounding hiss. But her modest resignation overcame her perils; her merits tranquillised the bosoms of her fastidious audience; disapprobation gradually subsided; and histrionic fascination silenced the sibilations of prudery. It is easy to oil the axletrees of this jolly world when nothing but virtue makes them rust. In September 1785 Mrs. Jordan performed for the last time in Wilkinson's company at Wakefield, whence she proceeded, with slender confidence, to London, where her first curtsey was dropped on the 18th of October.

There prevailed at her advent, among the dramatic cohorts, an impatience of the imperial haughtiness of Siddons. This confessed queen of tragedy demeaned herself with a certain reserve that was painfully felt even by co-ordinate eminence. She had the command of aristocratic associations, and she wished to have her privileges understood from her carriage towards her equals or secondaries. Resentment could not reach her, for she gave no offence. Tumbled down she could not be, for the fortress she held was too strong for open assault, however vigorous. But the jealousy of humiliation is always ready for reception of an auxiliary for the fomenting of rebellion and the private encouragement of a rival. The anabasis of Jordan was welcomed by a large faction. Although not preceded by any loud noise, vague rumours, or big expectations, her descent on the capital to seize on a salary of four pounds a-week was regarded as a favourable opportunity by the discontents. In short, Mrs. Jordan had a party on the stage and behind the scenes before she had a friend or an admirer among the public.

This was an advantage not easily appreciated by those without the proper sphere. She little needed it, however. Yet we must see that it afforded her, in homely phrase, a clear stage, from which her versatility threw forth numerous tentacula

that rapidly seized the public humours and put her in possession of the town. The *Country Girl* first exposed the resources and skill of the new campaigner and sudden favourite of the play-going world. After a third repetition of Peggy within a fortnight, she presented herself as Viola in *Twelfth Night*, and begat a wide admiration, whose warmth was considerably increased by the romping of Miss Hoyden in the *Trip to Scarborough*, on January 9, 1786. And now the critical pundits of best taste pronounced the final decree that Mrs. Jordan was without a rival in masculine attire. A judgment in theatricals is a rare gift, a difficult acquisition, and a dangerous ordeal. But a pretty girl in pantaloons, who can jump, laugh, and smirk, humorously deliver, with some novel peculiarity not quite provincial, such domesticated phrases as—*but I don't, but I won't, grum, bud*, and *best gown*, engrosses universal applause with a wonderful celerity. Ay, the table, the boudoir, the dance, the shady walk, resound with the praises of the bright-eyed damsel in inexpressibles—the Diana in hunting-breeches, with a cutting whip instead of a spindle, half a double Glo'ster for a crescent, and a gin-bottle for a hunter's horn of chase! Such are the merits and equipments that win the golden opinions of the public, and conquer the coronets that diffuse splendour round a throne! Meanwhile, genius, virtue, goodness, commune with themselves in the solitude of the garret, and speculate on a day's work, the price of a loaf, or the whole duty of man.

Such, says her wearisome biographer, was Mrs. Jordan when she burst on the metropolis in 1795. That her talents were high and her art an appropriate and subtle finish to them, there is no reason to doubt. That she was worthy of half the load of laurel heaped on her is very questionable indeed. The eulogies of her admirers are excessive, and perhaps on this very account not much to be trusted. Besides, arch lively ladies, even under the disadvantage of pitted cheeks and chin that marred the fascinating powers of Miss Bland, discharge sundry sorts of artillery and small-arms full of mischief to unsuspecting gal-

lantry; and the women make amends for their leaning to conjugal schism by seconding our flattering opinions of a theatrical siren. Mrs. Inchbald, in whose judgment and candour we fully assent, was deeply impressed with the abilities of our heroine, and has left this record of them, the more memorable because it refers to that period at which we have just touched:—"She came to town," says that clever and discerning judge, who knew her in York; "she came to town with no report in her favour, to elevate her above a very moderate salary, or to attract more than a very moderate house when she appeared. But here moderation stopped. She at once displayed such consummate art, with such bewitching nature—such excellent sense, and such innocent simplicity—that her auditors were boundless in their plaudits, and so warm in her praise when they left the theatre, that their friends at home would not give credit to the extent of their eulogiums." Assuredly this is a true picture; still there is no evidence of Mrs. Jordan's lofty genius, as we are convinced it existed in Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Abington, Mrs. Siddons, or Kate Clive, whose star sank below the horizon exactly one month after that of *Viola* rose.

Her next exploit was Hypolita in *She Would and She Would not.* Her success profited the manager, propped the company, and tripled her salary. At the close of the season Mrs. Jordan returned to Leeds to show her spoils and enjoy her glory among a few special friends. The relations between the townsfolk and the victorious adventurer had changed. That stupid apathy which had kept her guinea and a half per week from advancing, and repressed her growth for four summers, now broke out in rays of encouragement and vistas of delight. Her *Country Girl* and *Romp* were immediately announced, and performed to a full and enthusiastic house, June 21, 1786. Shortly after, she went to Edinburgh, where she tried higher flights, and made good her experiments. For her benefit, on August 6, she chose the *Belle's Stratagem,* by Mrs. Cowley, and acted the part of *Letitia Hardy.* For this important occasion she wrote an address, which she also recited, and which exceeds the average merit of such unpro-

pitious compositions. I shall favour the reader with a few of its passages, displaying an amount of originality, vigour, and culture, not to be expected from the infelicitous circumstances of the poor girl's childhood. The whole, indeed, is so promising as to make one regret that so much intellectual discipline did not conduct to a more happy and creditable career.

FROM MRS. JORDAN'S ADDRESS AT EDINBURGH, AUGUST 6, 1786.

By sealing thus my sentence now,
You've heaped new laurels on my brow;
Nor is the northern sprig less green
Than that which in the south was seen:
For though your sun may colder be,
Your hearts I've found full warm to me.
'Tis true such planets* sparkled here
As made *me* tremble to appear;—
A twinkling star, just come in sight,
Which, towards the Pole, might give no light!
Melpomene has made such work,
Reigning despotic like the Turk:
I feared Thalia had no chance,
Her laughing standard to advance:
But yet, her youngest ensign, I
Took courage, was resolved to try,
And stand the hazard of the die!

She made known her return to London in Matilda in *Cœur de Lion*, by General Burgoyne. By-and-by she acted in Congreve's *Love for Love;* and then in Holcroft's *Sultan* as Roxalana. By having commented on this new comedy of this author, from which Mrs. Jordan was excluded, Boaden has given me the opportunity of disinterring the only good thing he ever wrote. "Like Mrs. Siddons herself, she seems to have been considered as devoted to the writings only of men of genius."

Mrs. Jordan's next trial was as Juletta in the *Pilgrim* of Fletcher, in which she acquitted herself satisfactorily in some very favourable passages, although the character was not calculated to elicit her special powers.

* Alluding to Mrs. Siddons.

As yet the qualities of Mrs. Jordan were but partially developed. Now she entered the arena against one of the ablest practitioners of her day—the justly celebrated Peg Woffington. Whatever may have been her degree of excellence in Juletta, it seems to me that the most she could have derived from it was good training, variety of exercise, and greater expansion. It was excellent preparation for a passage-at-arms with the dexterous Peg in Farquhar's *Sir Harry Wildair*, in which her fine figure was displayed to the greatest advantage. Her success was unambiguous. It is said that the artlessness and simplicity of her tones and manner had the effect of mitigating the liberty of the dialogue; and the two female rakes were uproariously rewarded with such reward as can be bellowed from the plebeian admiration of pits and galleries, and the mawkish criticism of dazzling boxes.

In 1788 the management fell to Kemble, who produced the *Panel*, and gave Jordan—Beatrice. Followed Vanburgh's *Confederacy*, which displayed our heroine in such a Corinna as had not been seen close upon a century. Her benefit was *As you Like it*. Rosalind helped her to a division of empire with Siddons. Tragedy and Comedy had now each its queen; and their subjects cherished an amicable jealousy of the superiority of either in deluding the hours of idleness, diversifying the intellectual banquet, or agitating the affections of the soul.

Mrs. Jordan had thus reached her eight-and-twentieth year before she had firmly established or much diffused her professional reputation. The year 1791 connected with her name some new characters which served to enlarge the opinion of her capacity, and the train that attended her in the certain expectation of rapture. At the conclusion of the season at Drury Lane she re-opened the usual campaign in the north. This time, however, she was either disappointed or discomfited. To ensure success, she had taken too little pains, or neglected the precautions and artifices necessary to it. Perhaps she offended in withholding that deference by which the public wish to be courted; or alarmed rural prudery by circulating no gossip to

throw a light on the name of Ford or the gentleman who helped her to carry it through the country. She was so coldly received at York, that rather than play one night more, Mrs. Ford forfeited to Tate Nicholson thirty pounds, wherewith he was well pleased.

At this time Mrs. Jordan thought it expedient to deprive of their sting some rumours which nettled her, by making such a candid avowal as may be generously credited to have been accompanied with a pang and a blush, and reasonably expected to check the malicious whispers of petty scandal. The avowal was, at all events, ingeniously calculated to save her the penalty of future suffusions of modest blood on the repetition of innuendoes countermined and exploded by her own candour and composure. Occasional absence from the performances was construed into a studied slight of the respect due to the audiences, by those restless wretches who seem to live by teasing others, and delight in catering for nauseous curiosity. The charge of wilful negligence and disrespect naturally brought forth an answer from the accused, which appeared in the newspapers. The letter containing her denial of the justice of the accusation which had proved a source of some uneasiness, presented her with a desirable opportunity, or may perhaps have been written to create it. The conclusion of Mrs. Jordan's epistle is sufficient for any explanation which may be required here. "In the present instance," she says, "there can be no impropriety in my answering those who have so ungenerously attacked me, that, if they could drive me from that profession, they would take from me the *only income* I have, or mean to possess, the whole earnings of which upon the past, and one-half for the future, I have already settled upon my *children.* Unjustly and cruelly traduced as I have been upon this subject, I trust that this short declaration will not be deemed impertinent. —Dor. Jordan."

This stroke of simplicity and pathos had a magical effect. The appetite of curiosity was appeased; the murmur of malevolence stifled; the injured pride of the public atoned and

repaired, and the grand flatulence of indignant virtue reduced to a collapse extremely sudden, but not very surprising.

It was at this juncture the Duke of Clarence issued a *supersedeas* against Ford. The attractions of the clever artiste had captivated the jolly tar, who was her junior by about four years, and who lost no time in conveying to her such honourable proposals as could be made without any accident to the lady's delicacy or contempt of the law. The behaviour of the exulting beauty was at once prudent and becoming. She gave Ford the opportunity of excluding the Duke from the succession by immediately establishing a legal right to her obedience. Ford refused, and was discarded to make way for royal protection. This was accepted under as many conditions and vows as, under the circumstances, could make it flattering, safe, and somewhat excusable in the eyes of the more lenient part of society. This compact amicably subsisted for twenty years—a compact which might by this time have been forgotten, had it not been rendered memorable by a long, lucky, and respectable family, whose conduct has made the bar-sinister a cause of general regret.

Speculation was much disappointed by Mrs. Jordan's continuance on the stage. To relinquish it may not have been convenient to her wants, her independence of spirit, her need of excitement, or the cravings of her vanity. Her letter had baffled her enemies, rallied her friends, and reconciled the jealous and dainty public. To her talents were now added the halo of royal countenance, and the immense influence of the crowd of young bloods that swarmed round the flowery branches of royalty. Secure against failure by talents, in which she had just confidence, the path of ambition seemed more splendid and wider by reason of her new alliances. The sequel of her professional career was as triumphant, if not as tranquil, as that of Siddons. I am not bound or inclined to trace it. Its history could be interesting only to a few, and those few only busy idlers. Theatrical notes and comments are generally vapid reading, and can be instructive to artistic students merely. All that the most exacting can ask for here, is the principal

characters in which Mrs. Jordan amused scenic amateurs for the rest of her life. In addition to those mentioned, they were —Fatima, in *Cymon;* Lady Restless, in *All in the Wrong;* Lady Contest, in the *Wedding Day;** Helena, in *All's Well;* Sabina, in *First Love;* Fidelia, in the *Plain Dealer;* Flavia, in the *Iron Chest;* Albina, in the *Will;* Angela, in the *Castle Spectre;* Rosa, in the *Secret;* Cora, in *Pizarro;* Lady Teazle, in the *School for Scandal;* Emma Harvey, etc. etc.

In March 1809, some time after the burning of Drury Lane Theatre, Mrs. Jordan wrote to a friend—"In obedience to the Duke's wishes, I have withdrawn myself for the present, or at least till there is a theatre royal for me to appear in. Mr. Marsh and Mr. Alsop, the two gentlemen to whom my daughters are married, will do themselves the pleasure of leaving their cards at your door next week.—I ever am, sir, etc., DORA JORDAN."

This was subscribed—

"I am to play to-morrow week at the Opera House; and as it is likely to be my *last night*, it would not be amiss to have it 'insinuated into the boxes.'"

The performance here alluded to was for the benefit of those thrown out of bread by the destruction of the theatre. Immediately after she went on her own account to Bath—an act which foreshadows the secession of the Duke. When she arrived in Bath, Mrs. Jordan was astounded at finding the voices of her house at Bushy repeated by such distant echoes. There she heard the particulars of her separation from the Duke. It had not yet taken place; but she could not have hoped otherwise.

From Bath she proceeded to Dublin, where her name and talent had but an ill fortune with the volatile multitude. Her progress there called forth some meditations from her biographer Boaden, which rival anything of my philosophic countrymen, and therefore merit reproduction here:—

"But, as if the spirit of Daly had survived in the theatre disgraced by his conduct, it was then *alone* that respect failed

* Into which she introduced her entrancing ballad—*In the Dead of the Night.*

towards a lady who was one of its rarest ornaments. Performers below mediocrity were appointed to act with her, and, in addition to the want of talent, there was a total want of decency among them. Cues they were unable to give—they were unused to the stage business. Perhaps she was most injured among this crew of raff by her own virtue. There was . . . . . an actor named Barrett. He had witnessed her *début*, and she provided for him, and extended her bounty to others who had formerly been known to her in the profession."

On her return from Ireland she was met in every nook and corner by the vindictive missiles of Ford. I forgot to mention who this miserable miscreant was. He was son of a proprietor of the theatre, a barrister and a city magistrate—the same under whose warrant Colonel Despard was apprehended. While undergoing a miscellaneous peppering from the votaries of propriety and conjugal quiet, she was performing at Cheltenham, where a billet from the Duke reached her, inviting an interview at Maidenhead for the express purpose of a prologue to separation. The separation took place, and nothing connected with it tends to show that the Duke of Clarence was deficient in justice or tenderness.

She acknowledges, in a letter to a friend, dated from St. James's, Tuesday December 7th, that the Duke of Clarence has settled on her and her children the most liberal and generous provision. It seems, however, that she was in debt, that her liabilities were discharged, and that then she had but £200 per annum to live on. To recruit her means of livelihood, she reconstructed her expectations on the stage. While contemplating this resource she was distracted by a variety of family afflictions thoroughly deserving commiseration. Her exigencies and anxieties brought on illness, and compelled her to give up her engagement at Sheffield. It is a great mistake to suppose that at this time, or at any, her performances could have produced £7000 in one year. Mrs. Jordan was really on the decline; or, what was equally adverse to her prospects, Miss O'Neill and others began to attract the public regard. Finally, so evil was her fate that

she was forced to make her escape to France to avoid for a while a trifling demand for £2000. She settled at St. Cloud, where our author witnessed her last distresses. She died July 3, 1816.

The subjoined documents will thoroughly inform the reader of all that can be interesting concerning Mrs. Jordan. They will afford a clue to some of Sir Jonah's hints, and satisfy all reasonable curiosity.

In the *Morning Post* of December 8, 1823, appeared the first; the rest will explain themselves. It is only necessary to say Mr. Barton's knowledge of these affairs has never been questioned. A few connecting words are interpolated.

"DOROTHEA JORDAN, deceased.—The creditors of Dorothea Jordan, late of Englefield Green, and Cadogan Place, Sloane Street, in the county of Middlesex, spinster, deceased, who have proved their debts, may receive a dividend of five shillings in the pound, by applying at the office of the Solicitor to the Treasury, No. 5, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn. And those creditors who have not yet proved their debts, are requested forthwith to furnish the Solicitor of the Treasury with proof thereof."

This announcement having been put down as a composition, was thus answered :—

"A paragraph is now in progress through the newspapers, stating that the debts of this lamented and interesting lady have been compounded for five shillings in the pound, which is now in course of payment. This statement is not correct. Mrs. Jordan died intestate in France ; the consequence of which is, her property vests in the crown, and it has become the duty of the King's Solicitor to collect her effects, and apply them, in the first instance, to the payment of her debts. He has done this, and announced a payment to the extent stated. This is the fact, but it is not a composition of the lady's debts ; the same course would be adopted in the case of any other British subject dying

abroad intestate. But perhaps it would not have been necessary to notice the misrepresentation, were it not for the use to which it is applied by some of the public prints, in which it is made the ground of a bitter invective against a royal personage, formerly connected with that interesting female by many dear and intimate ties. Nothing can be more unfounded than the charge, in which it is stated that she was left totally unprovided—to pine and die in want in a foreign land. Mrs. Jordan enjoyed an income of £2000 a-year, settled upon her by the royal Duke. It was paid quarterly at Coutts's bank, in the Strand; and the last quarter, which did not become due until after her death, was received by a lady, formerly a governess at Bushy, and afterwards resident with her as a companion in France, who came over to London for the purpose. But the report of the total abandonment and destitution of Mrs. Jordan is not new; it has been so long and frequently reported, and suffered to pass without contradiction, it is now received as truth in every circle. That it has not been noticed by some of the friends of the royal personage aspersed, may excite surprise. We feel it our duty, however, to expose the misrepresentation, without regard to the wishes of the friends of his Royal Highness. The exposure is due to the cause of truth, it is due to the country, which has an interest in the character of the illustrious individual so near to the throne, which could not belong to the case of a subject, however important, of inferior rank."

The doubts and misrepresentations attending the matters under view brought forth a full explanation from Mr. Barton, of the Mint. He addressed the following to the newspapers:—

"Sir—The attention of the public has lately, as it has many times before, been drawn, by notices in the daily papers, to the case of the late Mrs. Jordan, and much pains have been taken to stigmatise the conduct of an illustrious personage, as it relates to that celebrated and much-esteemed favourite of the public. These censures upon the conduct of the Duke of Clarence have been often repeated, and as often treated with silence upon the

part of his Royal Highness' friends. This silence has, however, been construed by many into an admission of the accusations; till at length the stories so often told of Mrs. Jordan's having been obliged to leave her country and fly to a neighbouring kingdom, where, it is said, she died insolvent, for want of a trifling allowance being made to her by the Duke, are assumed as facts.

"It has gone on thus until some persons have exclaimed, 'Has the Duke of Clarence no friend, who, if the accusations are groundless, can rescue the character of his Royal Highness from such gross calumny?' All who knew the Duke or his connections intimately are acquainted with the truth; but none being so fully possessed of the whole case as myself, I feel that any further forbearance would amount to a dereliction of duty on my part; and therefore, in justice to a much-injured character, I take upon myself to submit the following statement to the public, acquainting them, in the first place, that it was through my hands the whole transaction upon the separation of the Duke and Mrs. Jordan passed; that it was at my suggestion Mrs. Jordan adopted the resolution of leaving this country for France, to enable her the more readily and honourably to extricate herself from the troubles into which she had fallen through a misplaced confidence, and that I possess a correspondence with Mrs. Jordan, subsequent to her leaving England, which corroborates my statement in the minutest points. Upon the separation which took place between Mrs. Jordan and the Duke, in the year 1811, it was agreed that she should have the care, until a certain age, of her four youngest daughters, and a settlement was made by the Duke for the payment by him of the following amounts:—

"For the maintenance of his four daughters . .	£1500
For a house and carriage for their use . . .	600
For Mrs. Jordan's own use	1500
And to enable Mrs. Jordan to make a provision for her married daughters, children of a former connection	800
In all .	£4400

"This settlement was carried into effect, a trustee was appointed, and the monies, under such trust, were paid quarterly to the respective accounts, at the banking-house of Messrs. Coutts and Co. It was a stipulation in the said settlements, that in the event of Mrs. Jordan resuming her profession, the care of the Duke's four daughters, together with the £1500 per annum for their maintenance, should revert to his Royal Highness; and this event actually did take place, in the course of a few months, in consequence of Mrs. Jordan's desire to accept certain proposals made to her to perform. Mrs. Jordan did resume her profession; and, not long after, reflections were thrown out against both the Duke and herself; whereupon Mrs. Jordan, indignant at such an attack upon his Royal Highness, wrote the following letter, which was published in the papers of the day:—

"'Sir—Though I did not see the morning print that contained the paragraph alluded to in your liberal and respectable paper of yesterday, yet I was not long left in ignorance of the abuse it poured out against me; this I could silently have submitted to, but I was by no means aware that the writer of it had taken the opportunity of throwing out insinuations which he thought might be injurious to a no less honourable than illustrious personage.

"'In the love of truth, and in justice to his Royal Highness, I think it my duty publicly and unequivocally to declare that his liberality towards me has been noble and generous in the highest degree; but, not having it in his power to extend his bounty beyond the term of his own existence, he has, with his accustomed goodness and consideration, allowed me to endeavour to make that provision for myself which an event, that better feelings than those of interest make me hope I shall never live to see, would entirely deprive me of.

"'This, then, sir, is my motive for returning to my profession. I am too happy in having every reason to hope and believe, that, under these circumstances, I shall not offend the public at large by seeking their support and protection; and,

while I feel that I possess those, I shall patiently submit to that species of unmanly persecution, which a female so particularly situated must always be subject to. Ever ready to acknowledge my deficiencies in every respect, I trust I may add that I shall never be found wanting in candour and gratitude—not forgetful of the care that every individual should feel for the good opinion of the public.—I am, sir, your much obliged, humble servant,

"'DORA JORDAN.'

"It should have been before stated, that upon settling the annual allowance to Mrs. Jordan, everything in the shape of a money transaction was brought to account; and that the most trifling sums even, upon recollection, were admitted, and interest being calculated upon the whole, in her favour, to the latest period, the balance was paid over by me, on the part of the Duke, and for which I hold Mrs. Jordan's receipt. It should also be understood that, up to the day of their separation, Mrs. Jordan had received a large annual allowance from his Royal Highness.

"A cessation of correspondence between Mrs. Jordan and myself ensued, until September 1815, when I most unexpectedly received a note from her, requesting to see me immediately. I found her in tears, and under much embarrassment, from a circumstance that had burst upon her, as she said, 'like a thunderstorm.' She found herself involved to a considerable amount by securities, which all at once appeared against her, in the form of bonds and promissory-notes, given incautiously by herself, to relieve, as she thought, from trifling difficulties, a near relation, in whom she placed the greatest confidence.

"Acceptances had been given by her in blank, upon stamped paper, which she supposed were for small amounts, but which afterwards appear to have been laid before her capable of carrying larger sums.

"She was fearful of immediate arrest. She wished to treat all her claimants most fairly and honourably, and to save, if possible, the wife and children of the person who had so deceived her from utter ruin. She could not enter into negotiations with

her creditors unless at large; and apprehending that if she remained in England that would not long be the case, she instantly adopted the resolution before mentioned of going to France.

"A list of creditors was made out, and an arrangement was in progress to enable her to return to this country. All she required, in order to set her mind at ease on the extent of the demands that might be out against her, was, that the person who had plunged her into all these difficulties should declare, upon oath, that the list he had given her included the whole. This the party from time to time refused to do; and disappointed thus in the hope she had so fondly cherished, of again returning to this country, and seeing those children for whom she had the most tender affection, she sank under the weight of her afflictions, and in the month of June * 1816, died at St. Cloud.

"With the death of Mrs. Jordan ceased the allowance which by his Royal Highness' means she was enabled to make up to £200 a-year to each of her three married daughters. Surely, then, no blame can attach to the Duke of Clarence, whose liberality, in order to enable Mrs. Jordan to make a suitable provision for them, in the event of her death, has been acknowledged by her to have been 'most noble and generous in the highest degree.'

"All sorts of means were resorted to by one of the parties (now no more) to compel a continuance of these allowances. The Duke did not chose to be driven in this respect; but when importunity, from inefficacy of threats, had died away, His Royal Highness, of his own generous accord, did give to each his kind assistance, and I am, to this day, paying, and as long as it shall be His Royal Highness' pleasure, shall continue to pay, annual gratuities to the two surviving daughters.

"The administration of the effects of Mrs. Jordan, by the Solicitor of the Treasury, was *ex officio*, and the advertisment which appeared in the papers, and which has called forth this last attack, was put in regular discharge of the duties of his administration. JOHN BARTON.

"*Royal Mint, Jan.* 21, 1824."

* See *ante*, July 3.

MRS. JORDAN.*

THE short sketches of the Dublin stage in my juvenile days bring me to a subject more recent and much more interesting to my feelings. I touch it nevertheless with pain, and must ever deeply regret the untimely catastrophe of a lady who was at once the highest surviving prop of her profession and a genuine sample of intrinsic excellence: had her fate descended, whilst filling her proper station, and in her own country; or had not the circumstances which attended some parts of that lady's career been entirely mistaken;—had not the cause of her miseries been grossly misrepresented, and the story of her desertion and embarrassed state at the time of her dissolution altogether false, I probably should never have done more than mention her professional excellences.

But so much of that lady's life, and so much relating to her death also, has been mis-stated in the public prints, that I feel myself warranted in sketching some traits and incidents of Mrs. Jordan's character and life, all of which I know to be true, and a great proportion whereof I was personally acquainted with. Some degree of mystery has rested, and will probably continue to rest, on the causes which led that lady to repair to a foreign country, where she perished; all I shall say, however, on that score is, that these causes have never yet been known except to a very limited number of individuals, and never had, in any shape or in any degree, bearing or connection with her former situation. The reports current on this head I know to be utterly unfounded, and many of them I believe to be altogether malicious.

* The reader will easily understand what Sir Jonah aims at. The preceding section was drawn up to explain what follows.

I am not Mrs. Jordan's biographer; my observations only apply to portions of her conduct and life. I had the gratification of knowing intimately that amiable woman and justly celebrated performer. Her public talents are recorded; her private merits are known to few. I enjoyed a portion of her confidence on several very particular subjects, and had full opportunity of appreciating her character.

At the point of time when I first saw Mrs. Jordan, she could not be much more, I think, than sixteen years of age; and was making her *début* as Miss Francis, at the Dublin Theatre. It is worthy of observation that her early appearances in Dublin were not in any of those characters (save one) wherein she afterwards so eminently excelled; but such as, being more girlish, were better suited to her spirits and her age. I was then, of course, less competent than now to exercise the critical art; yet could not but observe that in these parts she was perfect even on her first appearance: she had no art, in fact, to study; Nature was her sole instructress. Youthful, joyous, animated, and droll, her laugh bubbled up from her heart, and her tears welled out ingenuously from the deep spring of feeling. Her countenance was all expression, without being all beauty; her form, then light and elastic—her flexible limbs—the juvenile but indescribable graces of her every movement, impressed themselves, as I perceived, indelibly upon all who attended even her earliest performances.

Her expressive features and eloquent action at all periods harmonised blandly with each other—not by artifice, however skilful, but by intellectual sympathy; and when her figure was adapted to the part she assumed, she had only to speak the words of an author to become the very person he delineated. Her voice was clear and distinct, modulating itself with natural and winning ease; and when exerted in song, its gentle flute-like melody formed the most captivating contrast to the convulsed and thundering *bravura*. She was throughout the untutored child of Nature: she sang without effort, and generally without the accompaniment of instruments; and whoever heard her

Dead of the Night, and her *Sweet Bird*, either in public or private, if they had any soul, must have surrendered at discretion.

In genuine playful comic characters, such as *Belinda*, etc., she was unique; but in the formal, dignified parts of genteel comedy, her superiority was not so decided; her line, indeed, was distinctly marked out, but within its extent she stood altogether unrivalled—nay, unapproached.

At the commencement of Mrs. Jordan's theatrical career, she had difficulties to encounter which nothing but superiority of talent could so suddenly have surmounted. Both of the Dublin theatres were filled with performers of high popular reputation, and thus every important part in her line of acting was ably preoccupied. The talent of the female performers, matured by experience and disciplined by practice, must yet have yielded to the fascinating powers of her natural genius, had it been suffered fairly to expand. But the jealousy which never fails to pervade all professions was powerfully excited to restrain the development of her mimic powers; and it was reserved for English audiences to give full play and credit to that extraordinary comic genius, which soon raised her to the highest pitch, at once of popular and critical estimation.

Mrs. Daly, formerly Miss Barsanti, was foremost among the successful occupants of those buoyant characters to which Miss Francis was peculiarly adapted: other actresses had long filled the remaining parts to which she aspired, and thus scarcely one was left open to engage her talents.

Mr. Daly, about this time, resorted to a singular species of theatrical entertainment, by the novelty whereof he proposed to rival his competitors of Smock Alley; namely, that of reversing characters, the men performing the female, and the females the male parts in comedy and opera. The opera of *The Governess* was played in this way for several nights, the part of Lopez by Miss Francis. In this singular and unimportant character the versatility of her talent rendered the piece attractive, and the season concluded with a strong anticipation of her future celebrity.

The company then proceeded to perform in the provinces, and at Waterford occurred the first grave incident in the life of Mrs. Jordan. Lieutenant Charles Doyne, of the third regiment of heavy horse (Greens), was then quartered in that city; and struck with the *naïveté* and almost irresistible attractions of the young performer, his heart yielded, and he became seriously and honourably attached to her. Lieutenant Doyne was not handsome, but he was a gentleman and a worthy man, and had been my friend and companion some years at the University. I knew him intimately, and he entrusted me with his passion. Miss Francis's mother was then alive, and sedulously attended her. Full of ardour and thoughtlessness myself, I advised him, if he could win the young lady, to marry her; adding, that no doubt fortune must smile on so disinterested a union. Her mother, however, was of a different opinion; and as she had no fortune but her talent, the exercise of which was to be relinquished with the name of Francis, it became a matter of serious consideration from what source they were to draw their support—with the probability too of a family! His commission was altogether inadequate, and his private fortune very small. This obstacle in short was insurmountable: Mrs. Bland, anticipating the future celebrity of her child, and unwilling to extinguish in obscurity all chance of fame and fortune by means of the profession she had adopted, worked upon her daughter to decline the proposal. The treaty accordingly ended, and Lieutenant Doyne appeared to me for a little time almost inconsolable. Miss Francis, accompanied by her mother, soon after went over to England, and for nearly twenty years I never saw that unrivalled performer.

Mr. Owenson, the father of Lady Morgan, was at that time highly celebrated in the line of Irish characters, and never did an actor exist so perfectly calculated, in my opinion, to personify that singular class of people. Considerably above six feet in height; remarkably handsome and brave-looking,—vigorous and well-shaped,—he was not vulgar enough to disgust, nor was he genteel enough to be out of character: never did I see any actor so entirely identify himself with the peculiarities of those parts

he assumed. In the higher class of Irish characters, old officers, etc., he looked well, but did not exhibit sufficient dignity; and in the lowest, his humour was scarcely quaint and original enough; but in what might be termed the middle class of Paddies, no man ever combined the look and the manner with such felicity as Owenson. Scientific singing is not an Irish quality; and he sang well enough. I have heard Jack Johnstone warble so very skilfully, and act some parts so very like a man of first-rate education, that I almost forgot the nation he was mimicking: that was not the case with Owenson; he acted as if he had not received too much schooling, and sang like a man whom nobody had instructed. He was, like most of his profession, careless of his concerns, and grew old without growing rich. His last friend was old Fontaine, a very celebrated Irish dancing-master, many years domiciliated and highly esteemed in Dublin. He aided Owenson and his family whilst he had means to do so, and they both died nearly at the same time—instances of talent and improvidence.

This digression I have ventured on, because, in the first place, it harmonises with the theatrical nature of my subject, and may be interesting—because it relates to the father of an eminent and amiable woman; and most particularly, because I was informed that Mr. Owenson took a warm interest in the welfare of Miss Francis, and was the principal adviser of her mother in rejecting Mr. Doyne's addresses.

After a lapse of many years I chanced to acquire the honour of a very favourable introduction to His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, who became the efficient friend of me and of my family—not with that high and frigid mien which so often renders ungracious the favours of authorities in the British government, but with the frankness and sincerity of a prince. He received and educated my only son with his own, and sent him, as lieutenant of the Fifth Dragoon Guards, to make his campaigns in the Peninsula. This introduction to His Royal Highness and his family gave me full and unerring opportunities of knowing, of appreciating, and valuing Mrs. Jordan.

The outlines of Mrs. Jordan's public life, after her connection of twenty-three years with that royal personage, are too well known to require recital here. But with respect to her more private memoirs, so much falsehood and exaggeration have gone abroad —so many circumstances have been distorted, and so many facts invented—some of the latter possessing sufficient plausibility to deceive even the most wary—that, if not a duty, it appears at least praiseworthy, to aim at the refutation of such calumnies.

I have ever felt a great abhorrence of the system of defamation on hearsay. Public men, *as such*, may properly be commented on. It is the birthright of the British people to speak fairly their sentiments of those who rule them; but libel on private reputation is a disgusting excrescence upon the body of political freedom, and has latterly grown to an extent so dangerous to individuals, and so disgraceful to the press at large, that it may hereafter afford plausible pretences for curtailing the liberty of that organ—the pure and legal exercise of which is the proudest and surest guardian of British freedom. The present lax, unrestrained, and vicious exuberance of the periodical press, stamps the United Kingdom as the very focus of libel and defamation in all their ramifications. No reputation—no rank—no character, public or private, neither the living nor the dead,—can escape from its licentiousness. One comfort may be drawn from the reflection—that it can proceed no further; its next movement must be a retrograde one, and I trust the legislature will not permit this retrogression to be long deferred.

I cannot conclude this digression without reprobating in no measured terms that most dangerous of all calumnious tendencies which endeavours systematically to drag down the highest ranks to the level of the lowest, and by labouring to excite a democratic contempt of royal personages, gradually saps the very foundation of constitutional allegiance: such, however, has been a practice of the day, exercised with all the rancour, but without any portion of the ability, of Junius.

It is deeply to be lamented that this system has been exemplified by some individuals whose literary celebrity might have

well afforded them the means of creditable subsistence, without endeavouring to force into circulation works of mercenary penmanship by wanton slander of the very highest personage in the United Empire. I specify no name: I designate no facts;—if they exist not, it is unimportant; if they are notorious, the application will not be difficult. It is true that a libeller cannot fully atone—yet he may repent; and even that mortification would be a better penance to any calumniator of distinguished talent than to run the risk of being swamped between the Scylla and Charybdis of frivolity and disaffection.

But to return to the accomplished subject of my sketch:—I have seen her, as she called it, *on a cruise*, that is, at a provincial theatre (Liverpool); having gone over once from Dublin for that purpose. She was not then in high spirits, indeed her tone, in this respect, was not uniform; in the mornings she usually seemed depressed; at noon she went to rehearsal—came home fatigued, dined at three, and then reclined in her chamber till it was time to dress for the performance. She generally went to the theatre low-spirited.

I once accompanied Mrs. Jordan to the green-room at Liverpool; Mrs. Alsop, and her old maid, assiduously attended her. She went thither languid and apparently reluctant; but in a quarter of an hour her very nature seemed to undergo a metamorphosis. The sudden change of her manner appeared to me, in fact, nearly miraculous; she walked spiritedly across the stage two or three times, as if to measure its extent; and the moment her foot touched the scenic boards her spirit seemed to be regenerated; she cheered up, hummed an air, stepped light and quick, and every symptom of depression vanished! The comic eye and cordial laugh returned upon their enchanting mistress, and announced that she felt herself moving in her proper element. Her attachment to the practice of her profession, in fact, exceeded anything I could conceive.

Mrs. Jordon delighted in talking over past events. She had strong impressions of everything; and I could perceive was often influenced rather by her feelings than her judgment.

"How happens it," said I to her, when last in Dublin, "that you still exceed all your profession even in characters not so adapted to you now as when I first saw you? How do you contrive to be so buoyant—nay, so childish, on the stage, whilst you lose half your spirits, and degenerate into gravity, the moment you are off it?"

"Old habits!" replied Mrs. Jordan, "old habits! had I formerly studied my positions, weighed my words, and measured my sentences, I should have been artificial, and they might have hissed me; so, when I had got the words well by heart, I told Nature I was then at *her* service to do whatever she thought proper with my feet, legs, hands, arms, and features. To her I left the whole matter; I became, in fact, merely her puppet, and never interfered further myself in the business. I heard the audience laugh at me, and I laughed at myself; they laughed again, so did I; and they gave me credit for matters I knew very little about, and for which Dame Nature, not I, should have received their approbation. The best rule for a performer is to forget, if possible, that any audience is listening. We perform best of all in our closets, and next best to crowded houses; but I scarcely ever saw a good performer who was always eyeing the audience. If," continued she, "half the gesticulation, half the wit, drollery, and anecdote which I heard amongst you all at Curran's Priory, at Grattan's cottage, and at your house, had been displayed before an audience, *without your knowing that anybody was listening to you*, the performance would have been cheered as one of the finest pieces of comic acting possible, though, in fact, your only *plot* was endeavouring to get tipsy as agreeably as possible!"

This last visit of Mrs. Jordan to the Irish capital took place in the year 1809, and afforded me a full opportunity of eliciting the traits of her nature and disposition. She was greeted in that metropolis with all the acclamations that her reputation and talent so fully merited; she was well received among the best society in Dublin, whose anxiety was excited beyond measure to converse with her in private. Here, however, she

disappointed all; for there was about her no *display*, and the animated, lively, brilliant mimic, on the boards, was in the saloon retiring, quiet, nay, almost reserved. Mrs. Jordan seldom spoke much in company, particularly in very large assemblies; but then she spoke well. She made no exertion to appear distinguished, and became more so by the absence of effort. The performer was wholly merged in the gentlewoman; and thus, although on her entrance this celebrated person failed to *impress* the company, she *never* failed to retire in possession of their respect.

On that tour she said she was very ill treated by the managers. The understanding was, she told me, that she was to receive half the profits; yet, although the houses were invariably crowded, the receipts were inadequate to her expectations. Many of the performers who had been appointed to act with her were below mediocrity. One was forgetful—another drunk. I confess I never myself saw such a crew. All this rendered Mrs. Jordan miserable, and she sought relief in the exercise of her benevolent feelings. Among other objects of her bounty was an old actor called Barrett, who had played on the night of her *début*, and was then in most indigent circumstances. Him she made comfortable, and gave efficient assistance to several others whom she had known in former years.

The managers (I know not why) acted toward her not with so much respect as *everybody*, except themselves, had shown that most amiable woman. She had found it absolutely necessary to refuse performing with one or two vulgar fellows belonging to the set whom they had selected to *sustain* her; and she quitted the country at length, having formed a fixed determination never to repeat any engagement with the same persons.

She had scarcely arrived in England when some of the parties, including a Mr. Dwyer, a player, quarrelled; and actions for defamation were brought forward among them. A writer of the name of Corri also published periodical libels, in one of which he paid Mrs. Jordan the compliment of associating her with the Duchess of Gordon. I and my family had

likewise the honour of partaking in the abuse of that libel, and I prosecuted the printer. On the trial of the cause, one of the counsel, Mr. Thomas (now Serjeant) Gould, thought proper to indulge himself in language and statements respecting Mrs. Jordan neither becoming nor true. In cross-examining me as a witness, on the prosecution of the printer, he *essayed* a line of interrogation highly improper as to that lady; but he took care not to go too far with me when I was *present*—a monosyllable or two I found quite sufficient to check the exuberance of "my learned friend;" and on this occasion he was not backward in taking a hint. The libeller was found guilty, and justly sentenced to a protracted imprisonment.

I never knew Mrs. Jordan feel so much as at the speech of Mr. Gould on that occasion. As it appeared in *several newspapers* it was too bad even for a vulgar declaimer; and when Mrs. Jordan's situation, her family, and her merits were considered, it was inexcusable. I do not state this feeling of Mrs. Jordan solely from my own impression. I received from her a letter indicative of the anguish which that speech had excited within her; and I should do injustice to her memory if (as she enjoined me to do) I did not publish in her justification an extract of that letter.

"BUSHY HOUSE, *Wednesday.*

"My dear Sir—Not having the least suspicion of the business in Dublin, it shocked and grieved me very much; not only on my own account, but I regret that I should have been the involuntary cause of anything painful to you, or to your amiable family. But of Mr. Jones I can think anything; and I beg you will do me the justice to believe that my feelings are not selfish. Why indeed should *I* expect to escape their infamous calumnies? Truth, however, will force its way. . . . I wanted nothing from Mr. C——'s generosity, but I had a claim on his justice. . . . . .

"During the two representations of 'The Inconstant' I represented to him the state Mr. Dwyer was in, and implored him, out of respect to the audience, if not in pity to my terrors,

to change the play. As to the libel on Mr. Dwyer, charged to me by Mr. Gould, I never, directly or indirectly, by words or by writing, demeaned myself by interfering in the most remote degree with so wretched a concern. I knew no editor—I read no newspapers while in Dublin. The charge is false and *libellous* on *me*, published, I presume, through Mr. Gould's assistance. Under that view of the case, he will feel himself rather unpleasantly circumstanced should I call upon him either to *prove* or *disavow* his assertions. To be introduced any way into such a business shocks and grieves me. He might have pleaded for his companions without calumniating me. But, for the present, I shall drop an irksome subject, which has already given me more than ordinary uneasiness. . . . . .—
Yours, etc. DORA JORDAN." *

. . . . . .

I have seen this accomplished woman in the midst of one of the finest families in England, surrounded by splendour, beloved, respected, and treated with all the deference paid to a member of high life. I could perceive, indeed, no offset to her comforts and gratification. She was, in my hearing, frequently solicited to retire from her profession. She was *urged* to forego all further emoluments from its pursuit; and this single fact gives the contradiction direct to reports which I should feel it improper even to allude to further. Her constant reply was, that she would retire *when Mrs. Siddons did;* but that her losses by the fire at Covent Garden, together with other incidental outgoings, had been so extensive as to induce her continuance of the profession to replace her finances. Her promise

* The speeches of counsel on that trial having been published in the newspapers, she requested my advice as to bringing an action for defamation against some of the parties. My reply to her was the same that had been pleasantly and adroitly given to myself by Sir John Doyle.

"If you wrestle with a chimney-sweeper," said Sir John, "it is true you may *throw* your antagonist; but you will be sure to dirty your own coat by the encounter." Never was there a better aphorism. Mrs. Jordan adopted it; and most properly satisfied herself with despising, instead of punishing, all her calumniators.—(*Author's Note.*)

to retire with Mrs. Siddons, however, she did not act up to, but continued to gratify the public, with enormous profit to herself, down to the very last year she remained in England. It is matter of fact too (though perhaps here out of place) that, so far from a desertion of this lady, as falsely reported, to the last hour of her life the solicitude of her royal friend was, I believe, undiminished; and though separated, for causes in no way discreditable to either, he never lost sight of her interest or her comforts. It was not the nature of his Royal Highness—he was incapable of *unkindness toward Mrs. Jordan.* Those reports had, indeed, no foundation save in the vicious representation of hungry or avaricious editors, or in the scurrility of those hackneyed and indiscriminate enemies of rank and reputation whose aspersions are equally a disgrace and an injury to the country wherein they are tolerated.

To contribute toward the prevention of all further doubt as to Mrs. Jordan's unmixed happiness at the period of her residence at Bushy, as well as to exhibit the benevolence of her heart and the warmth of her attachments, I will introduce at this point extracts from some other letters addressed to myself:

"Bushy.

"My dear Sir—I cannot resist the pleasure of informing you that your dear boy has not only passed, but passed with great credit, at the Military College. It gives us all the highest satisfaction. My two beloved boys are now at home; they have both gone to South Hill to see your Edward. We shall have a full and merry house at Christmas; 'tis what the dear Duke delights in. A happier set, when altogether, I believe never yet existed. The ill-natured parts of the world never can enjoy the tranquil pleasures of domestic happiness.

. . . . . .

"I have made two most lucrative trips since I saw you. Adkinson came to see me at Liverpool: quite as poetical as ever, and the best-natured *poet,* I believe, in the world.—Yours ever truly, DORA JORDAN."

"Bushy.

"My dear Sir—I returned here on the 7th inst., after a very fatiguing, though very prosperous *cruise* of five weeks, and found all as well as I could wish. Your Edward left us this morning for Marlow; I found him improved in everything. I never saw the Duke enjoy anything more than the poultry you sent us; they were delicious. He desires me to offer his best regards to yourself and your ladies. Lucy is gone on a visit to Lady de Roos.—Yours most truly, DORA JORDAN."

"Bushy.

"My dear Sir—I have returned here; but, alas! the happiness I had promised to myself has met a cruel check at finding the good Duke very unwell. You can scarcely conceive my misery at the cause of such a disappointment; but there is every appearance of a favourable result not being very distant; 'tis his old periodical attack, but not near so severe as I have seen it. I shall not write to you, as I intended, till I can announce his Royal Highness' recovery. I shall have neither head nor nerves to write, or even to think, till I am able to contribute to your pleasure, by announcing my own happiness and his recovery.—. . . &c. DORA JORDAN.

"Sir J. Barrington,
"Merrion Square, Dublin."

"Bushy.

"We have just returned from Maidenhead; and I postponed writing to you till I could give you an account of Edward, who, with Colonel Butler, dined with us there. He looks wonderfully well, and the uniform becomes him extremely. On the ladies leaving the room, Colonel Butler gave the Duke a very favourable account of him; and I trust it will give you and Lady Barrington the more satisfaction, when I assure you that it is by no means a partial account.

"I am sure you will be pleased to hear that your young friend Lucy is about to be married, much to my satisfaction, to Colonel Hawker of the 14th Dragoons. He is a most excellent

man, and has a very good private property. She will make the best of wives. A better girl never yet lived. It makes me quite happy; and I intend to give her the value of £10,000.— . . &c. DORA JORDAN."

The days of Mrs. Jordan continued to pass on, alternately in the exercise of a lucrative profession and the domestic enjoyment of an adoring family, when circumstances (which, because *mysterious* to the public, are construed necessarily to imply culpability somewhere or other) occasioned a separation; certainly an event most unexpected by those who had previously known the happy state of her connection. I was at first ignorant of it; and it would be worse than presumption to enter into any converse on a subject at once so private, so delicate, and so interesting. Suffice it to say, that of all the accounts and surmises as to that event in which the public prints were pleased to indulge themselves, not one was true. Indeed, I have good reason to believe that there was scarcely a single incident whereto that separation was publicly attributed, that had any degree of foundation whatsoever. Such circumstances should ever remain known only to those who feel the impropriety of amusing the readers at a newsroom with subjects of domestic pain and family importance. I will, however, repeat, that the separation took effect from causes no way dishonourable to either party; that it was not sought for by the royal personage, nor necessary on the part of the lady. It was too hasty to be discreet, and too much influenced by feelings of the moment to be hearty. Though not unacquainted with those circumstances, I never presumed to make an observation upon the subject, save to contradict, in direct terms, statements which, at the time I heard them, I knew to be totally unfounded; and never was the British press more prostituted than in the malicious colouring given, upon that occasion, to the conduct of his Royal Highness.

General Hawker, one of the late King's aides-de-camp, had married Miss Jordan; and in the punctilious honour and integrity of this gentleman, everybody who has known him,

does rely with unmixed confidence. Such reliance his Royal Highness evinced by sending, through him, *carte blanche* to Mrs. Jordan, when the separation had been determined on, enabling her to dictate whatever she conceived would be fully adequate to her maintenance, without recurrence to her profession, in all the comforts and luxuries to which she had been so long accustomed; and everything she wished for was arranged to her satisfaction. Still, however, infatuated with attachment to theatrical pursuits, she continued to accept of temporary engagements to her great profit; and it will perhaps scarcely be credited that so unsated were British audiences with Mrs. Jordan's unrivalled performances, that even at her time of life, with certainly diminished powers and an altered person, the very last year she remained in England brought her a clear profit of near £7000. I *cannot* be mistaken in this statement; for my authority could not err on that point. The malicious representations, therefore, of her having been left straitened in pecuniary circumstances were literally *fabulous;* for to the very moment of her death she remained in full possession of all the means of comfort—nay, if she chose it, of *luxury and splendour.* Why, therefore, she emigrated, pined away, and expired in a foreign country (of whose language she was ignorant, and in whose habits she was wholly unversed), with every *appearance* of necessity, is also considered a mystery by those unacquainted with the cruel and disastrous circumstances which caused that unfortunate catastrophe. It is not by my pen that miserable story shall be told. It was a transaction wherein her royal friend had, *directly or indirectly,* no concern, nor did it in any way spring out of that connection. She had, in fact, only to *accuse* herself of benevolence, confidence, and honour. To those *demerits,* and to worse than the ingratitude of others, she fell a lingering, broken-hearted victim.

When his Royal Highness was informed of the determination that Mrs. Jordan should take up a temporary residence on the Continent, he insisted on her retaining the attendance of Miss Ketchley, who for many years had been attached to the

establishment at Bushy, and was superintendent and governess of the Duke's children. This lady, therefore, whose sincere attachment had been so long and truly proved, accompanied Mrs. Jordan as her companion, and, to the time of her death, continued to administer to her comforts; endeavouring, so far as in her lay, by her society and attentions, to solace the mental misery which pressed upon her friend's health, and had extinguished her spirits. She was also accompanied by Colonel Hawker, the General's brother; but, as she wished, during her residence in France, to be totally retired, she took no suite. She selected Boulogne as a place of convenient proximity to England; and in a cottage half-a-mile from that town awaited with indescribable anxiety the completion of those affairs which had occasioned her departure, rapturously anticipating the happiness of embracing her children afresh after a painful absence.

MRS. JORDAN IN FRANCE.

SUCH was the nature of the circumstances which impelled Mrs. Jordan to repair to the Continent; and, after what has been said, the reader will not think it extraordinary that a deep impression was made upon her health—not indeed in the shape of actual disease, but by the workings of a troubled spirit, pondering and drooping over exaggerated misfortunes, and encountering obstacle after obstacle. Estranged from those she loved, as also from that profession the resort to which had never failed to restore her animation and amuse her fancy, mental malady soon communicated its contagion to the physical organisation, and sickness began to make visible inroads on the heretofore healthy person of that lamented lady.

We have seen that she established herself, in the first place, at Boulogne-sur-Mer. A cottage was selected by her at Marquetra, about a quarter of a mile from the gate of the fortress. Often have I since, as if on classic ground, strolled down the little garden which had been there her greatest solace. The cottage is very small, but neat, commodious, and of a cheerful aspect. A flower and fruit garden of corresponding dimensions, and a little paddock, comprising less than half-an-acre, formed her demesne. In an adjoining cottage resided her old landlady, Madame Ducamp, who was in a state of competence, and altogether an original. She had married a gardener, a man much younger and of humbler birth than herself. I think she had been once handsome. Her story I never heard fully; but it appeared that she had flourished during the Revolution. She spoke English well when she pleased; and, like most Frenchwomen, when *d'âge mûr*, was querulous, intrusive, and curious

beyond limitation, with as much *professed* good-nature as would serve at least fifty of our old English gentlewomen. She was not, in good truth, devoid of the reality as well as the semblance of that quality; but she *over-acted* the philanthropist, and consequently did not deceive those accustomed to look lower than the surface. This good lady is still *in statu quo*, and most likely to remain so.

Under colour of taking her vacant cottage for a friend, a party of us went to Marquetra, to learn what we could respecting Mrs. Jordan's residence there. The old lady recognised her name, but pronounced it in a way which it was scarcely possible for us to recognise. A long conversation ensued; in some parts as deeply interesting, and in others nearly as ludicrous, as the subject could admit of. Madame Ducamp repeated to us a hundred times, in five minutes, that she had "beaucoup, *beaucoup* de vénération pour cette chère malheureuse dame Anglaise!" who she assured us, with a deep sigh, was "sans doute un ange supérieur!" She was proceeding to tell us everything she knew, or I suppose could invent, when, perceiving a child in the garden pulling the flowers, she abruptly discontinued her eulogium, and ran off to drive away the intruder—having done which, she returned to resume: but too late! in her absence her place had been fully and fairly occupied by Agnes, an ordinary French girl, Madame Ducamp's *bonne* (servant of *all work*), who we soon found was likely to prove a much more truth-telling person than her mistress.

Agnes informed us, with great feeling, that "the economy of that charming lady was very strict: *nécessairement, je crains,*" added she, with a slow movement of her head and a truly eloquent look. They had found out, she said, that their lodger had been once *riche et magnifique*, but when there she was *very —very* poor indeed. "But," exclaimed the poor girl, her eye brightening up, and her tone becoming firmer, "that could make no difference to me! *si j'aime, j'aime! J'ai servi cette pauvre dame avec le même zèle comme si elle eut été une Princesse!*"

This frank-hearted display of poor Agnes' sentiments was,

however, not in fact called for in speaking of Mrs. Jordan, since she might have commanded, during the whole period of her continental residence, any sums she thought proper. She had money in the bank, in the funds, and in miscellaneous property, and had just before received several thousands. But she had become nearly careless as well of pecuniary as of other matters, and took up a whim (for it was nothing more) to affect poverty;—thus deceiving the world, and giving herself a vantage-ground to the gossiping and censorious.

Agnes' information went on to show that Mrs. Jordan's whole time was passed in anxious expectation of letters from England, and on the English post-days she was peculiarly miserable. We collected from the girl that her garden and guitar were her only resources against that consuming melancholy which steals away even the elements of existence, and plunges both body and mind into a state of morbid languor—the fruitful source of disease, insanity, and death.

At this point of the story, Madame Ducamp would no longer be restrained, and returned to the charge with redoubled assertions of her own friendship to "the poor lady," and *bonne nature* in general.

"Did you know her, Monsieur?" said she: "alas! she nearly broke *my* heart by trying to break *her own*."

"I have heard of her since I arrived here, Madame," replied I cautiously.

"Ah! Monsieur, Monsieur," rejoined Madame Ducamp, "if you had known her as well as Agnes and I did, you would have loved her just as much. I am sure she had been accustomed to grandeur, though I could never clearly make out the cause of her reverses. "Ah!" pursued Madame, "she was *aimable et honnête* beyond description; and though *so very poor*, paid her *louage* like a goddess." At this moment some other matter, perhaps suggested by the word *louage*, came across the old woman's brain, and she again trotted off. The remaining intelligence which we gathered from Agnes related chiefly to Mrs. Jordan's fondness for music, and her perpetual indulgence therein,

and to her own little achievements in the musical way, whereby, she told us with infinite *naïveté*, she had frequently experienced the gratification of playing and singing *Madame to sleep!* She said that there was some little mutual difficulty in the first place as to understanding each other, since the stranger was ignorant of the French language, and she herself "had not the honour" to speak English. "However," continued Agnes, "we formed a sort of language of our own, consisting of looks and signs, and in these *Madame* was more eloquent than any other person I had ever known." Here the girl's recollections seemed fairly to overcome her; and with that apparently exaggerated sensibility which is, nevertheless, *natural* to the character of her country, she burst into tears, exclaiming, "*O ciel! o ciel!—elle est morte! elle est morte!*"*

I cannot help thinking that the deep and indelible impression thus made by Mrs. Jordan upon a humble unsophisticated

* The intermixed French phrases which I have retained in sketching this conversation at Marquetra may perhaps appear affected to some; and I frankly admit there are few things in composition so disagreeable to me as a jumble of words culled from different tongues, and constituting a *melange* which advances no just claim to the title of any language whatever. But those who are accustomed to the familiar terms and expressive ejaculations of French colloquy, know that the idiomatic mode of expression alone can convey the true point and spirit of the dialogue, and more particularly does this observation apply to the variegated traits of character belonging to French females.

The conversation with Agnes consisted, on her part, nearly of broken sentences throughout—I may say, almost of looks and monosyllables! at all events, of simple and expressive words in a combination utterly unadapted to the English tongue. Let a well-educated and unprejudiced gentleman hold converse on the same topics with an English and a French girl, and his remarks as to the difference will not fail to illustrate what I have said.

Far—very far be it from me to depreciate the fair ones of our own country. I believe that they are steadier and better calculated to describe facts, or to advise in an emergency; but they must not be offended with me for adding, that in the expression of every feeling, either of a lively or tearful nature, as well as in the graces of motion, their elastic neighbours are immeasurably superior. Even their eyes speak idioms which our less pliable language cannot explain. I have seen humble girls in France who speak more in one second than many of our finest ladies could utter in almost a century! *Chaqu'un a son goût*, however; and I honestly confess, that a sensitive French girl would make but an ill-assorted match with a thorough-bred John Bull!—(*Author's note.*)

servant girl, exemplifies her kind and winning manners better than would the most laboured harangues of a whole host of biographers.

Madame Ducamp meanwhile had been fidgeting about, and arranging everything to show off her cottage to the greatest advantage; and without further conversation, except as to the price of the tenement, we parted with mutual "assurances of the highest consideration."

I renewed my visits to the old woman; but her stories were either so fabulous or disconnected, and those of Agnes so unvaried, that I saw no probability of acquiring further information, and lost sight of Mrs. Jordan's situation for a considerable time after her departure from Boulogne. I thought it, by-the-by, very extraordinary that neither the mistress nor maid said a word about any attendant of Mrs. Jordan, even although it was not till long after that I heard of Colonel Hawker and Miss Ketchley having accompanied her from England. After Mrs. Jordan had left Boulogne, it appears that she repaired to Versailles; and subsequently, in still greater secrecy, to St. Cloud, where, *totally* secluded, and under the name of Johnson, she continued to await, in a state of extreme depression and with agitated impatience, the answer to some letters—by which was to be determined her future conduct as to the distressing business that had led her to the Continent. Her solicitude arose not so much from the real importance of this affair as from her indignation and disgust at the ingratitude which had been displayed towards her, and which, by drawing aside the curtain from before her unwilling eyes, had exposed a novel and painful view of human nature.

I at that period occupied a large hotel adjoining the Bois de Boulogne. Not a mile intervened between us; yet, until long after Mrs. Jordan's decease, I never heard she was in my neighbourhood. There was no occasion whatever for such entire seclusion; but the anguish of her mind had by this time so enfeebled her that a bilious complaint was generated which gradually increased. Its growth, indeed, did not appear to give her much

uneasiness—so dejected and lost had she become. Day after day her misery augmented, and at length she seemed, we were told, actually to regard the approach of dissolution with a kind of placid welcome!

The apartments she occupied at St. Cloud were in a house in the square adjoining the palace. This house was large, gloomy, cold, and inconvenient; just the sort of place which would tell in description in a romance. In fact, it looked to me almost in a state of dilapidation. I could not, I am sure, wander over it at night without a superstitious feeling. The rooms were numerous, but small; the furniture scanty, old, and tattered. The hotel had obviously once belonged to some nobleman, and a long, lofty, flagged gallery stretched from one wing of it to the other. Mrs. Jordan's chambers were shabby: no English comforts solaced her in her latter moments! In her little drawing-room, a small old sofa was the best-looking piece of furniture: on this she constantly reclined, and on it she expired.*

The account given to us of her last moments, by the master of the house, was very affecting: he likewise thought she was poor, and offered her the use of money, which offer was of course declined. Nevertheless, he said, he always considered her apparent poverty, and a magnificent diamond ring which she constantly wore, as quite incompatible, and to him inexplicable. I have happened to learn since, that she gave four hundred guineas for that superb ring. She had also with her, as I heard, many other valuable trinkets; and on her death, seals were put upon all her effects, which I understand still remain unclaimed by any legal heir.

* When I saw Mrs. Jordan's abode at St. Cloud first, it was on a dismal and chilly day, and I was myself in corresponding mood. Hence perhaps every cheerless object was exaggerated, and I wrote on the spot the above description. I have again viewed the place: again beheld with melancholy interest the sofa on which Mrs. Jordan breathed her last. There it still, I believe, remains; but the whole premises have been repaired, and an English family now has one wing, together with an excellent garden, before overgrown with weeds: the two melancholy cypress-trees I first saw there yet remain. The surrounding prospect is undoubtedly very fine; but I would not, even were I made a present of that mansion, consent to reside in it *one month*.—(*Author's note.*)

From the time of her arrival at St. Cloud, it appears, Mrs. Jordan had exhibited the most restless anxiety for intelligence from England. Every post gave rise to increased solicitude, and every letter she received seemed to have a different effect on her feelings. Latterly she appeared more anxious and miserable than usual; her uneasiness increased almost momentarily, and her skin became wholly discoloured. From morning till night she lay sighing upon her sofa.

At length an interval of some posts occurred during which she received no answers to her letters, and her consequent anxiety, my informant said, seemed too great for mortal strength to bear up against. On the morning of her death this impatient feeling reached its crisis. The agitation was almost fearful: her eyes were now restless, now fixed: her motion rapid and unmeaning; and her whole manner seemed to bespeak the attack of some convulsive paroxysm. She eagerly requested Mr. C——, *before* the usual hour of delivery, to *go for her letters* to the post. On his return, she started up and held out her hand, as if impatient to receive them. He told her *there were none.* She remained a moment motionless; looked towards him with a vacant stare; held out her hand again, as if by an involuntary action; instantly withdrew it, and sank back upon the sofa from which she had arisen. He left the room to send up her attendant, who, however, had gone out, and Mr. C—— returned himself to Mrs. Jordan. On his return he observed some change in her looks that alarmed him: she spoke not a word, but gazed at him steadfastly. She wept not—no tear flowed: her face was one moment flushed and another livid: she sighed deeply, and her heart seemed bursting. Mr. C—— stood uncertain what to do; but in a minute he heard her breath drawn more hardly, and, as it were, sobbingly. He was now thoroughly terrified: he hastily approached the sofa, and, leaning over the unfortunate lady, discovered that those deep-drawn sobs had immediately preceded the moment of Mrs. Jordan's dissolution. She was no more!

Thus terminated the worldly career of a woman at the very

head of her profession, and one of the best-hearted of her sex! Thus did she expire, after a life of celebrity and magnificence, in exile and solitude, and literally of a broken heart! She was buried by Mr. Forster, chaplain to our ambassador.

Our informant told this little story with a feeling which evidently was not affected. The French have a mode of narrating even trivial matters with gesticulation and detail, whereby they are impressed on your memory. The slightest incident they repeat with emphasis; and on this occasion Mr. C—— completed his account without any of those digressions in which his countrymen so frequently indulge.

Several English friends at Paris, a few years ago, entered into a determination to remove Mrs. Jordan's body to Père la Chaise, and place a marble over her grave. The subscription, had the plan been proceeded in, would have been ample; but some (I think rather mistaken) ideas of delicacy at that time suspended its execution. As it is, I believe I may say, "Not a stone tells where she reposes!" But, Spirit of a gentle, affectionate, and excellent human being! receive the aspirations breathed by one who knew her virtues.

MEMORY.

My pursuits from my earliest days have been of my own selection: some of these were rather of a whimsical character; others merely adopted *pour passer le temps;* a few of a graver and more solid cast. On the whole, I believe I may boast that few persons, if any, of similar standing in society, have had a greater variety of occupations than myself.

The truth is, I never suffered my mind to stagnate one moment; and unremittingly sought to bring it so far under my own control as to be enabled to turn its energies at all times, promptly and without difficulty, from the lightest pursuits to the most serious business, and, for the time being, to occupy it exclusively on a single subject.*

My *system* led me to fancy a general dabbling in all sciences, arts, and literature; just sufficient to feed my intellect, and keep my mind busy and afloat without being overloaded: thus, I dipped irregularly into numerous elementary treatises, embracing a great variety of subjects—among which even theology, chemistry, physic, anatomy, and architecture, were included. In a word, I looked into every species of publication I could lay my hands on; and I never have been honoured by one second of *ennui*, or felt a propensity to an hour's languor during my existence.

A certain portion of external and internal variety, like change of air, keeps the animal functions in due activity, whilst it renders the mind supple and elastic, and more capable of accommodating itself with promptitude to those difficult and trying circumstances into which the vicissitudes of life may plunge it. I admire and respect solid learning; but even a

* I can't *tot* this; but the reckoning is Irish, and full of that free genius which renders these volumes so exceedingly valuable.

superficial knowledge of a variety of subjects tends to excite that inexhaustible succession of thoughts which, at hand on every emergency, gives tone and vigour both to the head and heart, not unfrequently excluding more unwelcome visitors.

All my life I perceived the advantage of *breeding ideas:* the brain can never be too populous, so long as you keep its inhabitants in that wholesome state of discipline, that *they* are under *your* command, and not *you* under *theirs*—and, above all things, never suffer a mob of them to come jostling each other in your head at the same time: keep them as distinct as possible, or it is a hundred to one they will make a blockhead of you at last.

From this habit it has ensued that the longest day is always too short for me. When in tranquil mood I find my ideas as playful as kittens; when chagrined, consolatory fancies are never wanting. If I grow weary of thoughts relating to the present, my memory carries me back fifty or sixty years with equal politeness and activity; and never ceases shifting time, place, and person, till it beats out something that is agreeable.

I had naturally very feeble sight:* at fifty years of age, to my extreme surprise, I found it had strengthened so much as to render the continued use of spectacles unnecessary; and now I can peruse the smallest print without any glass, and can write a hand so minute that I know several elderly gentlemen of my own decimal who cannot conquer it even with their reading-glasses. For general use I remark that I have found my sight more confused by poring for a given length of time over *one* book, than in double that time when shirting from one print to another, and changing the place I sat in, and, of course, the *quality of light and reflection:* to a neglect of such precautions I attribute many of the weak and near visions so common with students.

* I have heard nothing of Barrington's wit. He was too thoughtful a man to care for the edges of words; but he had vast depth. I have not space to do more than give Mr. Holmes's story. Holmes: "You are quite blind, Sir Jonah." Barrington: "'Tis well; but did you ever hear of a cure for blindness?" Holmes: "No." Barrington: "*Not to see the past!*" I much doubt whether literature retains a better saying.

But another quality of inestimable value I possess, thank Heaven! in a degree which, at my time of life, if not supernatural, is not very far from it—a memory of the greatest and most wide-ranging powers: its retrospect is astonishing to myself, and has wonderfully increased since my necessary application to a single science has been dispensed with. The recollection of one early incident of our lives never fails to introduce another; and the marked occurrences of my life from childhood to the wrong side of a grand climacteric are at this moment fresh in my memory, in all their natural tints, as at the instant of their occurrence.

Without awarding any extraordinary merit either to the brain or to those human organs that are generally regarded as the seat of recollection, or rather retention of ideas, I think this fact may be accounted for in a much simpler way—more on *philosophical* than on *organic* principles. I do not insist on my theory being a true one; but as it is, like Touchstone's forest-treasure, "my own," I like it, and am content to hold by it "for better or for worse."

The two qualities of the human mind with which we are most strongly endowed in childhood, are those of fear and memory; both of which accompany us throughout all our worldly peregrinations—with this difference, that with age the one generally declines, whilst the other increases.

The mind has a tablet whereon memory begins to engrave occurrences even in our earliest days, and which in old age is full of her handiwork, so that there is no room for any more inscriptions. Hence old people recollect occurrences long past better than those of more recent date; and though an old person can faithfully recount the exploits of his schoolfellows, he will scarcely recollect what he himself was doing the day before yesterday.

It is also observable that the recollection, at an advanced period, of the incidents of childhood, does not require that range of memory which at first sight may appear essential; neither is it necessary to bound at once over the wide gulph of life between sixty years and three.

Memory results from a connected sequence of thought and observation; so that intervening occurrences draw up the recollection as it were to preceding ones, and thus each fresh-excited act of remembrance in fact operates as a new incident. When a person recollects well (as one is apt to do) a correction which he received in his childhood, or whilst a school-boy, he probably owes his recollection not to the whipping, but to the *name of the book* which he was whipped for neglecting; and whenever the book is occasionally mentioned, the *whipping* is recalled, revived, and perpetuated in the memory.

I once received a correction at school, when learning prosody, for falsely pronouncing the word *semisopitus;* and though this was between fifty and sixty years ago, I have never since heard prosody mentioned, but I have recollected that word, and had the schoolmaster and his rod clearly before my eyes. I even recollect *the very leaf* of the book whereon the word was printed. Every time I look into a book of poetry, I must of course think of prosody, and prosody suggests *semisopitus,* and brings before me, on the instant, the scene of my disgrace.

This one example is sufficient for my theory, and proves also the advantage of breeding ideas, since the more links to a chain, the farther it reaches.

The faculty of memory varies in individuals almost as much as their features. One man may recollect names, dates, pages, numbers, admirably, who does not well remember incidents or anecdotes;—and a linguist will retain fifty thousand words, not one-tenth part of which a wit can bury any depth in his recollection.

This admission may tend to excite doubts and arguments against the general application of my theory; but I aim not at making proselytes—indeed I have only said thus much to anticipate observations which may naturally be made respecting the extent to which my memory has carried the retention of bygone circumstances, and to allay the scepticism which might perhaps otherwise follow.

POLITICAL CONDUCT OF THE AUTHOR.*

THE introduction of the following letter and extracts (though somewhat digressive from my original intention in compiling this work) is important to me, notwithstanding they relate to times so long past by; inasmuch as certain recent calumnies assiduously propagated against me demanded at my hands a justification of my conduct towards government at the period of the Union. With this view, the letter in question was written to my friend Mr. Burne, whom I requested to communicate its contents to my connections in Dublin, or indeed to any person who might have been prejudiced against me by those aspersions. Having, however, reason to fear that only a very partial circulation of my letter took place, I have adopted this opportunity of giving it full publicity by mixing it up with these sketches :—

"Paris, Rue de Richelieu, 2d May 1825.

"My dear Friend—I am well aware that the reports you mention as to my having broken trust with the government in the years 1799 and 1800, had been at one period most freely circulated: but I could scarcely suppose the same would be again and lately revived, to do me injury on a very important concern. This has not been altogether without its operation, and I feel it a duty to myself unequivocally to refute such imputation. The fact is proved in few words:—I *could* not break my trust with the government, for I *never accepted any trust* from them. I never entered into any stipulation or political engagement with *any* government; and every public act which I did

* The editor has no privilege over Barrington's opinions, nor has he once given them a colour. Here the author is left exclusively to himself.

—every instance of support which I gave—resulted from my own free agency and unbiassed judgment.

"My first return to parliament, in the year 1790, for the city of Tuam, was altogether *at my own expense.* I had once before stood a contested election for Ballynakill, formerly my father's borough: I was under no tie nor obligation to the government: I had not then, nor have I ever had, any patron; I never, in fact, solicited patronage: I never submitted to the dictation of any man in my life: my connection with government therefore was my own choice, and the consequent support I gave to Lord Westmoreland's administration, of my own free will. I liked Lord Buckinghamshire (Major Hobart) individually, and lived much in his society: I respected Lord Westmoreland highly, and he has always been very obliging to me during a period of seven-and-thirty years, whenever he had an opportunity. During his administration I accepted office; and, on his recall, he recommended Lord Camden to return me to parliament. Mr. Pelham did so for the city of Clogher; but made no sort of *terms* with me, *directly or indirectly.* In the autumn of 1798, Mr. Cooke wrote to me that a Union would probably be submitted to parliament; and to this communication I promptly replied, that I must decline all further support to any government which should propose so destructive a measure, at the same time tendering my seat. He replied, 'That I should think better of it.'

"Lord Cornwallis came over to carry this great measure; and I opposed him, Lord Castlereagh, and the Union, in every stage of the business, and by every means in my power, both in and out of parliament. Lord Cornwallis was defeated: he tried again; Lord Castlereagh had purchased or packed a small majority in the interval, and the bill was carried. In January 1800 I received a letter from Lord Westmoreland, stating that as Clogher had been a government seat, he doubted if I could in honour retain it. I had already made up my mind to resign it when required. I mentioned the subject to Mr. Foster, the speaker, who thought I was not bound to resign; however, I acceded to the suggestion of Lord Westmoreland, and accepted an escheator-

ship. But no office in his Majesty's gift—no power, no *deprivation*, would have induced me to support the Union.

"I stood, at my own expense, a very smartly contested election for Maryborough, Queen's County, in which I was supported by Sir Robert Staples, Mr. Cosby of Stradbally Hall, Dean Walsh, Colonel Pigot, Mr. Warburton (member for the county), the Honourable Robert Moore (against his brother, the Marquis of Drogheda), etc., and by the tenantry of the present Lord Maryborough. I was outvoted by a majority of three—the scale being turned against me by Lord Castlereagh, who sent down Lord Norbury, the crown-solicitor, and several such-like gentry, for the purpose. With that election my political career concluded; but I am happy and proud to state that, at its termination, I retained the confidence and esteem of everybody whose friendship I considered it desirable to retain. Lord Westmoreland bears the most unexceptionable testimony to my straightforward conduct: I have been honoured by his friendship, without intermission, down to the present day; and the following extracts from his Lordship's letters to me, wherein he states his desire to bear witness to my strict conduct in my transactions with government, form the best refutal of all the calumnies against me.

"Since the period of my retirement from public life, two of my then most intimate friends (namely, the present Chief-Justice Bush and the present Attorney-General Plunket) have succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations, yet certainly not beyond their just merits. No government could pass such men by, at the bar, if they chose to claim offices. They took the same, and nearly as strong an anti-Union part as I did; but, after the Union, my public pursuits were nearly at an end. Ireland lost all charms for me; the parliament (the source of all my pride, ambition, and gratification as a public man) had been bought and sold; I felt myself as if nobody,—became languid, careless, and indifferent to everything. I was no longer in fact in my proper sphere: my health rapidly declined; and I neither sought for, nor would have accepted, any other government office in Ireland.

"Most of these facts, my dear Burne, you have been long acquainted with; and this is solely a recapitulation of some circumstances which I have no other means of making generally known. You will use it as you think may best serve me; and it only remains for me to repeat, what you already know, that I am most sincerely, yours ever, JONAH BARRINGTON.

"John Burne, Esq., K.C.,
Merrion Square."

Extracts of letters from the Earl of Westmoreland to Sir Jonah Barrington, enclosed to Mr. Burne :—

London, March 28th, 1795.

"My dear Sir— . . . . . I shall always be obliged to you whenever you will have the goodness to let me know what is going on on your side of the water, wherein I am convinced you will always bear a very considerable part. I must at the same time assure you that no man's name is more in public repute than your own.

"Lord Camden left town this morning, and I have not failed to assure him of your talents and spirit, which were so useful to my government on many occasions; and which, as I am satisfied he also will find useful, so is he equally disposed, I believe, to give them that countenance they deserve.

. . . . . .

"The state of Ireland since I left you is most wonderful, but the reign of faction seems drawing to a close.

"I beg to be remembered to all friends, and am, dear sir, yours very faithfully, WESTMORELAND.

"To Jonah Barrington, Esq., one of His
Majesty's Counsel at Law, etc. etc.,
Merrion Square, Dublin."

Much correspondence took place between his Lordship and me after that period, in which he was always equally kind. Indeed, in that kindness he never varied: and after knowing me seven-and-thirty years (the most important of all revolutions

having during that interval taken place in Ireland), and after I had directly and diametrically opposed, in parliament and out of it, his Lordship's opinion and acts upon that great question ;— the following extract of another letter from the same nobleman (dated 1817) proves that he never has changed his opinion of my honourable conduct toward the king's government (and permits me to state his approbation of that conduct), every part of which he must have well known ; since he had been, with very little intermission, a member of the British Cabinet during the entire period.

(Abstract.)

Paris, 19th August 1817.

"Dear Sir— . . . . . I have enclosed you a letter of introduction to Sir C. Stuart, and will certainly speak to him as you wish, and shall have great pleasure if it should prove of any convenience to you or your family ; and I assure you I have always much satisfaction in giving my testimony to the honourable manner in which you have *always* conducted yourself in the political relations wherein you have stood with me.—I am your very faithful servant, WESTMORELAND."

I also added the following, by way of postscript, to my explanatory letter to Mr. Burne :—

"I think, my dear Burne, that after these testimonials, he must be a daring enemy who will re-assert the calumnies against me. I apprehend that few public men can show more decided proofs of honour and consistency, or more fair and disinterested conduct than I displayed when I found it necessary to oppose the government. I must also observe, on a principle of gratitude, that throughout the whole course of my public life I have uniformly experienced from the government and ministers of *England* (let me here particularise Lord Stowell), at all times and on all occasions (whether supporting or opposing them), the greatest kindness, justice, and considerate attention ; together with a much greater interest, in any concerns of mine sub-

mitted to them, than I could possibly have conceived, much less have expected.

"But his Majesty's public functionaries in Ireland were men of a different bearing. After the *surveillance* of a national parliament was extinguished, the country was, as it were, given over to them, bound hand and foot, and they at once assumed new powers, which before they durst not have aimed at. I possess knowledge respecting some of them, of the communication of which they are not aware; and I am not inclined to permit certain individuals to go to their graves without hearing my observations. When the proper time arrives, I shall not be silent.—Again, dear Burne, yours, J. BARRINGTON."

On reading over the foregoing postscript of the letter to my poor friend Burne (who has lately paid his debt on demand to Nature), some observations occur to me respecting Ireland herself, her parties, and species of government, not uncongenial to the subject of my letter. The justice of these observations each day's experience tends to prove; and I firmly believe, every member of the British government at this moment (except one) views the matter precisely as I do. They find it difficult, however, to disentangle themselves from the opinions which have been so frequently expressed by them heretofore, and which, had they been equally informed then as now, I apprehend would never have been entertained. The people of England, and also of some continental kingdoms, are fully aware of the distracted state of Ireland, but are at a loss to account for it. It is, however, now in *proof*, that twenty-seven years of Union have been twenty-seven years of beggary and of disturbance; and this result, I may fairly say, I always foresaw. The only question now asked is, "What is to be done?" and the only comment on this question that it is in my power to make is, "a council of peace is better than a council of war." Much of the unfortunate state of that country may be attributed to the kindred agency of two causes—namely, fanaticism in Ireland, and ignorance (I mean, want of true information) in

Great Britain. The Irish are deluded by contesting factions, and by the predominance of a couple of watch-words ;* whilst the great body of the English people know as little of Ireland (except of its disturbances) as they do of Kamschatka ; and the king's ministers, being unluckily somewhat of different opinions, go on debating and considering what is best to be done, and meanwhile doing nothing ; if they do not take care, in a little time there will be nothing left *them* to do.

I firmly believe England now means well and honourably to the Irish nation on all points, but think she is totally mistaken as to measures. Neither honourable intentions, nor the establishment of Sunday-schools, nor teaching the four rules of arithmetic, nor *Bible Societies*, can preserve people from starving ; education is a very sorry substitute for food, and I know the Irish well enough to say, they never will be taught anything upon an empty stomach. Work creates industry, and industry produces the means of averting hunger ; and when they have work enough and food enough, they may be turned to *anything*. I speak now, of course, of the lowest orders ; the class immediately above those is very unmanageable, because supported by its starving inferiors, who now depend upon it alone for subsistence. The nature and materials of the present Irish constitution, indeed, appear to me totally unadapted to the necessities of that country.

It is but too obvious that the natural attachment which ought to subsist between Great Britain and Ireland is *not increasing*, though on the due cultivation of that attachment so entirely depends the strength, the peace, and the prosperity of the United Empire ; yet I fearlessly repeat that the English members of the Imperial Parliament mean well by Ireland, and only require to ascertain her true circumstances to act for her tranquillisation. Politically they may be sure that the *imperium*

* An ancient law still appears among the statutes of Ireland, to prohibit the natives of that country from using the terms *Crum-a-boo*, and *Butler-a-hoo*, as being the watch-words of two most troublesome hostile factions, which kept, at the period of the prohibition, the whole nation in a state of uproar.—(*Author's note.*)

in imperio, as at present operating in that country, is not calculated to reform it. The protecting body of the country gentlemen have evacuated Ireland, and in their stead we now find official clerks, griping agents, haughty functionaries, proud clergy, and agitating demagogues. The resident aristocracy of Ireland, if not quite extinguished, is hourly diminishing; and it is a political truism, that the co-existence of an oligarchy without a cabinet; of a resident executive and an absent legislature; of tenants without landlords, and magistracy without legal knowledge;—must be, from its nature, as a form of constitution, at once incongruous, inefficient, and dangerous. Nobody can appreciate the native loyalty of the Irish people better than his present Majesty, whose reception in Ireland was enthusiastic; they adored him when he left it, and amidst millions of reputed rebels, he wanted no protection—every man would have been his life-guard! I speak not, however, of corporations or guilds, of gourmands or city feasters; these have spoken for themselves, and loudly too. His Majesty's wise and paternal orders were ridiculed and disobeyed by them the very moment his back was turned! With such folks the defunct King William seems more popular than the living King George.

Good government, and the sufferance of active local factions, are, in my view of things, utterly incompatible. Faction and fanaticism (no matter on which side ranged) ought to be put down to the ground—*gently*, if possible; but if a *strong hand* be necessary, it should not be withheld. The spectator often sees the game better than the player, and in Ireland it has now proceeded too far to be blinked at. The British cabinet may be somewhat divided; but they will soon see the imperative necessity of firmness and unanimity. It is scandalous that the whole empire should thus be kept in a state of agitation by the pretended theological animosities of two contending sects—a great proportion of whose respective partisans are in no way influenced by religion—the true object of their controversy being *"who shall get the uppermost?"*

SCENES AT HAVRE DE GRACE.

On the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon in the year 1814, my curiosity was greatly excited to view the alteration which different revolutions, a military government, and a long-protracted warfare, must necessarily have made in the manners, habits, and appearance of the French people. My ardent desire to see the Emperor himself had been defeated by his abdication, and no hope remained to me of ever enjoying that pleasure.

The royal family of France I had the honour of meeting often in society during the long visit with which they favoured the British nation—the last time was at Earl Moira's, one of their most zealous friends. My curiosity on that score was therefore quite satisfied. I had also known many, and had formed a very decisive opinion as to most, of their countrymen, who had, like themselves, emigrated to England; nor has the experience acquired during my residence in France at all tended to alter the nature of that opinion. Some of these men have, I fear, the *worst memories* of any people existing!—indeed, it should seem that, since their return home, they must have drunk most plentifully of Lethe.

I was extremely desirous also to see the persons who had rendered themselves so conspicuous during the long and mighty struggle wherein the destinies of Europe were all at stake—the great heroes both of the field and cabinet; and therefore, upon the restoration of King Louis, I determined to visit Paris, the rather as my family were infected with the same curiosity as myself.

Accordingly we set out on our journey, taking Havre de Grace in our route to the metropolis. I was then in a very

declining state of health, and consequently unnerved and incapable of much energy, either mental or corporeal. On arriving at Havre, I was so captivated by the fine air and beautiful situation of the Coteau d'Ingouville (rising immediately over the town), that we determined to tarry there a few months, and visit Paris in the spring, when my health and strength should be renovated; and never did any person recover both so rapidly as I did during the short period of my sojourn on that spot.

Doctor Sorerie, the first physician at Havre, told me that he divided the hill of Ingouville into three medical compartments. "The summit," said he, "never requires the aid of a physician; the middle portion only twice a-year; the base *always*." His fanciful estimate, he assured me, was a perfectly true one; and, on the strength of that assurance, I rented the beautiful cottage on the summit of the hill, called the *Pavillon Poulet*, now occupied, I believe, by the American consul. All around was new to me; of course I was the more observing; and the result of my observations was, that I considered Havre, even in 1815, as being at least a hundred years behind England in everything. Tea was only sold there as a species of medicine at the apothecaries' shops; and articles of cotton manufacture were in general more than double the price of silk fabrics. The market was very good and very moderate; the hotels most execrable. But the most provoking of all things which I found at Havre was the rate of *exchange:* the utmost I could get for a one-pound Bank of England note was sixteen francs; or for an accepted banker's bill sixteen francs and a half to the pound (about fourteen shillings for my *twenty*). This kind of thing, in profound peace, surprised me, and the more particularly as the English *guinea* was at a premium, and the smooth English shilling at a *high* premium.

A visit paid to the Continent after so very long an exclusion really made one feel as if about to explore a kind of *terra incognita*, and gave everything a novel and perhaps over-important character to the traveller. In a country altogether

strange, ordinary occurrences often assume the dignity of adventures; and incidents which at home would scarcely have been noticed, become invested on the sudden with an air of interest. Our fellow-countrymen are too apt to undervalue everything which differs from their own established ways either of acting or thinking. For this overbearing spirit they have been and are plentifully and justly quizzed by the natives of other countries. Yet they exhibit few signs of amendment. An Englishman seems to think it matter of course that he must be lord of the ascendent wherever he travels, and is sometimes reminded of his mistake in a manner anything but gentle. The impatience he constantly manifests of any foreign trait, whether of habit or character, is really quite amusing. If Sterne's *Maria* had figured away at Manchester, or his Monk at Liverpool, both the one and the other would have been deemed fit objects either for a madhouse or house of correction; probably the girl would have been committed by his worship the mayor to Bedlam, and the old man to the treadmill. In fact Yorick's refined sentiment in France would be gross nonsense at Birmingham; and La Fleur's letter to the corporal's wife be considered as decided evidence of crim. con. by an alderman of Cripplegate.

As for myself, I have of late felt a sort of medium sensation. As men become stricken in years, a species of venerable insipidity insinuates itself amongst their feelings. A great proportion of mine had turned sour by long keeping, and I set out on my travels without one quarter of the good nature which I had possessed thirty years before. My palate was admirably disposed at the time to feast upon novelties, of which I had made up my mind to take a full meal, and thought I should be all the better prepared by a few months of salubrious air and rural tranquillity.

The interval, however, which I had thus devoted to quiet and thorough reinstatement of health upon the breezy and delightful Coteau d'Ingouville, and which I expected would flow on smoothly for some months (without the shadow of an adventure, or indeed anything calculated to interfere with my

perfect composure), turned out to be one filled with the most extraordinary occurrences which have ever marked the history of Europe.

The sudden return of Napoleon from Elba, and the speedy flight of the French king and royal family from the Tuilleries, without a single effort being made to defend them, appeared to me, at the time, of all possible incidents the most extraordinary and the least expected. The important events which followed in rapid and perplexing succession afforded me scope for extensive observation, whereof I did not fail to take advantage. My opportunities were indeed great and peculiar; but few, comparatively, of my fellow-countrymen had as yet ventured into France. Those who did avail themselves of the conclusion of peace in 1814, fled the country in dismay on the return of "the child and champion of Jacobinism;" whilst I, by staying there throughout his brief second reign, was enabled to ascertain facts known to very few in England, and hitherto not published by any.

At Havre it appeared clearly to me that Napoleon, during his absence, was anything but forgotten or disesteemed. The Empress, when there, had become surprisingly popular amongst all classes of people; and the misfortunes of her husband had only served to render his memory more dear to his brother-soldiers, by whom he was evidently still regarded as their general and their prince. In truth, not only by the soldiers, but generally by the civic ranks, Louis, rather than Napoleon, was looked on as the usurper.

There were two regiments of the line at Havre, the officers of which made no great secret of their sentiments, whilst the men appeared to me inclined for anything but obedience to the Bourbon dynasty. The spirit which I could not help seeing in full activity here, it was rational to conclude, operated in other parts of the kingdom, and the justice of this inference was suddenly manifested by the course of events.

We were well acquainted with the colonel and superior officers of one of the regiments then in garrison. The colonel, a very fine soldier-like man, about forty-five, with the reputation

of being a brave officer, and an individual at once candid, liberal, and decided, was singularly frank in giving his opinions on all public subjects. He made no attempt to conceal his indestructible attachment to Napoleon; and I should think (for his tendencies must necessarily have been reported to the government) that he was continued in command only from a consciousness on their part, that, if they removed him, they must at the same moment have disarmed and disbanded the regiment—a measure which the Bourbon family was then by no means strong enough to hazard.

On one occasion, the colonel, in speaking to me whilst company was sitting around us, observed, with a sardonic smile, that his *master*, Louis, was not quite so firmly seated as his *émigrés* seemed to think. "The puissant allies," continued he, sneering as he spoke, "may change a *king*, but" (and his voice rose the while) "they cannot change a *people*."

Circumstances, in fact, daily conspired to prove to me that the army was still Napoleon's. The surgeon of that same regiment was an Italian, accounted very clever in his profession, good-natured, intelligent, and obliging; but so careless of his dress that he was generally called by us the "dirty doctor." This person was less anxious even than his comrades to conceal his sentiments of men and things, both politically and generally; never failing, whether in public or private, to declare his opinion and his attachment to "the exile."

A great ball and supper was given by the prefects and other authorities of Havre, in honour of *Louis le Désiré's* restoration. The affair was very splendid. We were invited, and went accordingly. I there perceived our dirty doctor, dressed most gorgeously in military uniform, but *not that of his regiment*. I asked him to what corps it appertained. He put his hand to his mouth, and whispered me, "C'est l'uniforme de mon cœur!" ("'Tis the uniform of my heart!") It was the dress uniform of Napoleon's old guard, in which the doctor had served. The incident spoke a volume; and as to the sentiments of its wearer, it was decisive.

About six weeks after that incident, two small parties of soldiers of the garrison passed repeatedly through the market-place, on a market-day, with drawn swords, flourishing them in the air, and crying incessantly, "Vive Napoleon! vive l'Empereur!" but they did not manifest the slightest disposition towards riot or disturbance, and nobody appeared either to be surprised at or to mind them much. I was speaking to a French officer at the time, and he, like the rest of the spectators, showed no wish to interfere with these men, or to prohibit the continuance of their exclamations, nor did he remark in any way upon the circumstance. I hence naturally enough inferred the state of public feeling, and the very slight hold which *Louis le Désiré* then had upon the crown of his ancestors.

A much more curious occurrence took place, when a small detachment of Russian cavalry, which had remained in France from the termination of the campaign, were sent down to Havre, there to sell their horses and embark for their native country. The visit appeared to me to be a most unwelcome one to the inhabitants of the place, and still more so, as might be expected, to the military stationed there. The Russians were very fine-looking fellows, of large size, but with a want of flexibility in their limbs and motions; and were thence contrasted rather unfavourably with the alert French soldiery, who, in manœuvring and rapid firing, must have had a great advantage over the northern stiffness.

I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted at Havre with Mr. Wright, a very respectable gentleman, and I believe by affinity a nephew of Mr. Windham. We had been in a café together, and were returning to our hotel about ten o'clock at night, when we saw a small assemblage of people collected at the church door in the main street. There were some women amongst them, and they seemed earnestly employed on some business which the total darkness of the night prevented us from seeing. There was in fact no light around save one glimmering lamp in the porch of the church door, where the people appeared fairly knotted together. There was scarcely any noise made

above a sort of buzz, or, as it were, rather a *suppression* of voices. Mr. Wright remained stationary whilst I went across the street to reconnoitre; and after a good deal of peeping over shoulders and under arms, I could perceive that the mob was in the act of deliberately cutting off the ears of two powerful-looking Russian soldiers, who were held so fast by many men, that they had not the least capability of resistance. They seemed to bear the application of the blunt knives of their assailants with considerable fortitude, and the women were preparing to complete the *trimming* with scissors; but one glance was quite enough for me! I got away as quick as thought; and as the circumstance of Mr. Wright wearing mustaches might possibly cost him his ears, I advised him to get into a house as soon as possible: he took to his heels on the suggestion, and I was not slow in following. The next day I saw one of the Russians in the street with a guard to protect him—his head tied up with bloody cloths, and cutting altogether a most frightful figure. All the French seemed highly diverted, and shouted out their congratulations to the Russian, who, however, took no manner of notice of the compliment.

I believe the authorities did all they could in this affair to apprehend the trimmers, but unsuccessfully. Some individuals were, it is true, taken up on suspicion; but as soon as the Russians were embarked, they were liberated. In fact, the local dignitaries knew that they were not as yet sufficiently strong to enforce punishment for *carving* a Russian.

I often received great entertainment from sounding many of the most respectable Frenchmen whose acquaintance I made at Havre, with regard to their political tendencies; and the result as well of my queries as of my observations led me to perceive that there were not wanting numerous persons by whom the return of Bonaparte, sooner or later, was looked forward to as an occurrence by no means either violently improbable or undesirable.

Nevertheless, no very deep impression was made on my mind as to these matters, until one morning Lady Barrington, returning

from Havre, brought me a small printed paper, announcing the Emperor's actual return from Elba, and that he was on his route for Paris. I believed the evidence of my eyesight, on reading the paper, but I certainly did not believe its contents. I went off immediately to my landlord, Mons. Poulet, a great royalist, and his countenance explained circumstances sufficiently before I asked a single question. The sub-prefect soon left the town; but the intelligence was scarcely credited, and not at all to its full extent. I went into every café and public place, and through every street. In all directions I saw groups of people, anxious and busily engaged in converse; I was much amused by observing the various effects of the intelligence on persons of different opinions, and by contrasting the countenances of those who thronged the thoroughfares.

I did not myself give credence to the latter part of this intelligence—namely, that Bonaparte was on his way to Paris. I could not suppose that the king had found it impracticable to command the services of a single regiment; and it must be confessed that his Majesty, a man of excellent sense, had, under all the circumstances, made a very bad use of his time in acquiring popularity, either civil or military. Notwithstanding the addition of *Désiré* to his Christian name (wherewith it had been graced by *Messieurs les émigrés*), it is self-evident that outward demonstrations alone had been conceded to him of respect and attachment. I never heard that nickname appropriated to him at Havre, by-the-by, except by the prefects and revenue officers.

The dismal faces of the Bourbonites, the grinning ones of the Bonapartists, and the puzzled countenances of the neutrals, were mingled together in the oddest combinations: throughout the town everybody seemed to be talking at once, and the scene was undoubtedly of the strangest character, in all its varieties. Joy, grief, fear, courage, self-interest, love of peace, and love of battle—each had its votaries. Merchants, priests, *douaniers*, military officers, were strolling about, each apparently influenced by some distinctive grade of feeling: one sensation alone seemed common to all—that of astonishment.

The singularity of the scene every moment increased. On the day immediately ensuing, fugitives from Paris, full of news of all descriptions, came in as quick as horses and cabriolets could bring them. Bulletin after bulletin arrived—messenger after messenger! But all the dispatches, in any shape official, combined in making light of the matter. The intelligence communicated by private individuals, however, was very contradictory. One, for instance, stated positively that the army had declared *against* Napoleon; another that it had declared *for* him; a third that it had not declared at all! One said that Napoleon was *surrounded*:—"Yes," returned a bystander, "but it is by his friends!" Towards evening every group seemed to be quite busy making up their minds as to the news of the day, and the part they might think it advisable to take; as for the English, they were frightened out of their wits, and the women had no doubt that they should all be committed to gaol before next morning.

I observed, however, that amidst all this bustle, and mass of conflicting opinions, scarce a single priest was visible: these cunning gentry had (to use a significant expression) determined, if possible, "not to play their cards till they were sure what was *trumps*." On the preceding Sunday they had throughout the entire day been chanting benedictions on Louis le Désiré and on St. Louis his great-grandfather; but on the Sabbath which followed, if they chanted at all (as they were bound to do), they would necessarily run a great risk of chanting for the last time in their lives, if they left out Napoleon; and, inasmuch as they were unable to string together Louis le Désiré, Napoleon, and St. Louis, in one *benedicite*, a most distressing dilemma became inevitable amongst the clergy! Common sense, however, soon pointed out their safest course: a plea of *compulsion*, operating on the meek resignation of their holy trade, might serve as an excellent apology, on the part of an ecclesiastical family, in the presumption of Louis's becoming victor; but in the Emperor, they had to deal with a different sort of person, as they well knew—with a man who would not be put off with unmeaning

excuses, and in due homage to whom it would be dangerous to fail. Under all circumstances, therefore, they took up a line of conduct which I cannot but think was very wise and discreet, proceeding as it did upon the principle "of two evils choose the less." Their loyalty was decided by their fears, which sufficed to stimulate the whole body of priests and curés at Havre, old and young, to uplift their voices with becoming enthusiasm in benediction of "Napoleon le Grand!" indeed they seemed to be of opinion that, having taken their ground, it would be as well to appear in earnest; and never did they work harder than in chanting a *Te Deum laudamus* in honour of their old master's return: to be serious, I believe they *durst* not have done otherwise; for I heard some of the military say very decidedly, that if the priests played any tricks upon the occasion, they would *hash* them!

The observation which surprised me most of all was, that though the two parties had declared themselves, and the *fleur-de-lis* and eagle were displayed in direct opposition to each other throughout the town;—though the sub-prefect had run away, whilst the tricoloured flag was floating in one place, and the white one in another,—no *practical* animosity or ill blood whatsoever broke out amongst the respective partisans. The bustle somewhat resembled that of an English election, but had none of the violence or dissipation, and only half the noise, which circulate on those august occasions. On the contrary, civility was maintained by every one: the soldiers were very properly kept in their barracks; and an Englishman could scarcely conceive so polite, peaceable, temperate, and cheerful a *revolution*—more particularly as neither party could tell on which side the *treason* would ultimately rest.

At length, orders came from Napoleon, at Lyons, that the imperial army should be recruited; whilst, at the very moment this order arrived, some of the merchants and officers of the national guards were actually beating up for the royal armament. The drums of the respective partisans rattled away through every street, and the recruiters often passed each other with the utmost

courtesy: not one man was seen in a state of intoxication on either side. Meanwhile there was no lack of recruits to range themselves under either standard; and it was most curious to observe that these men very frequently changed their opinions and their party before sunset! I think most recruits joined the king's party: his serjeants had plenty of money, whilst Napoleon's had none; and this was a most tempting distinction—far better than any abstract consideration of political benefit. Many of the recruits managed matters even better than the priests, for they took the king's money in the morning, and the emperor's cockade in the afternoon; so that they could not be accused on either side of *unqualified* partiality. The votaries of *le Désiré* and *le Grand* were indeed so jumbled and shuffled together (like a pack of cards when on the point of being dealt), that nobody could possibly decipher which had the best chance of succeeding.

The English alone cast a dark and gloomy shade over the gay scene that surrounded them; their lengthened visages, sunken eyes, and hanging features, proclaiming their terror and despondency. Every one fancied he should be incarcerated for life, if he could not escape before Napoleon arrived at Paris, which seemed extremely problematical; and I really think I never saw a set of men in better humour for suicide than my fellow-countrymen, who stalked like ghosts along the pier and sea-side.

The British Consul, Mr. Stuart (a *litterateur* and a gentleman, but whose wine generally regulated his nerves, whilst his nerves governed his understanding), as good-natured a person as could possibly be about a *couple of bottles* after dinner (for so he counted his time—a mode of computation in which he certainly was as regular as clock-work), called a general meeting of all the British subjects in Havre, at his apartments; and after each had taken a bumper of Madeira to George the Third, he opened the business in as long and flowery a harangue, in English and Latin, as the grape of Midi and its derivative distillations could possibly dictate.

"My friends and countrymen," said Mr. Stuart, "I have good

Consular reasons for telling you all, that if Bonaparte gets into Paris, he will order every mother's babe of you—men, women, and children, *et cetera*—into gaol for ten or twelve years at the least computation! and I therefore advise you all, *magnus, major, maximus,* to take yourselves off without any delay great or small, and thereby *save your bacon* whilst you have the power of doing so. Don't wait to take care of your property;—*nulla bona* is better than *nulla libertas.* As for me, I am bound *ex officio* to devote myself for my country! I will risk my life (and here he looked sentimental) to protect your property; I will remain behind!"

The conclusion of the Consul's speech was a signal for the simultaneous uplifting of many voices.—"I'll be off certainly!" exclaimed one terrified gentleman:—"Every man for himself, God for us all, and the *devil take the hindmost!*" shouted another:—"Do you mean to affront me, sir?" demanded the worthy self-devoted Consul, starting from his seat. A regular uproar now ensued; but the thing was soon explained and tranquillity restored.

Two ships were now forthwith hired, at an enormous price, to carry the English out of the reach of Bonaparte. The wind blew a gale, but no hurricane could be so terrific as Napoleon. Their property was a serious consideration to my fellow-countrymen; however, there was no choice; they therefore packed up all their small valuables, and relinquished the residue to the protection of *Providence* and the *Consul.*

In a short time all was ready, and, as Mr. Stuart had advised, men, women, children, and lap-dogs, all rushed to the quay; whilst, in emulation of the orator at the Consul's, "the devil take the hindmost," if not universally expressed, was universally the principle of action. Two children, in this most undignified sort of confusion, fell into the sea, but were picked up. The struggling, screeching, scrambling, etc., were at length completed; and in a shorter time than might be supposed the English population were duly shipped, and away they went under a hard gale. Dr. Johnson calls a ship a prison with the

chance of being drowned in it; and as if to prove the correctness of the Doctor's definition, before night was over one vessel was ashore, and the whole of its company just on the point of increasing the *population* of the British Channel.

Havre de Grace being thus emptied of the King of England's subjects, who were "saving their bacon" at sea in a violent hurricane, the Consul began to take care of their property; but there being a thing called *loyer*, or *rent*, in France as well as in England, the *huissiers* (bailiffs) of the town saved the Consul a great deal of trouble respecting his guardianship in divers instances. Nevertheless, so far as he could, he most faithfully performed his promise to the fugitives, for the reception of whose effects he rented a large storehouse, and so far all was wisely, courteously, and carefully managed; but not exactly recollecting that the parties did not possess the property as *tenants in common*, the worthy Consul omitted to have *distinct inventories* taken of each person's respective chattels, though, to avoid any risk of favouritism, he had all jumbled together; and such a heterogeneous medley was perhaps never seen elsewhere. Clothes, household furniture, kitchen utensils, books, linen, empty bottles, musical instruments, etc., strewed the floor of the storehouse in "most admired disorder." All being safely stowed, locks, bolts, and bars were elaborately constructed to exclude such as might feel a disposition to picking and stealing; but, alas! the best intentions and the most cautious provisions are sometimes frustrated by accident or oversight. In the present instance, in his extraordinary anxiety to secure the door, Mr. Stuart was perfectly heedless of the *roof*, and in consequence, the intrusion of the rain, which often descended in torrents, effectually saved most of the proprietors the trouble of identifying their goods after the result of the glorious battle of Waterloo. Disputes also were endless as to the right and title of various claimants to various articles; and in the result, the *huissiers* and the landlord of the storehouse were once more intruders upon the protected property.

To return—Havre being completely evacuated by my

countrymen, it now became necessary to strike out some line of proceeding for myself and family. Sir William Johnson, who was in the town, had participated in the general alarm, and had set off with his household for the Netherlands, advising me to do the same. I was afterwards informed that they all foundered in a dyke near Antwerp: I am ignorant whether or not there is any foundation for this story—I sincerely hope there is not. In the meantime the transformation of things at Havre became complete, and perfect order quickly succeeded the temporary agitation. The tricoloured flag was again hoisted at the port; and all the painters of the town were busily employed in changing the royal signs into imperial ones. One auberge, *Louis le Désiré,* was changed into a *blue boar;* the *Duchesse d'Angoulême* became *the Virgin Mary; royal* was new-gilt into *imperial* once more at the lottery offices; *fleurs-de-lis* were metamorphosed, in a single day, into beautiful *spread-eagles;* and the *Duc de Berry,* who had hung creaking so peaceably on his post before the door of a hotel, became, in a few hours, *St. Peter* himself, with the keys of Heaven dangling from his little finger!

COMMENCEMENT OF THE HUNDRED DAYS.

To see Napoleon, or not to see Napoleon,—that was the question! and well weighed it was in my domestic republic. After a day's reasoning *pro* and *con* (curiosity being pitted against fear, and women in the question), the matter was still undecided when our friends the Colonel and the dirty Doctor came to visit us, and set the point at rest, by stating that the regiments at Havre had declared unanimously for the Emperor, and that the Colonel had determined to march next day direct upon Paris; that therefore if we were disposed to go thither, and would set off at the same time, the Doctor should take care of our safety, and see that we had good cheer on our journey to the metropolis.

This proposal was unanimously adopted; we were at peace with France, and might possibly remain so; and the curiosity of three ladies, with my own to back it, proved to be totally irresistible. A new sub-prefect also having arrived in the town, came to see us; expressed his regret that the English should have deemed it necessary to quit the place; and gave us a letter of introduction to his wife, who lived in the Rue St. Honoré, at Paris.

We immediately packed up; I procured three stout horses to my carriage, and away we went after the advanced guard of the (as well as I recollect) 41st regiment. The soldiers seemed to me as if they thought they never could get to Napoleon soon enough: they marched with surprising rapidity; and after a most agreeable journey, we arrived at the good city of Paris without any let or hindrance; having experienced from the dirty doctor every possible attention. We were sure of the best cheer at any place we halted at; and the more so as the advanced guard only preceded us one stage, and the main body of the troops

was a stage behind us. We were immediately escorted by four mounted soldiers, who were in attendance upon our medical friend. I have learnt since that this kind and firm-hearted man escaped the campaign and returned to Italy; the colonel was shot dangerously at Quatre Bras, but I understand his wounds did not prove mortal.

Our route from Havre to Paris exhibited one general scene of peace and tranquillity, not dashed by the slightest symptom of revolution. The national guards everywhere appeared to have got new clothing, and were most assiduously learning in the villages to hold up their heads, and take long strides and lock steps, but (for anything that appeared to the contrary) solely for their own amusement. The same evidences of undisturbed serenity and good humour were displayed in all directions, and the practice of military exercises by the national guards was the only warlike indication of any kind throughout the whole extent of country we traversed.

On our arrival at the capital, we found no exception therein to the tranquillity of the provinces. People at a distance are apt to conceive that a revolution must necessarily be a most terrific affair—a period of anarchy and confusion, when everything is in a state of animosity, bustle, and insecurity. This is in some instances a great mistake ; for, on the other hand, many modern revolutions have been effected, governments upset, dynasties annihilated, and kings trucked, with as little confusion as the exchanging a gig-horse. I have, indeed, seen more work made about the change of a hat than of a diadem ;—more anxiety expressed touching a cane than a sceptre ;—and never did any revolution more completely prove the truth of these remarks than that in France during March 1815, when Napoleon quietly drove up post, in a chaise and four, to the palace of the Bourbons, and Louis XVIII. as quietly drove *off* post, in a chaise and four, to avoid his visitor. Both parties, too, were driven back again within three months, pretty nearly in the same kind of vehicle! Let my reader compare, for his edification, this bloodless revolution with the *attempt* at revolution in the obscure corner of the

globe from whence I sprang, *anno Domini* 1798;—during the brief summer of which year there was, in secluded Ireland (the *kingdom* of Ireland, as it was then called), more robbery, shooting, hanging, burning, piking, flogging, and picketing, than takes place in half-a-dozen of the best got-up continental revolutions —always excepting that great convulsion which agitated our neighbours towards the close of the eighteenth century.

During the interval of the Hundred Days, and some time subsequently, I kept a regular diary, wherein I accurately took down every important circumstance, except some few which I then considered much safer in my mind than under my hand; and these are now, for the most part, and for the first time, submitted to the public. After a few days' stay in Paris, I began to feel rather awkward. I found very few of my fellow-countrymen had remained there, and that there seemed to exist but little partiality towards the English. But the police was perfect, and no outrage, robbery, or breach of the peace was heard of; nor could I find that there were any political prisoners in the gaols, or, in fact, many prisoners of any kind. No dissolutes were suffered to parade the streets or contaminate the theatres; and all appeared polite, tranquil, and *correct*. I kept totally clear, meanwhile, both in word and deed, of political subjects.

I hired, as footman, a person then very well known in Paris, Henry Thevenot. I have since heard (but cannot vouch for the fact) that he is the Thevenot who attended Mr. Wakefield and Miss Turner. I have likewise recently been apprised that, at the time I engaged him, he was actually on the *espionnage* establishment. Be that as it may, I certainly always considered Thevenot to be a mysterious kind of person, and, on one particular occasion, which will be hereafter mentioned, discharged him suddenly without enlarging on my reasons: he was, however, an excellent servant. I had brought a passport from the new Sous-Préfet at Havre, which having lodged at the police-office, I felt quite at my ease; but, reflecting afterwards upon the probable consequence in case of war or change of circumstances, I determined at once to take a bold step and go to the Palais de

Bourbon Elysée (where Napoleon resided), to see Count Bertrand, whom I proposed to inform truly of my situation, and ask for a *sauf conduit* or passport to return.

On the second day whereon I made an attempt to see him, with difficulty I succeeded in obtaining an audience. I told the Count who I was, and all the facts, together with my doubts as to the propriety of remaining. He very politely said I should have what I required; but that a gentleman in my station was perfectly safe, and there could be no difficulty as to my remaining as long as I chose, and concluded by bowing me out, after a very short interview. As I was going down the steps, an officer recalled me, and asked if I had any family in Paris. I replied in the affirmative—three ladies; mutual bows ensued, and I returned very well satisfied with the result of my visit to the Palais de Bourbon Elysée. At that time the Emperor was employed day and night on business in the palace; at daybreak he occasionally rode out, with some of his staff, to inspect the works at Montmartre; and, on hearing this, my ancient curiosity to see so distinguished a person came afresh upon me.

The ensuing day, a man with a large letter-box buckled before him entered our apartment without the least ceremony, and delivered a letter, with "Bertrand" signed at the corner. I was rather startled at the moment, as the occurrence certainly looked singular. Nevertheless, the man's appearance and manner were not such as to confirm unpleasant surmises, and I proceeded to unseal the envelope, which inclosed a billet to the Commissaire de Police, desiring him to grant me a *sauf conduit* through any part of France, if I chose to travel in that country, and an especial passport to Calais, should I choose to return to England (the signature was not that of Bertrand). The packet also contained a polite note from an aide-de-camp of the Count, mentioning that he was directed to enclose me an admission to the Emperor's chapel, etc., and to say that, on production of my *sauf conduit* our party would find a free admission to the theatres and other spectacles of Paris. So much politeness (so *very* different from what would have been the case in England)

both gratified and surprised me. I wrote a letter of thanks; but, at our privy council, we agreed that, under existing circumstances, it would be better to say nothing of the latter favour. I afterwards discovered the friendly quarter through which it originated.

We hired a *calèche* by the month, and set out with a determination to lose no time in seeing whatever was interesting; and in fact everything was at that moment interesting to strangers. We spoke French sufficiently well for ordinary purposes; and determined, in short, to make ourselves as comfortable as possible.

I have already observed that I kept a diary during the Hundred Days, but afterwards thought it most prudent not to commit anything very important to writing. From that diary, so far as I pursued it (and from scraps which nobody could understand but myself), I have since selected such details and observations as have not hitherto been published or made, and for the collection of which my peculiar situation at Paris, and consequent opportunities, abundantly qualified me. Consistently with the foregoing part of these fragments, I shall not even attempt anything like strict order or chronological arrangement, but leave, generally speaking, the various subjects brought before the reader's attention to illustrate and explain each other. On this principle I shall now, without further prelude, describe the first scene which impressed itself on my imagination.

The first Sunday after the receipt of our permission we repaired to the Emperor's chapel, to see that wonderful man and to hear mass chanted in the first style of church music. Napoleon had already entered. The chapel was full, but we got seats very low down, near the gallery in which the Emperor sat; and, as he frequently leaned over the front, I had opportunities of partially seeing him. In the presence of so celebrated a man as Bonaparte, all other things sank into comparative insignificance, and the attention of the spectator was wholly absorbed by the one great object. Thus, in the present case, there was nothing either in the chapel or congregation that had power to divide

my regards with the great Napoleon. As I have said, he often leaned over the front of the gallery wherein he sat, and I had thence an opportunity of observing that he seemed quite restless, took snuff repeatedly, stroked down his head with an abstracted air; and, in fact, was obviously possessed by feelings of deep anxiety. I should not suppose he had at the moment the least consciousness as to where he was, and that, of all things, the priests and the mass were the last likely to occupy his thoughts.

Whilst thus employed in reconnoitring the Emperor as intensely as stolen glances afforded me means of doing, a buzz in the chapel caused me to turn round to ascertain its cause. Though low, it increased every moment, and was palpably directed towards us; so much so that no doubt remained of our being somehow or other the sole objects of it. I then whispered my companions that our presence was evidently offensive in that place, and that we had better retire, when a Frenchwoman, who sat near Lady Barrington, said, "Madame, you perceive that you are the objects of this uncourteous notice."—"Yes," replied Lady Barrington; "it is become quite obvious." The French lady smiled, and continued, "You had better *lay aside your shawls!*" Lady Barrington and my daughter accordingly, taking the hint, threw off the shawls, which they suffered to drop at their feet; and at once the buzzing subsided, and no further explanation took place until the conclusion of the service.

At that moment several French ladies came up with great courtesy, to apologise for the apparent rudeness of the congregation, which they begged Lady Barrington to excuse on account of its cause, and to examine her shawl, on doing which she would perceive that it was very unlucky (*bien mal à propos*) to wear such a one in the presence of the Emperor. She did so, and found that both hers and my daughter's (though very fine ones) were unfortunately speckled all over with *fleurs-de-lis!* They had been sold her the preceding day by a knavish shopkeeper at the Passage Feydeau, who, seeing she was a foreigner,

had put off these articles, thinking it a good opportunity to decrease his stock in that kind of gear, the sale whereof would probably be pronounced high treason before the month was over.

The confusion of the ladies at this *eclaircissement* may be well conceived; but it was speedily alleviated by the elegant consolations and extreme politeness of the French women. Amongst those who addressed us was a gentleman in the uniform of a colonel of the National Guards; he spoke to me in perfect English, and begged to introduce his family to mine. I told him who I was, and he asked us to dinner and ball next day at his house in the Rue de Clichy. We accepted his invitation, and were magnificently entertained. This was Colonel Gowen, the proprietor of the first stamp-paper manufactory in France—a most excellent, hospitable, and friendly person, but ill-requited, I fear, afterwards, by some of our countrymen. I subsequently experienced many proofs of his hospitality and attention.

An English lady was also remarkably attentive and polite on this occasion, and gave her card to Lady Barrington, No. 10 Rue Pigale. She was the lady of Dr. Marshall, an English physician; so that the affair of the shawl, so far from being *mal à propos*, turned out quite a lucky adventure.

In viewing Napoleon that day, it was not the splendid superiority of his rank; it was neither his diadem, sceptre, nor power, which communicated that involuntary sensation of awe it was impossible not to feel;—it was the gigantic degree of talent whereby a man of obscure origin had been raised so far above his fellows. The spectator could not but deeply reflect on the mystic nature of those decrees of Providence which had placed Napoleon Bonaparte on one of the highest of earthly thrones and at the very pinnacle of glory; had hurled him from that eminence and driven him into exile; and now seemed again to have warranted his second elevation, replacing him upon that throne even more wondrously than when he first ascended it.

Such were my impressions on my first sight of the Emperor

Napoleon. So much has he been seen and scrutinised throughout the world,—so familiar must his countenance have been to millions,—so many descriptions have been given of his person and of his features by those who knew him well,—that any portrait by me must appear to be at least superfluous. Every person, however, has a right to form his own independent judgment on subjects of physiognomy, and it is singular enough that I have never yet met any one with whom I entirely coincided as to the peculiar expression of Napoleon's features;—and I have some right to speak, for I saw him at periods and under circumstances that wrought on and agitated every muscle of his fine countenance, and have fancied (perhaps ridiculously) that I could trace indications of character therein unnoticed by his biographers.

On this day, my observations must necessarily have been very superficial; yet I thought I could perceive, in the movement of a single feature, some strong-excited feeling, some sensation detached and wandering away from the ordinary modes of thinking, though I could not even guess from what passion or through what impulse that sensation originated. After I had seen him often, I collated the emotions palpable in his countenance with the vicissitudes of his past life, fancying that I might thence acquire some data to go upon in estimating the tone of his thoughts; but at this first sight, so diversified were the appearances as he leaned over the gallery, that even Lavater could not have deciphered his sensations. He was uneasy, making almost convulsive motions, and I perceived occasionally a quiver on his lip: on the whole, my anxiety was raised a hundred-fold to be placed in some situation where I might translate at leisure the workings of his expressive countenance. That opportunity was after a short interval fully given me.

On the same day I had indeed a second occasion of observing the Emperor, and in a much more interesting occupation—more to his taste, and which obviously changed the entire cast of his looks—quite divesting him of that deep, penetrating, gloomy character, which had saddened his countenance during the time he was at chapel. After mass he first came out upon the balcony

in front of the Tuilleries: his personal staff, marshals, generals, and a few ladies, surrounded him; whilst the civil officers of the court stood in small groups aside, as if wishing to having nothing to do with the military spectacle. Napoleon was now about to inspect eight or ten thousand of the army, in the Place Carousel. The transition from an array of priests to a parade of warriors—from the hymns of the saints to the shouting of the soldiery—from the heavy, although solemn, music of the organ to the inspiriting notes of the drum—added greatly to the effect of the scene, which strongly impressed my mind, alive and open to all these novel incidents. Age had not then, nor has it yet, effaced the susceptibility of my nature. I own, the latter scene was on that day to my mind vastly preferable to the first: the countenance of Napoleon was metamorphosed; it became illuminated; he descended from the balcony, and mounted a grey barb. He was now obviously in his element; the troops, as I have said, amounted to about ten thousand; I did not conceive the court of the Tuilleries could hold so many.

Napoleon was now fully exposed to our view. His face acknowledged the effect of the climate: his forehead, though high and thinly strewn with hair, did not convey to me any particular trait; his eyebrows, when at rest, were not expressive, neither did his eyes on that occasion speak much: but the lower part of his face fixed my attention at once. It was about his mouth and chin that his character seemed to be concentrated. I thought, on the whole, that I could perceive a mixture of steadiness and caprice, of passion and generosity, of control and impetuousness.

But my attention was soon turned aside to the inspection itself. There was not a soldier who did not appear nearly frantic with exultation, and whose very heart, I believe, did not beat in unison with the hurrahs wherewith they received their favourite leader.

It was the first time I had ever heard a crowd express its boisterous pleasure in a tone of sensibility unknown in our country. The troops were in earnest, and so was the general.

The Old Guard (including such as had returned from Elba and such as had rejoined their colours) formed a body of men superior to any I had ever before witnessed. Descriptions of Napoleon amidst his soldiers are however so common, that I will not occupy either the reader's time or my own by enlarging further on the subject.

THE ENGLISH IN PARIS.

SHORTLY after this period I became particularly intimate with Dr. Marshall, a circumstance which, in the paucity of English who had remained in Paris, was productive to me of great satisfaction. He was a man of prepossessing appearance and address; had travelled much; had acted, he informed me, as physician to the army in Egypt, etc., and had gone on some confidential mission to Murat whilst King of Naples. His wife was a pretty woman, rather *en bon point*, about thirty, and with the complete appearance and address of a gentlewoman. The Doctor kept a very handsome establishment, and entertained small companies splendidly.

The society I generally met there consisted, in the first place, of Colonel Macirone, who passed for an Italian, and had been aide-de-camp to Murat, but was, I believe, in fact the son of a respectable manufacturer in London, or on Blackheath. He has published an account of the romantic circumstances attendant on the death of the ill-fated Murat. Another member of the society was Count Julien, formerly, I believe, some secretary or civil officer of Murat, a huge boisterous overbearing fat man, consequential without being dignified, dressy without being neat, and with a showy politeness that wanted even the elements of civility. Count Julien was the only person I met at Dr. Marshall's whose character or occupation I had any suspicions about.

Fouché was then the Emperor's Minister of Police, and they all appeared to be more or less acquainted with him; but I had not at first the slightest idea that they were every one of them either spies or *employés* of the police minister, and but hollow friends, if not absolute traitors, to Napoleon.

I met several other gentlemen less remarkable at Doctor

Marshall's, but only one lady appeared besides the mistress of the house. This was a plain, rational, sedate woman under forty. She was introduced to us by Mrs. Marshall as the wife of a relative of Fouché, and at that time (with her husband) on a visit to his Excellency at his hotel, Rue Cerutti.

One day before dinner, at Dr. Marshall's house, I observed this lady, on our arrival, hurrying into Mrs. Marshall's boudoir, and when dinner was announced she re-entered decked out with a set of remarkable coral ornaments, which I had seen Mrs. Marshall wear several times. This circumstance struck me at the moment, but was neither recollected nor accounted for till we paid an unlucky visit to that "relative of Fouché," when the whole enigma became developed, and my suspicions fairly aroused.

Dr. Marshall meanwhile continued to gain much on my esteem. He saw that I was greedy of information as to the affairs of Italy; and he, as well as Colonel Macirone, saturated me in consequence with anecdotes of the Court of Naples, and of Murat himself, highly entertaining, and I believe *tolerably* true—for I do really think that Macirone was sincerely attached to that king, and attended his person with friendship and sincerity. On the contrary, Count Julien seemed incapable of possessing much feeling, and perfectly indifferent as to any body's fate but his own. This, however, I only give as my individual opinion: I soon lost sight of the man altogether.

In the midst of this agreeable and *respectable* society, I passed my time during the greater part of the Hundred Days: and Dr. Marshall informing me, I believe truly, that he was on terms of confidence (though not immediately) with Fouché, and well knowing that he might with perfect security communicate anything to me (seeing that I should be silent for my own sake), scarcely a day passed but we had much conversation in his garden; and he certainly did give me very correct information as to the state of affairs and the condition of the Emperor, together with much that was not equally correct regarding himself. This I occasionally and partially perceived; but his address was imposing and particularly agreeable.

We had also cultivated our acquaintance (originated through the adventure of the shawls) with Colonel Gowen of the National Guards, whose hotel in Rue Clichy bore a most extraordinary castellated appearance, and was surrounded by very large gardens, where we were nobly entertained: the leads of the hotel overlooked Tivoli, and indeed every place about Paris. The colonel lived extremely well; spoke English perfectly; and might, in fact, be mistaken for a hospitable officer of a British yeomanry corps.

Another gentleman I also happened accidentally to meet, who was an English subject, and whom I had known many years previously. We became intimate, and I derived both utility and information from that intimacy. This gentleman knew, and had long known, much more of French affairs and individuals than any of my other acquaintances; and being at the same time replete with good nature and good sense (with his politics I had nothing to do), I could not fail to be a gainer by our intercourse, which has continued undiminished to this day.

Another and more remarkable personage, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, was then a French general unemployed. I had known him thirty years before; he had married the daughter and sole heiress of the unfortunate and learned Marquess de Condorcet; had been plundered of his Irish property by his brother Roger; and was prohibited from returning to his native country by act of parliament. General Arthur O'Connor was a remarkably strong-minded, clever man, with a fine face and a manly air: he had, besides, a great deal of Irish national character, to some of the failings whereof he united several of its best qualities. I met him frequently, and relished his company highly. For old acquaintance sake I professed and felt a friendship for the man; and, differing as we did wholly upon public subjects, we talked over all without arguing upon any, which is the only agreeable method of conversation amongst persons whose opinions do not coincide.

Lord and Lady Kinnaird were also in Paris at that period. I did not pay my respects to them for a very singular, though at

such a time a very sufficient reason. Her Ladyship was the daughter of one of my most respected friends, the late Duke of Leinster, to every member of whose family I owe all possible attention: but Lord Kinnaird, by over-acting his part, had drawn on himself an absurd degree of suspicion; and I had been informed by a friend, in confidence, that every person who was seen visiting him was immediately suspected likewise, and put secretly under *surveillance*, which would not have been particularly agreeable to me. In a little time this information was curiously illustrated. I was informed that Lord Kinnaird had been arrested by order of Fouché; but Fouché soon found he had fallen into a very ridiculous error; and I believe his Lordship was immediately liberated with an ample apology. I heard also incidentally amongst the *employés* (for I took care at all times to display no inordinate curiosity even though I might be literally bursting with that feeling), that his Lordship was accustomed to express himself so hyperbolically in favour of Napoleon, that the police (to whom everything was made known by unsuspected domestics) could not give his Lordship credit for sincerity, and therefore took for granted that he was playing some game or other: in fact, they fancied he was a spy!—using ultra eulogiums on the Emperor to cloke a secret design.

Messrs. Hobhouse and Bruce were both in Paris at the same period, and I have often regretted that I did not know them. I afterwards knew the latter well, when in La Force with Sir R. Wilson and my friend Mr. J. Hutchinson, for assisting the escape of Lavalette. I found in Mr. Bruce some excellent qualities, and a thirst after information which I admire in anybody.

These, together with the family of Mr. Talbot, were the only English persons whom I met in Paris immediately after my arrival and during the most momentous crisis Europe ever witnessed. That point of time formed the pivot whereon the future destiny of every nation in the fairest quarter of the globe was vibrating: but I am here trenching on a subject in which the nature of this work does not permit me to indulge.

The successive occurrences at Paris, after Napoleon's return,

were daily published, and are known to everybody. The press was free from restraint, and every public act recorded: it was therefore to the *private* acts and characters of men I applied my observation, as forming the best ground for speculative opinions (which that portentous interval necessarily tended to stimulate), and likewise as calculated to yield the best materials for future entertainment.

Dr. Marshall was, as I have already stated, on some occasions confidentially employed by Fouché; and placing confidence in me—perhaps not duly estimating the extent of my curiosity—he was very communicative. In fact, not a day passed, particularly after Napoleon's return from Waterloo, that I did not make some discovery through the Doctor (as much from his air of mystery as from his direct admissions) of Fouché's flagitious character, and of the ductility and total absence of principle exhibited by several of his *employés*.

The intelligence I daily acquired did not surprise, but greatly disgusted me. I hate treachery in all its ramifications: it is not, generally speaking, a French characteristic; but Fouché certainly displayed a complete personification of that vice. Spies and traitors generally do each other *strict justice*, by the operation and exercise of mutual hatred, contempt, and invective. I never heard one such person say a kind word of another *behind his back;* and when a man is necessitated by policy to puff a brother villain, it is not difficult for a stander-by to decipher the sneer of jealousy and mental reservation distorting the muscles of the speaker's countenance, and involuntarily disclosing the very feeling which he was perhaps desirous to conceal.

Thus was it with the various tools of the treacherous minister; and in his own countenance were engraven distinctly the characteristics of cunning and insincerity. From the first moment I saw Fouché, and more particularly when I heard him falsely swear fidelity to his imperial master, I involuntarily imbibed a strong sensation of dislike. His features held out no inducement to you to place confidence in their owner; on the contrary, they could not but tend to beget distrust and disesteem. The sus-

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picions which they generated in me I never could overcome, and the sequel proved how just they were.

After a while, I began slightly to suspect the species of society I was associating with, and it occurred to me to request that Lady Barrington would pay a visit to the lady we had met at Dr. Marshall's, and whom we had understood from Mrs. Marshall to be on a visit to Fouché, her relative. I proposed to go also, and leave my card for her husband, whom we had not yet seen. We accordingly waited on them at Fouché's hotel, and asked the Swiss if *Madame* was at home.

"*Madame!*" said the porter; "*Madame! quelle Madame?*" as if he had heard us imperfectly. We had forgotten her name, and could therefore only reply, "*Madame la parente de Monsieur le Ministre.*"

"There is no such person here, Monsieur," replied the Swiss, with a half-saucy shrug.

"Oh yes," exclaimed I: "she is on a visit to the Duc d'Otrante."

"*Non, non, Monsieur et Madame,*" repeated the pertinacious Swiss: "*point de tout!*" and he seemed impatient to send us away; but after a moment's pause, the fellow burst out into a violent fit of laughter. "I beg your pardon, Monsieur et Madame," said he; "I begin to understand whom you mean. Your friend undoubtedly resides in the hotel, but she is just now from home."

I handed him our cards for her and her husband. On reading "*Le Chevalier et Milady,*" the man looked more respectful, but apparently could not control his laughter. When, however, he at length recovered himself, he bowed very low, begged pardon again, and said he thought we had been inquiring for some *vraie* Madame. The word stimulated my curiosity, and I hastily demanded its meaning; when it turned out that *Monsieur* was the maitre d'hotel, and *Madame,* his wife, looked to the linen, china, etc., in quality of confidential housekeeper!

We waited to hear no more. I took up our cards and away we went; and my suspicions as to that lady's rank were thus

set at rest. I did not say one word of the matter at Dr. Marshall's, but I suppose the porter told the *lady*, as we never saw her afterward, nor her husband at all.

I now began to perceive my way more clearly, and redoubled my assiduity to decipher the events which passed around me. In this I was aided by an increased intimacy with Colonel Macirone, whom closer acquaintance confirmed as an agreeable and gentlemanly man, and who in my opinion was very badly selected as an *espion:* I believe his heart was above his degrading occupation.

I perceived that there was some plot going forward, the circumstances of which it was beyond my power to develop. The manner of the persons I lived amongst was perpetually undergoing some shade of variation; the mystery thickened; and my curiosity increased with it.

In the end this curiosity was most completely gratified; but all I could determine on at the moment was, that there existed an extensive organised system of deception and treachery, at the bottom of which was undoubtedly Fouché himself: whether, however, my *employé* acquaintances would ultimately betray the Emperor or his minister, seemed, from their evidently loose political principles, quite problematical. I meanwhile dreaded everybody, yet affected to fear none, and listened with an air of unconcern to the stories of my valet, Henry Thevenot, though at that time I gave them no credit: subsequent occurrences, however, rendered it manifest that this man procured, somehow or other, sure information.

Amongst other matters, Thevenot said he knew well that there was an intention, if opportunity occurred, of assassinating Napoleon on his road to join the army in Belgium.* I did not much relish being made the depository of such dangerous secrets, and ordered my servant never to mention before me again "any

* I have often thought that the ultimate desertion of the Mameluke who had always been retained by Napoleon about his person had some very deep reason for it; and to this moment, that circumstance appears to require clearing up.—(*Author's note.*)

such ridiculous stories," otherwise I should discharge him as an unsafe person. Yet I could not keep his tongue from wagging, and I really dreaded dismissing him. He said "that Fouché was a traitor to his master; that several of the cannon at Montmartre were rendered unserviceable; and that mines had been charged with gunpowder under various parts of the city, preparatory to some attempt at counter-revolution."

INAUGURATION OF THE EMPEROR.

THE days rolled on, and in their train brought summer and the month of June, on the 8th day of which the peers and deputies of the legislative body were summoned to attend collectively at two o'clock, in the Chamber of Deputies, to receive the Emperor, and take the oath of fidelity to him and to the constitution, in the midst of all the splendour which the brilliant metropolis of France could supply. The abduction of the regalia by some friends of King Louis, when they ran away to Ghent, had left Napoleon without any crown wherewith to gratify the vanity of a people at all times devoted to every species of spectacle; he had only a button and loop of brilliants which fastened up his Spanish hat, over the sides whereof an immense plumage hung nodding. But this was such a scene, and such an occasion, that a wreath of laurel would have become the brow of Napoleon far better than all the diamonds in the universe! The whole of the imperial family were to be present.

The number of persons who could be admitted as spectators into the gallery was necessarily very limited; and in a great metropolis where everybody is devoted to show, the difficulty of procuring admission would, I conceived, be of course proportionably great. It may be well imagined that I was indefatigable in seeking to obtain tickets, as this spectacle was calculated to throw everything besides that I had witnessed in Paris completely into the background; and what tended still more to whet the edge of my curiosity, was the reflection that it would, in all probability, be the last opportunity I should have of deliberately viewing the Emperor, whose departure from Paris to join the army was immediately contemplated.

I therefore made interest with everybody I knew. I even

wrote to the authorities; and, in short, left no means whatever untried which suggested themselves to me. At length, when I began to think my chance but a very poor one, on the day actually preceding the ceremony, to my unspeakable gratification I received a note from the Chamberlain, enclosing an admission for *one*, which the difficulty I had everywhere encountered led me to esteem a great favour. I did not think that at my age I could possibly be so anxious about anything; but I believe there are few persons who will not admit that the excitement was great, occasioned by the prospect of contemplating for a length of time, and in a convenient situation, the bodily presence of a man to whom posterity is likely to award greater honours than can be conceded to him by the prejudices of the present race.

The programme announced that all Napoleon's marshals and generals, together with the veterans of his staff and the male branches of his family, were to be grouped around him, as were likewise several of those statesmen whose talents had helped originally to raise him to the throne, and whose treachery afterwards succeeded in hurling him a second time from it. The peers and deputies, in their several ranks and costumes, were each, individually and distinctly, on that day to swear new allegiance to their Emperor, and a lasting obedience to the constitution.

The solemnity of Napoleon's inauguration, and that of his promulgating the new constitution at the Champ de Mars, made by far the greatest impression on my mind of all the remarkable public or private occurrences I had ever witnessed. The intense interest, the incalculable importance, not only to France, but to the world, of those two great events, generated reflections within me more weighty and profound than any I had hitherto entertained; whilst the variety of glittering dresses, the novelty and the ever-changing nature of the objects around me, combined to cheat me almost into a belief that I had migrated to fairy-land, and in fact to prevent me from *fixing* my regards on anything.

The first of those days was the more interesting to France—

the second to Europe at large. Though totally unparalleled in all their bearings, and dissimilar from every other historical incident, ancient or modern, yet these solemnities seem to have been considered by most who have written upon the subject as little more than ordinary transactions. Were I to give my feelings full play in reciting their effect on myself, I should at this calmer moment be perhaps set down as a visionary or enthusiast. I shall, therefore, confine myself to simple narrative.

The procession of the Emperor from the Tuilleries to the Chambers, though short, was to have been of the most imposing character. But, much as I wished to see it, I found that by such an attempt I might lose my place in the gallery of the Chamber, and consequently the view of the inauguration scene. At eleven o'clock, therefore, I brought my family to a house on the Quay, for which I had previously paid dearly, and where having placed them at a window, I repaired myself to the Chamber of Deputies, in company of a French colonel, who had been introduced to us by Colonel Gowen, and who kindly undertook to be my usher, and to point out to me the most celebrated warriors and generals of the guard and army, who in groups promenaded the courts and gardens of the Senate-house, awaiting the appointed hour for parading to receive the Emperor. This gentleman, in fact, introduced me to several officers and persons of rank; and though, at that moment, war, attended by all its horrors, was deemed inevitable, I was addressed with a courtesy and gentlemanly frankness, which, under similar circumstances, would in any other country, I fear, have been wanting. They spoke without reserve of the tremendous struggle about to be commenced; but not a man of them appeared to me to have a single doubt of triumphing; and had my own country been neutral or uninterested, I certainly should have preferred the brilliance of Napoleon's despotism to the contracted, glimmering tyranny of his continental enemies. But I knew that Great Britain *was* implicated. Napoleon and England might coalesce for a moment; but I felt that the ascendency of the former was

incompatible with the power of the latter, and I was chilled by the reflection, which in some degree abated my relish for the striking scene before me.

Amongst other individuals of note presented to me by the colonel, was Labedoyère, who was destined so soon to atone with the forfeiture of his life for his fidelity to his first patron. I had heard then nothing particular of this man, and consequently took but little notice of him. There was not one whom I remarked more than Ney, then prince of Moskwa. "That," said the colonel, as he pointed him out to me, "is the greatest *sabreur* in Europe;" and Ney's rough, manly, sun-burnt countenance, well set off by his muscular, warlike figure, confirmed the character. "There," continued my informant, pointing to a civilian in full dress, "is one of the truest partisans the Emperor has in France—Count Thibaudeau." I had previously remarked the person to whom my attention was thus directed, as one not formed of common materials, and had occasion soon after to observe him still more particularly.

So many of the objects of that day have been sketched in various publications, that I shall not endeavour to give anything in the shape of a list of them, but content myself with the mention of those which struck me most forcibly at the moment.

Whoever was in Paris during the Hundred Days, must have seen the Old Guard of Napoleon. Such a body of soldiers (all appearing of the self-same character) I believe never was collected. Their Herculean vigour, more than the height of their persons, was remarkable; and their dark, deep-furrowed visages (enveloped in moustaches and surmounted by the bear's skin of their lofty caps, glittering with ornaments), combined, together with their arms, their clothes, and more particularly their steadiness, to exhibit to me the most complete model of genuine soldiers. Their looks, though the very emblem of gravity and determination, were totally devoid of ferocity; and I could fancy the grenadiers of the Old Guard to be heroes uniting the qualities of fidelity, of valour, and of generosity. Their whole appearance, indeed, was most attractive.

The cavalry had dismounted, and were sitting around on the steps and parapets of the edifice, mostly employed in sharpening their sabres with small hones; and the whole seemed to me as if actuated only by an ardent wish to proceed to action. One officer asked me in English, rather more freely than the rest, if I knew the British commander (Lord Wellington.) I said I did. —"Well," replied he, "we shall have a brush with him before the week is over!" and turned away with an expression strongly indicative of contempt. I believe Lord Wellington did not quite anticipate the short time that would be given him by his opponents. My observations and introductions were, however, at length interrupted by the first cannon, which announced that the Emperor had commenced his passage from the Tuilleries. All was in immediate bustle; the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, the deputies and officials flocked into their halls, the cuirassiers were mounted, the grenadiers in line, the officers at their stations; and in five minutes the mingled and motley crowd was arranged in order so regular and so silently assumed, that it was almost impossible to suppose they had ever been in confusion. The different bands struck up; they had received orders respecting the airs that should be played as the Emperor approached, which they began to practise; and the whole scene, almost in a moment, wore an aspect entirely new.

The firing of cannon continued;—the Emperor had advanced along the quays, and passed over that very spot where the last French monarch had, twenty years before, been immolated by his subjects. The word enthusiasm, strong as its meaning is generally held to be, really failed, on this occasion, to express *as much* as the military seemed to feel. The citizens who thronged around did not, however, it is true, appear to partake in this sentiment to anything like a corresponding extent. Whether it was that they felt it or not, or that they were conscious of acting a subordinate part in the pageant (which unquestionably bore too much of a military character), I do not know.

I proceeded without delay to the stairs which led to my *loge*, as noted on my admission-ticket. This *loge*, however, it turned

out to be no easy matter to find. My heart began to sink; I inquired of everybody. Some did not understand, others looked contemptuously; nobody would pay the least attention to my solicitations. Thus I seemed likely, after all, to lose the benefit of my exertions. Meanwhile, every new discharge of cannon seemed as if announcing, not only the Emperor's approach, but my seclusion from the chamber; and I was getting fast into a state of angry hopelessness, when an officer of the guard, who saw that I was a foreigner, addressed me in English. I explained to him my embarrassments and fears, and showed him my ticket. He told me I was on the wrong side, and was so good as to send a soldier with me to the door of the box. I rapped, and was instantly admitted. There were two rows of chairs, and accommodation for three persons to stand behind. I was one of the latter; and it was impossible to be better situated for hearing and seeing everything. My *loge* exactly faced the throne; and in the next sat the Emperor's mother, and all the females, with their attendants. I knew nobody. I saw no English there: there was one person in full dress, who was said to be *un Chevalier Ecosse*, and who, having distinguished himself and announced his nation by making an abominable disturbance about something or other, was very properly turned out. We sat in silent expectation of the Emperor's arrival, which was to be announced by the cessation of the repeated salutes of artillery. The moments were counted. The peers and deputies were seated in their places, all in full dress—the former occupying the front benches, and the deputies ranged behind them. Servants of the chamber, in the most splendid liveries that can be conceived, were seen busy at all the side doors. The front door was underneath our *loge;* it was therefore impossible for me to see the effect of the first appearance of the Emperor, who at length, followed by a numerous retinue, crossed the chamber—not majestically, but with rather hurried steps. Having slightly raised his hat, he seated himself abruptly on the throne, and wrapping himself in his purple cloak, sat silent.

The scene was altogether most interesting; but there was no time for contemplation. The whole assembly immediately

rose; and, if a judgment might be formed from the outward expression of their feelings, it would be inferred that Napoleon was enthroned in the heart of almost every peer and deputy who that day received him. A loud, continued, and unanimous burst of enthusiastic congratulation proceeded from every quarter. It echoed throughout the whole chamber, and had all the attributes of sincerity. One circumstance I particularly remarked, the old cry of "*Vive l'Empereur,*" was discontinued; and, as if the spectators' hearts were too full to utter more, they limited themselves to a single word: "*l'Empereur! l'Empereur!*" alone bursting from the whole assembly. I found afterwards that there was a meaning in this, inasmuch as the ceremony was not a mere greeting; it was an *inauguration* of the Emperor. It was this solemnity which, in fact, *re-created* his title after his formal abdication at Fontainebleau, and the assembly thus noted the distinction.

Meanwhile, Napoleon sat apparently unmoved. He occasionally touched his hat, but spake not. I stood immediately in front of and looking down on the throne; and, being in the back row, could use my opera-glass without observation. Napoleon was at that moment, all circumstances considered, the most interesting personage in existence. His dress, although rich, was scarcely royal. He was not, as a king should be by prescription, covered with jewels; he had no crown, and wore the same dress exactly as he afterwards did on his visit to the Champ de Mars—namely, a black Spanish hat, fastened up in front with a diamond loop and button; heavy plumes of ostrich feathers, which hung nodding over his forehead; and rather a short cloak of purple velvet, embroidered with golden bees. The dimensions of his person were thus concealed; but his stature, which scarcely attained the middle height, seemed still lower on account of his square-built form and his high and ungraceful shoulders. He was, in fact, by no means a majestic figure. I watched his eye, it was that of a hawk, and struck me as being peculiarly brilliant. Without moving his head, or a single muscle of his countenance, his eye was everywhere, and really seemed omniscient. An almost imperceptible transition moved it from place to place

as if by magic, and it was fixed steadily upon one object before a spectator could observe its withdrawal from another.

Yet even at this moment, powerful as was the spell in which Napoleon's presence bound the spectator, my attention was drawn aside by another object, which seemed to me to afford much scope for contemplation; this was the Emperor's mother. I stood, as I have already said, in the next *loge* of the gallery to that occupied by the imperial family. The dutiful and affectionate regard of Napoleon to his mother is universally authenticated; and as his nature was not framed either to form or perpetuate mere attachments of course, it was natural to conclude that this lady's character had something about it worthy of remark. I was therefore curious to trace, as far as possible, the impressions made upon her by the passing scene.

Madame Mère (as she was then called) was a very fine old lady, apparently about sixty, but looking strong and in good health. She was not, and I believe never had been, a beauty; but was, nevertheless, well-looking, and possessed a cheerful, *comfortable* countenance. In short, I liked her appearance: it was plain and unassuming, and I set my mind to the task of scrutinising her probable sensations on that important day.

Let us for a moment consider the situation of that mother, who, whilst in a humble sphere of life, and struggling with many difficulties, had borne, nursed, and reared a son, who, at an early age, and solely by his own superior talents, became ruler of one of the fairest portions of the civilised creation; to whom kings and princes crouched and submitted, and transferred their territories and their subjects, at his will and pleasure; to whom the whole world, except England, had cringed; whom one great emperor had flattered and fawned on, handing over to him a favourite daughter even whilst the conqueror's true wife was still living; and whom the same bewildered emperor had afterwards assisted in rousing all Europe to overthrow himself—thus dethroning his daughter, disinheriting his grandson, and exposing himself to the contempt and derision of the universe,—only that he might have the gratification of enslaving six millions of the Italian people!

The mother of Napoleon had seen all this ; and had, no doubt, felt bitterly that reverse of fortune whereby her son had been expelled and driven into exile, after his long dream of grandeur and almost resistless influence. What then must be the sensations of that mother at the scene we are describing! when she beheld the same son again hailed Emperor of the French, restored to power and to his friends by the universal assent of a great nation and the firm attachment of victorious armies! He remounted his throne before her eyes once more, and, without the shedding of one drop of blood, was again called to exercise those functions of royalty from which he had been a few months before excluded.

It was under these impressions that I eagerly watched the countenance of that delighted lady ; but her features did not appear to me sufficiently marked to give full scope to the indication of her feeling. I could judge, in fact, nothing from any other feature except her eye, to which, when I could catch it, I looked for information. At first I could see only her profile ; but as she frequently turned round, her emotions were from time to time obvious ; a tear occasionally moistened her cheek, but it evidently proceeded from a happy rather than a painful feeling—it was the tear of parental ecstasy. I could perceive no lofty sensations of gratified ambition ; no towering pride ; no vain and empty arrogance, as she viewed underneath her the peers and representatives of her son's dominions. In fact, I could perceive nothing in the deportment of Madame Mère that was not calculated to excite respect for her as a woman, and admiration of her as the person who had brought into the world a man for many years the most successful of his species.

From observation of this interesting lady I was called off by the scene which followed. After the Emperor had been a while seated (his brothers and the public functionaries around him, as expressed in a printed programme), the oath was administered to the peers and deputies individually, so that each was distinctly marked by name ; and what I considered most fortunate was, that a French gentleman, who sat immediately before me (I believe some public officer), was assiduous in giving the two

adies who accompanied him, not only the name of each peer or deputy, as he took the oath, but also some description of him. I took advantage of this incident, and in a little tablet copied down the names of such as I had heard spoken of as remarkable persons, and particularly the generals and marshals.

Their manner of administering and taking the oath was very different from ours.* The French had, from the period of the revolution, very justly conceived that an oath of any description would not be one atom more binding on the party if taken upon a book than if trust were reposed in their mere word of honour. On the present occasion, each person, as his name was called over, arose, and holding out his right arm to its extent (the palm of the hand uppermost), deliberately pronounced, "*Je jure fidélité à l'Empereur et obédience à la Constitution.*" The reader will easily believe that it was a source of the utmost interest to watch the countenances of these dignitaries of France whilst they were engaged in performing this important ceremonial. My physiognomical observation was kept fully on the stretch, and was never before or since so sated with materials to work upon. The Emperor, meanwhile, as I have already mentioned, sat almost immovable. He did not appear exhilarated: indeed, on the other hand, I think he was indisposed. His breast heaved at times

* One of the devices to prevent the accumulation of petty larceny, in the Court of Common Pleas of Ireland, was very amusing. Lord Norbury's registrar, Mr. Peter Jackson, complained grievously to his Lordship that he really could not afford to supply the court with Gospels or Prayer Books, as witnesses, after they had taken their oaths, were in the constant habit of stealing *the book*. "Peter," said Lord Norbury, "if the rascals read the book, it will do them more good than the petty larceny may do them mishief."—"Read or not read," urged Peter, "they are rogues, that's plain. I have tied the book fast, but nevertheless they have contrived to loosen and abstract it."—"Well, well!" replied my Lord, "if they are not afraid of the *cord*, hang your Gospel *in chains*, and that perhaps, by reminding the fellows of the fate of their fathers and grandfathers, may make them behave themselves." Peter Jackson took the hint: provided a good-looking, well-bound New Testament, which he secured with a strong jack-chain that had evidently done duty before the kitchen fire, and was made fast to the rail of the jury gallery. Thus, the holy volume had free scope to swing about and clink as much as it chose, to the great terror of witnesses, and good order of the jurors themselves.—(*Author's note.*)

very perceptibly; an involuntary convulsed motion agitated his lip; but never did I see an eye more indefatigable and penetrating! As each man's name was called, and the oath administered, its regard was fixed upon the individual; and nothing could be more curious to the spectator than to transfer his gaze alternately from the party taking the oath to the Emperor himself. Some of the peers and deputies Napoleon's eye passed over with scarcely a look; whilst others he regarded as though disposed to penetrate their very souls, and search there for proofs of a sincerity he considered doubtful. Some seemed to excite a pleasurable, others a painful sensation within him; though this was difficult to recognise, inasmuch as his features seldom, and never more than slightly, changed their entire expression. The countenances of the members themselves were more easily read, and afforded in many instances good clues, whereby, if not the real feelings, at least the *tendency*, of the parties might be deciphered. Some stood boldly up, and loudly, and without hesitation, took the oath; whilst others, in slow, tremulous voices, pledged themselves to what they either never meant, or were not quite certain of their ability, to perform; and a few displayed manifest symptoms of repugnance in their manner:—but the scene was of that nature, so splendid—so generally interesting, that few persons, except those whose habits had long led them to the study of mankind, or such as might have some especial interest in the result, would have attended to these indications, which were of course not suffered in any instance to become prominent.

One of the first persons who took the oath was Fouché, Duke of Otranto. I had been in this nobleman's office on my first arrival in Paris, and had marked his countenance. He had originally been a monk (I believe a Jesuit), and was on all hands admitted to be a man of the utmost talent, but at the same time wholly destitute of moral principle—a man who, in order to attain his ends, would disregard justice, and set opinion at insolent defiance. But, above all, Fouché's reigning character was *duplicity:* in that qualification of a statesman he had no

rival. Napoleon knew him thoroughly; but, circumstanced as he was, he had occasion for such men.

Yet even Fouché, I really think, was, on this day, off his guard. He was at the time, there can be little doubt, in actual communication with some of Napoleon's enemies; and he certainly appeared, whether or no from "compunctious visitings of conscience," to be ill at his ease. I kept my eye much on him; and it was quite obvious to me that some powerful train of feeling was working within his breast. On his name being called, there was nothing either bold, frank, or steady in his appearance or demeanour. He held out his hand not much higher than his hip, and, in a tone of voice languid, if not faltering, swore to a fidelity which he was determined, should he find it convenient, to renounce. I really think (and my eye and glass were full upon him) that Fouché, at the moment, *felt* his own treachery: a slight hectic flush passed over his temples, and his tongue seemed to cleave to his mouth. I cannot account for my impression further than this, but from that instant I set down the man as a traitor! Napoleon for the first time turned his head as Fouché tendered his allegiance. I could perceive no marked expression in the Emperor's countenance, which remained placid and steady; but I could not help thinking that even that complacent regard (which certainly indicated no confidence, if it was free from agitation) seemed to say, "I know you!" The ceremony proceeded; and after awhile the name was called of a person whom I had before seen—Count Thibaudeau. The contrast between this gentleman and Fouché was very remarkable. He stood up quickly, and with great firmness stepped a little forward, and held his arm *higher* than his shoulder:—"*Je jure*," exclaimed Count Thibaudeau, "*Je jure*," repeating the words with emphasis, "*fidélité* à MON Empereur et obédience à la Constitution!" I watched Napoleon's look: it was still serene, but a ray of gratification was not absent, and shot rapidly across his features. The business at length terminated. I treasured up in my mind the impressions made upon it that day, and in very few of my forebodings was I eventually mistaken.

The inauguration of the Emperor was now complete, and the reflection was extremely solemn, that all the powers of Europe were armed to overthrow the business of that morning. Neither peace nor truce was to be made with Napoleon, who was, on his part, about to try the strength of France alone against a union of inveterate and inexorable foes. He was now about to inform his assembled legislators of this decision, and to make a declaration that should at once rouse the French people generally, and instil into the legislature a portion of his own energy.

I was all expectation—the critical moment arrived—the occasion—the place—the subject, and more especially the effect expected to be produced—all combined in leading me to anticipate some speech more impressive than any I had ever heard.

The Emperor rose from his throne rather quickly, raised his hat for a moment, and looked round him with a glance which, though probably meant to imply confidence, had to me the expression of *scrutiny*. Having done this, he re-seated himself, and commenced his speech. In language it was well adapted to the French soldiery; as a proclamation it might be considered admirable; but to a *legislative* assembly it seemed to me (perhaps erroneously) ill adapted. I did expect, at all events, that it would be pronounced with that energy which was indicative of the speaker's character; but miserably was I disappointed! Napoleon read it distinctly, but, to my mind, utterly without effect: there was no ardour—no emphasis—no modulation of voice—no action, to enforce the sentiment. The delivery was monotonous and unimpressive; nor can I yet conceive how it was possible such a man could pronounce such a speech without evincing that warmth of feeling which the words, as well as the great subject itself (to say nothing of his own situation), were calculated to inspire. The French in general read extremely ill; and Napoleon's style of elocution was a very humble specimen even of theirs. He ran the sentences into each other: in short, seemed to view the whole thing as a mere matter of course, and to be anxious to *get through* it. It put me more in mind of a solicitor reading a marriage-settlement than anything else. Here

and there, indeed, he appeared somewhat touched by the text, and most probably *he himself* felt it all; but he certainly expressed nothing in a manner that could make *others* feel it. The concluding words of the speech—"This is the moment to conquer or to perish"—though pronounced by Napoleon with little more energy than the preceding parts (much as if he had been saying "And your petitioner will ever pray"), made a strong and visible impression upon the entire auditory. Two or three of the deputies, I observed, by (to all appearance) an involuntary movement, put their hands on their sword-hilts, and whispered to those who sat next them; and amongst the military officers who were in the assembly, there was evidently a very gallant feeling. I cast my eye at this moment on Fouché: he was looking upon the ground, seemingly in contemplation, and moved not a muscle.

At the conclusion of his speech, Napoleon, whose vapid manner had considerably damped my previous excitement, immediately descended from the throne, and, in the same state and amidst redoubled applauses, returned to the palace to make his last preparations to put into execution what I have since heard denominated by English generals the finest military manœuvre of his whole life. Two things seem to be universally admitted: that the first object of that train of movements, namely the surprise and division of the allied troops—was completely successful; and that its second object—the defeat of those troops in a general engagement—was so near its accomplishment, that its failure may almost be regarded as miraculous.

I returned home full of reflection. I soon recounted all my impressions (particularly with respect to Fouché and Napoleon) to my family and two or three friends who dined with us. I did not hesitate to speak frankly my opinion of the game playing by the Duke of Otranto; nor did any long period elapse before my predictions were verified.

PROMULGATION OF THE CONSTITUTION.

THE promulgation of the new Articles of the Constitution by Napoleon, at the Champ de Mars, promised to elicit much of the public sentiment. For my own part, I conceived that it would be the true touchstone of Parisian political feeling; but in that idea I was greatly disappointed.

It was natural to suppose that the modification of a constitution, by a nearly despotic monarch, whereby his own power would be greatly contracted, would, even under Napoleon's circumstances, be considered one of the measures best calculated to propitiate a long-trammeled population. But, in fact, the thing assumed no such character; the *spectacle* seemed, indeed, of the utmost value to the Parisians; but the *constitution* of little, if any. They had never possessed any regular constitution, and, I really think, had no settled or digested ideas upon the subject.

The extraordinary splendour of the preparations for this ceremony, and the admixture of civil and military pomp, were to me very interesting. The temporary buildings thrown up for the occasion might, it is true, be denominated *tawdry;* yet, strangely enough, there is no other people except the French who can deck out such gewgaws with anything like corresponding taste and effect.

The scene was on an immense scale. In an inconceivably short time, and almost as if by the effect of magic, a sort of amphitheatre was constructed in front of the Hôtel des Invalides, and which was of magnitude sufficient to contain about 15,000 persons. In the centre arose an altar similar to those provided, in ancient sacrifices, for the *sacred fire* to descend upon; and at this altar Cardinal Cambaceres presided. A great proportion of the front of the hospital was covered with crimson

velvet, and the imperial throne was placed on the platform of the first storey, facing the altar; around it were seats for the princes. I was not present at the actual ceremony within the great temporary edifice.

I had, on the occasion of the inauguration (as already stated), fully satisfied myself as to the demeanour both of the Emperor and the senators; but I had not seen the grand *cortége* which had preceded; and on this occasion, as it was to be much more of a military procession, and the Emperor's last public appearance before he joined the army to decide the fate of Europe, I was desirous of witnessing the spectacle, and accordingly engaged a window on the quay for my family, in a house close to the Pont de Jena, over which the whole must pass on its way to the Hôtel des Invalides. We had thence a close and full view of the Champ de Mars, of the Amphitheatre, and of the artificial mount whence the Constitution was to be proclaimed by the Emperor in person to the people.

Napoleon well knew the great importance of leaving a strong impression on the public feeling. His posting from the coast to the Tuilleries without interruption was the most extraordinary event in history, ancient or modern; but it was not *immediately* followed up by any unusual circumstance, or any very splendid spectacle to rouse or gratify Parisian volatility. The retired official life of the Emperor after his return, necessarily absorbed in business night and day, had altogether excited little or no stir, and still less expression of public feeling, in the metropolis; in fact, the Parisians did not seem to feel so much interest about the state of affairs as they would have done upon the most unimportant occurrences: they made light of everything except their *pleasure*, which always was and always will be the god of Paris; and never was any deity more universally and devoutly worshipped! The King's flight to Ghent was then as little thought of or regarded as if he had gone to St. Cloud; and Napoleon's arrival made as little stir as Louis's departure. But the Emperor was now about to go to battle; was well aware of the treachery which surrounded him, and that on his success or

discomfiture depended its explosion. He determined, therefore, as he had not time to counteract, to dissemble; and I have no doubt that to this circumstance alone Fouché knew he owed his existence. The month preceding Napoleon's departure from Paris, he became thoroughly acquainted with the intrigues of his minister; and I firmly believe that each was determined on the destruction of the other upon the first feasible opportunity, as the only means of securing himself. I do believe that Fouché would not have survived Bonaparte's successful return more than four-and-twenty hours, and I equally believe that Fouché had actually meditated, and made some progress in providing for, Napoleon's assassination. I made up my mind on these points, not from any *direct* information, but from a process yclept by our great-grandmothers *spelling* and *putting together;* and if the reader will be good enough to bear in mind what I told him respecting the society at Dr. Marshall's, as well as the intelligence acquired by my servant Thevenot, he will not be at a loss to understand *how* I got at my materials.

In truth, the army alone, I suspect, was sincerely attached to the reinstated monarch. By his soldiers Bonaparte was, in every part of his career, almost worshipped. They seemed to regard him rather as a demigod; and nobody could be deceived as to their *entire* devotion to the divinity which they had set up. But it was not so with the civil ranks of Paris.

I should tire myself and readers were I to describe the almost boyish anxiety which I felt when the firing of the ordnance announced the first movement of the Emperor from the Tuilleries to the Champ de Mars. I shall leave to the supposition of the reader the impression I received from the passing of the *cortége.* Let him picture to himself an immense army pouring along the spacious quays of Paris in battalions and squadrons:—the enthusiasm of the soldiers, the bright cuirasses, the multitude of waving plumes,—the magnificence of the marshals and their staff:—these, set off by the glowing sun, combined to implant in the mind of a person unaccustomed to such a sight the idea of almost certain victory.

What struck me most, was the appearance of a splendid, but not numerous regiment, in the costume of Turkish cavalry, mounted upon small barbs and dashingly accoutred: their officers rode, for the most part, piebald horses, many of which were caparisoned with breast armour, and decked with gaudy trappings. The uniform of the men was scarlet, with green Cossack trousers, immense turbans, and high plumes of feathers; the whole ornamented and laced in as splendid and glittering a style as ingenuity could dictate: their stirrups were foot-boards, and they had very crooked sabres and long lances. I believe these men were accoutred *en Mamelück*, and I mention them the more particularly, because I believe they did not go to Waterloo —at least not in that uniform. In calling to my recollection this superb scene, the hundred bands of martial music seem even at this moment to strike my ear. It seemed as if every instrument in Paris was in requisition! The trumpets and kettle-drums of the gaudy heralds; the deep sackbuts; the crashing cymbals; and the loud gongs of the splendid Mamelukes,—bewildered both the ear and the imagination: at first they astonished, then gratified, and at length fatigued me. About the centre of this procession appeared its principal object—who, had he lived in times of less fermentation, would, in my opinion, have been a still greater statesman than he was a warrior. It is indisputable that it was Bonaparte who definitively freed the *entire* continent of Europe from that democratic mania, of all other tyrannies the most cruel, savage, and unrelenting; and which was still in full, though less rapid progress, when he, by placing the diadem of France on his own brow, restored the *principle* of monarchy to its vigour, and at one blow overwhelmed the many-headed monster of revolution.

It has been the fashion, in England, to term Napoleon a "Corsican usurper." We should have recollected Paoli before we *reproached* him for being a Corsican, and we should have recurred to *our own* annals before we called him a usurper. *He* mounted a throne which had long been vacant; the decapitation of Louis, in which he *could* have had no concern, had completely

overwhelmed the dynasty of Bourbon, and Napoleon in a day re-established that monarchical form of government which *we* had, with so much expense of blood and treasure, been for many years unsuccessfully attempting to restore. I cannot avoid repeating this pointed example of *our own inconsistency*. We actually made peace and concluded treaties with Napoleon Bonaparte when he was acting as a republican (the very species of government against which we had so long combated); and we refused to listen to his most pacific demonstrations when he became a monarch!*

This has, I confess, been a sad digression: but when I call to mind that last scene of Bonaparte's splendour, I cannot altogether separate from it the prior portion of his history and that of Europe. I have mentioned that about the centre of the *cortége* the Emperor and his court appeared. It was the custom in France for every person of a certain rank to keep a sort of state-coach gaudily gilded and painted, and, in addition to the footmen, a chasseur to mount behind dressed *en grande toilette*, with huge mustaches, immense feathers in his hat, and a large sabre depending from a broad laced belt, which crossed his shoulder: he was generally a muscular, fine-looking man, and always indicated rank and affluence in his master. Napoleon liked this state to be preserved by all his ministers, etc. He obliged every man in office to appear at court and in public according to the station he held; and instances were not wanting where the Emperor, having discovered that an officer of rank had not pecuniary means to purchase a coach of ceremony, had made him a present of a very fine one. He repeatedly paid the debts of several of his marshals and generals, when he thought their incomes somewhat inadequate; and a case has been mentioned, where a high officer of his household had not money to purchase jewels for his wife, of

* Another observation I cannot but make on this subject.—As events have turned out, Napoleon only sat down on the throne of France to *keep it for the Bourbons*. Had he remained a republican, as when we acknowledged and made peace with him, the names of the whole family of Louis Capet would still have appeared on the pension-list of England.—(*Author's note.*)

Napoleon ordering a set to be presented to her with an injunction to wear them at Court.

On this day he commanded the twelve mayors of Paris to appear in their carriages of ceremony ; and, to do them justice, they were gilt and caparisoned as finely as time and circumstances could admit. Bonaparte himself sat alone, in a state coach with glass all round it; his feathers bowed deeply over his face, and consequently little more than the lower parts of it were quite uncovered. Whoever has marked the countenance of Napoleon must admit it to have been one of the most expressive ever created. When I say this, I beg to be understood as distinguishing it entirely from what is *generally* called an expressive countenance—namely, one involuntarily and candidly proclaiming the feelings whereby its proprietor is actuated ; the smile or the look of scorn, the blush or the tear, serving not unfrequently to communicate matters which the lips would have kept secret. Though that species of expressive countenance may be commonly admired, it is often *inconvenient,* and would be perfectly unbefitting a king, a courtier, a gambler, an ambassador, or, in short, a man in any station of life which renders it incumbent on him to *keep his countenance.* The lower portion of Bonaparte's face (as I have mentioned in speaking of my first glance at it) was the finest I think I ever saw, and peculiarly calculated to set the feelings of others on speculation, without giving any decided intimation of his own. On the day of the promulgation, it occurred to me, and to my family likewise, as we saw him pass slowly under our window, that the unparalleled splendour of the scene failed in arousing him from that deep dejection which had apparently seized him ever since his return to Paris, and which doubtless arose from a consciousness of his critical situation, and the hollow ground whereon he trod. There was ill-timed languor in his general look ; he smiled not, and took but little notice of any surrounding object. He appeared in fact *loaded* with some presentiment, confined however to himself ; for of all possible events, his approaching and sudden fate was last, I believe, in the contemplation of any person

amongst that prodigious assembly. I apprehend the intelligence of Murat's defeat in Italy had reached him about that time.

Two marshals rode on each side of Napoleon's coach, and his three brothers occupied the next. I thought these men all appeared cheerful; at anyrate, no evil presentiments were visible in their countenances. After the Emperor had passed, my interest diminished. I was absorbed by reflection, and my mind was painfully diverted to the probable result of the impending contest, which would most likely plunge into a gory and crowded grave thousands of the gay and sparkling warriors who, full of the principle of life and activity, had that moment passed before me.

The crowds in the Champ de Mars, the firing of the artillery, the spirited bustle of the entire scene, and the return of the same *cortége* after the Constitution had been proclaimed, left me in a state of absolute languor—every fresh idea supplanting its predecessor in my mind; and when I returned to my hotel, it required more than a single bottle of *Château Margot* to restore the serenity of my over-excited nerves.

The rejoicings which followed the promulgation of the Constitution were in a style of which I had no previous conception. I have already observed, and every person who has been much on the Continent will bear me out in the remark, that no people are so very adroit at embellishment as the French. Our carpenters, paper-hangers, etc., know no more about Parisian embellishments than our plain cooks do of the hundred and twenty-six modes of dressing a fresh egg, whereof every French *cuisinier* is perfectly master.

Many temporary stands had been erected in the Champs d'Elysée, whence to toss out all species of provisions to the populace. Hams, turkeys, sausages, etc. etc., were to be had in abundance by scrambling for them. Twenty fountains of wine were set playing into the jars, cups, and pails of all who chose to adventure getting near them. A number of temporary theatres were constructed, and games started throughout the green. Quadrilles and waltzes were practised everywhere around; all

species of music—singing—juggling—in fine, everything that could stamp the period of the Emperor's departure on the minds of the people, were ordered to be put in requisition; and a scene of enjoyment ensued, which, notwithstanding the bustle necessarily attendant, was conducted with the politeness and decorum of a drawing-room; with much more, indeed, than prevails at most of our public assemblies. No pickpockets were heard of; no disputes of any description arose; the very lowest orders of the French *canaille* appear on such occasions cleanly dressed, and their very nature renders them polite and courteous to each other. They make way with respect for *any* woman, even from a duchess to a beggar-woman.

The rejoicings concluded with a display of fireworks—a species of entertainment, by-the-by, wherein I never delighted. It commenced with a flight of five thousand rockets of various colours, and was terminated by the ascent of a balloon loaded with every species of firework, which, bursting high in the air, illuminated with overpowering blaze the whole atmosphere. By midnight, all, like an "unsubstantial pageant," had faded, leaving the ill-starred Emperor to pursue his route to partial victory, final defeat, and ruin.*

* I have read with pleasure many parts of *Napoleon's Second Reign*, by Mr. Hobhouse. Though I do not coincide with that gentleman in all his views of the subject (differing from him *in toto* as to some), I admit the justice of a great portion of his observations, and consider the work, on the whole, as a very clever performance. In several matters of description and anecdote he has anticipated me; and I really think has treated them with as much accuracy, and in a much more comprehensive manner, than I should or perhaps *could* have done. Mine, in fact, is but a sketch—his a history. In some matters of fact he appears to have been imperfectly informed; but they are not errors of a sufficiently important nature to involve any charge of general inaccuracy. I myself kept an ample diary of the events of the Hundred Days (of so much of them at least as I spent in Paris), and until the re-entry of Louis; and in fact subsequently, though less regularly. From these documents I have extracted what I now publish; but the whole may perhaps hereafter appear in its original shape.

I cannot but express my regret that Mr. Hobhouse did not remain in Paris until *after* Napoleon's return from Belgium, when there was a far wider and fairer field presented for the exercise of his pen. I really conceive it will be a loss to literature if he does not recur to that period (materials cannot be wanting),

One remark in conclusion.—It was really extraordinary to witness the political apathy wherein the entire population, save the military, was bound. Scarce a single expression or indication of party feeling escaped in any direction. All seemed bent on pleasure, and on pleasure alone; careless whether the opportunity for its indulgence were afforded them by Napoleon or Louis—by preparations for peace or war—by the establishment of despotism or liberty. They were, I sincerely believe, absolutely weary of politics, and inclined to view any suggestion of that nature with emotions of bitterness. At all times, indeed, the Parisians prefer pleasure to serious speculation; and the *wisest* king of France will ever be that one who contrives to keep his good citizens constantly *amused*.

take up his own work where he finished, and continue it until the evacuation of Paris by the allied forces. The events of that interval are richly worth recording; and it would fill up what is, as yet, nearly a blank in the history of Europe.—(*Author's note.*)

LAST DAYS OF THE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT.

THE Emperor having left Paris to take command of the army in Belgium, the garrison left in that city was necessarily very inconsiderable. It was the universal belief that the allies would be surprised by a simultaneous attack, and the event warranted this supposition. The result was—a double defeat of Blucher; the separation of the Prussian and British armies; the retreat of Lord Wellington upon Brussels; the march of Grouchy upon that city; and the advance of Napoleon. The impatience of the Parisians for news may be easily conceived; nor were they kept long in suspense. Meanwhile there ran through the whole mass of society a suspicion that treachery was on foot, but nobody could guess in what shape it would explode. The assassination of Napoleon was certainly regarded as a thing in contemplation, and the disaffection of sundry general officers publicly discussed at the Palais Royal; but no names were mentioned except Fouché's.

On Sunday, the 18th of June, at daybreak, I was roused by the noise of artillery. I arose and instantly sallied out to inquire the cause. Nobody could at the moment inform me; but it was soon announced that it was public rejoicings on account of a great victory gained by Napoleon over the Prussians commanded by Blucher, and the English by the Duke of Wellington; that the allies had been partly surprised, and were in rapid retreat, followed by the Emperor, and flanked by Grouchy; that a lancer had arrived as courier, and given many details—one of which was that our Light Dragoons, under Lord Anglesea, had been completely destroyed.

I immediately determined to quit Paris for the day. It was Sunday; everybody was a-foot, the drums were beating in all

directions, and it was impossible to say how the *canaille* might, in exultation at the victory, be disposed to act by the English in Paris. We therefore set out early and breakfasted at St. Cloud. The report of the victory had reached that village, but I perceived no indication of any great feeling on the subject. We adjourned to Bagatelle, in the very pretty gardens of which we sauntered about till dinner-time.

This victory did not surprise me; for when I saw the magnificent array of troops on the occasion of the Promulgation, I had adopted the unmilitary idea that they *must be* invincible. As yet we had heard no certain particulars: about eleven o'clock, however, printed bulletins were liberally distributed, announcing an unexpected attack on the Prussian and English armies with the purpose of dividing them, which purpose was stated to be fully accomplished; the Duke of Brunswick killed; the Prince of Orange wounded; two Scotch regiments broken and sabred; Lord Wellington in full retreat; Blucher's army absolutely ruined; and the Emperor in full march for Brussels, where the Belgian army would join the French, and march unitedly for Berlin. The day was rather drizzling: we took shelter in the grotto, and were there joined by some Parisian shopkeeper and his family, who had come out from the capital for their recreation. This man told us a hundred incidents which were circulated in Paris with relation to the battle. Among other things, it was said, that if the Emperor's generals did their duty, the campaign might be already considered over, since every man in France and Belgium would rise in favour of the Emperor. He told us news had arrived that the Austrians were to be neutral, and that the Russians durst advance no further; that the King of Prussia would be dethroned, and that it was generally believed Lord Wellington would either be dead or in the Castle of Vincennes by Wednesday morning! This budget of intelligence our informant communicated himself in a very *neutral* way, and without betraying the slightest symptom either of gratification or the reverse; and as it was impossible to doubt the main point (the defeat), I really began to think all was lost,

and that it was high time to consider how we should get out of France forthwith; more particularly as the Emperor's absence from Paris would, by leaving it at the mercy of the populace, render that city no longer a secure residence for the subjects of a hostile kingdom. How singular was the fact, that at the very moment I was receiving this news—at the very instant when I conceived Napoleon again the conqueror of the world, and the rapidity of his success as only supplementary to the rapidity of his previous return, and a prelude to fresh achievements—that bloody and decisive conflict was actually at its height, which had been decreed by Providence to terminate Napoleon's political existence! What an embarrassing problem to the mind of a casuist must a speculation be, as to the probable results, at this day, of a different dispensation!

Our minds were now made up to quit Paris on the following Thursday; and, as the securest course, to get down to St. Maloes, and thence to Jersey, or some of the adjacent islands: and without mentioning our intention, I determined to make every preparation connected with the use of the *sauf conduit* which I had procured on my first arrival in Paris. But fate decreed it otherwise. Napoleon's destiny had been meantime decided, and my flight became unnecessary.

On returning to Paris, we found everything quiet. On that very Sunday night, my servant, *the* Henry Thevenot, told me that he had heard the French had got entangled in a forest, and met a repulse. He said he had been told this at a public house in Rue Mont Blanc.

I feared the man: I suspected him to be on the *espionnage* establishment, and therefore told him to say no more to me about the war, and that I wished much to be in England.

About nine on Thursday morning, as soon as I rose, Thevenot again informed me, with a countenance which gave no indication of his own sentiments, that the French were *totally defeated*, that the Emperor had returned to Paris, and that the English were in full march to the capital.

I always dreaded lest the language of my servant might in

some way implicate me, and I now chid him for telling me so great a falsehood.

"It is true," returned he.

Still I could not believe it; and I gave him notice, on the spot, to quit my service. He received this intimation with much seeming indifference, and his whole deportment impressed me with suspicion. I went immediately, therefore, to Messrs. Lafitte, my bankers, and the first person I saw was my friend, Mr. Phillips, very busily employed at his desk in the outside room.

"Do you know, Phillips," said I, "that I have been obliged to turn off my servant for spreading a report that the French are beaten and the Emperor returned?"

Phillips, without withdrawing his eyes from what he was engaged on, calmly and concisely replied, "It is true enough."

"Impossible!" exclaimed I.

"Quite possible," returned this man of few words.

"Where is Napoleon?" said I.

"In the Palais de Bourbon Elysée," said he.

I saw it was in vain to expect further communication from Mr. Phillips, and I went into an inner chamber to Mr. Clement, who seemed however more taciturn than the other.

Being most anxious to learn all the facts, I proceeded to the Palais d'Elysée, my scepticism having meanwhile undergone great diminution from seeing an immense number of splendid equipages darting through the streets, filled with full-dressed men, plentifully adorned with stars and orders. When I got to the palace, I found the court full of carriages, and a large body of the National Guard under arms; yet I could scarcely believe my eyes; but I soon learned the principal fact from a hundred mouths and with a thousand different details: my informants agreeing only on one point—namely, that the army was defeated *by treachery*, and that the Emperor had returned to Paris in quest of new *matériel*. Groups and crowds were collecting everywhere, and confusion reigned triumphant.

Being somewhat rudely driven out of the courtyard, I now

went round to the Champs d'Elysée, at the rear of the palace. Sentinels belonging to Napoleon's Guard were by this time posted outside the long terrace that skirts the garden. They would permit no person to approach close; but I was near enough to discern Napoleon walking deliberately backwards and forwards on that terrace, in easy conversation with two persons, whom I conceived to be his uncle Cardinal Fesch and Count Bertrand; and I afterwards heard that I was right. The Emperor wore a short blue coat and a small three-cocked hat, and held his hands behind his back, seemingly in a most tranquil mood. Nobody could in fact suppose he was in any agitation whatever, and the Cardinal appeared much more earnest in the conversation than himself. I stood there about fifteen minutes, when the sentries ordered us off; and, as I obeyed, I saw Napoleon walk up towards the palace.

I never saw the Emperor of the French after that day, which was, in fact, the last of his reign. It ought to have been the last day of his existence, or the first of some new series of achievements; but fate had crushed the man, and he could rouse himself no more. Though I think he could count but scantily on the fidelity of the National Guards, yet he was in possession of Montmartre, and, as the event proved, another and a very powerful army might soon have been gathered about him. Perhaps, too, had Bonaparte rallied *in good earnest*, he might have succeeded in working even on the very pride of his former subjects to free the soil of the *grande nation* from foreign invasion.

Madame Le Jeune, the mistress of the hotel wherein we resided, was sister to General Le Jeune, the admirable painter who executed those noble pieces of the battles of Jena and Austerlitz, which had been in the outside room at the gallery of the Tuilleries. I am no judge of painting, but I think everything he did (and his pieces were numerous) possessed great effect. Through him, until the siege terminated by the surrender of Paris, we learned all that was going on amongst the French; and through Dr. Marshall and Colonel Macirone I daily became acquainted with the objects of the English, as I verily believe

those two gentlemen were at the same time in correspondence with both the British and French authorities.

After Napoleon had been a few days making faint and fruitless endeavours to induce the deputies to grant him the *matériel* and aid him in a new armament, their coldness to himself individually became too obvious to be misconstrued. Fortune had, in fact, forsaken Napoleon; and friends too often follow fortune; and it soon became notorious that Fouché had every disposition to seal his master's destruction. The Emperor had, however, still many true and faithful friends, many ardent partisans on whose fidelity he might rely. He had an army which *could* not be estranged, which no misfortune could divert from him. But his enemies (including the timid and the neutral among the deputies) appeared to me decidedly to outnumber those who would have gone *far* in ensuring his reinstatement. Tranquillity seemed to be the general wish, and the re-equipment of Napoleon would have rendered it unattainable.

During the debates in the Deputies after Napoleon's return I was almost daily present. I met a gentleman who procured me a free admission, and through whom I became acquainted by name with most, and personally with many, of the most celebrated characters, not only of the current time, but also who had flourished during the different stages of the revolution. I was particularly made known to Garat, who had been minister of justice at the time Louis XVI. was beheaded, and had read to him his sentence and conducted him to the scaffold. Although he had not voted for the king's death, he durst not refuse to execute his official functions. His attendance, therefore, could not be considered as voluntary. He was at this time a member of the Deputies. His person would well answer the idea of a small, slight, sharp-looking, lame *tailor;* but his conversation was acute, rational, and temperate. He regarded Napoleon as lost beyond all redemption; nor did he express any great regret hereat, seeming to me a man of much mental reservation. I suspect he had been too much of a genuine republican, and of too democratic and *liberal* a policy, ever to have been any great

admirer even of the most splendid of imperators. I think he was sent out of Paris on the king's restoration.

My friend having introduced me to the librarian of the Chamber of Deputies, I was suffered to sit in the anteroom or library whenever I chose, and had consequently a full opportunity of seeing the ingress and egress of the deputies, who frequently formed small groups in the anteroom, and entered into earnest although brief conferences. My ready access to the gallery of the House itself enabled me likewise to know the successive *objects* of their anxious solicitude.

The librarian was particularly obliging, and suffered me to see and examine many of the most curious old documents. But the original manuscript of Rousseau's "Confessions," and of his "Eloisa," produced me a real treat. His writing is as legible as print: the "Eloisa," a work of mere fancy, without one obliteration; whilst the "Confessions," which the author put forth as matter of fact, are, oddly enough, full of alterations in every page.

When I wished for an hour of close observation, I used to draw my chair to a window, get Rousseau into my hand, and, whilst apparently riveted on his "Confessions," watch from the corner of my eye the earnest gesticulation and ever-varying countenances of some agitated group of deputies; many of them, as they passed by, cast a glance on the object of my attention, of which I took care that they should always have a complete view.

Observing one day a very unusual degree of excitement amongst the members in the Chamber, and perceiving the sally of the groups into the library to be more frequent and earnest than ordinary, I conceived that something very mysterious was in agitation. I mentioned my suspicions to a well-informed friend: he nodded assent, but was too wise or too timorous to give any opinion on so ticklish a subject. I well knew that Napoleon had been betrayed, because I had learned from an authentic source that secret despatches had been actually sent by Fouché to the allies, and that the embassy to the Emperor

of Russia, from M. Lafitte, etc., had been some hours anticipated and counteracted by the chief commissioner of government.

It was clear to everybody that Napoleon had lost his fortitude; in fact, to judge by his conduct, he seemed so feeble and irresolute that he had ceased to be formidable, and it occurred to me that some sudden and strong step was in the contemplation of his true friends, to raise his energies once more, and stimulate him to resistance. I was led to think so, particularly, by hearing some of his warmest partisans publicly declare that, if he had not lost all feeling both for himself and France, he should take the alternative of either reigning again or dying in the centre of his still-devoted army.

The next day confirmed my surmises. I discovered that a letter had been written without signature, addressed to Count Thibaudeau, but not yet sent, disclosing to him, in detail and with proofs, the treachery of Fouché, etc., and advising the Emperor *instantly* to arrest the traitors, unfold the treason to the Chambers—then put himself at the head of his guards, reassemble the army at Vilette, and, before the allies could unite, make one effort more to save France from subjugation. This was, I heard, the purport of the letter; and I also learned the mode and hour determined on to carry it to Count Thibaudeau. It was to be slipped into the letter-box in the anteroom of the Chamber, which was used, as I have already mentioned, as a library. I was determined to ascertain the fact; and, seated in one of the windows, turning over the leaves and copying passages out of my favourite manuscripts, I could see plainly where the letter-box was placed, and kept it constantly in my eye. The crowd was always considerable; groups were conversing; notes and letters were every moment put into the box for delivery; but I did not see the person who had been described to me as about to give Count Thibaudeau the information. At length, however, I saw him warily approach the box: he was obviously agitated—so much so, indeed, that far from *avoiding*, his palpable timidity would have *excited* observation. He had the note in his hand: he looked around him, put his hand to-

ward the box, withdrew it, changed colour, made a second effort —and his resolution again faltering, walked away without effecting his purpose. I afterwards learned that the letter had been destroyed, and that Count Thibaudeau received no intimation till too late.

This was an incident fraught with portentous results: had that note been dropped, as intended, into the box, the fate of Europe might have remained long undecided; Fouché, the most eminent of traitors, would *surely* have met his due reward; Bonaparte would have put himself at the head of the army assembling at Vilette—numerous, enthusiastic, and desperate. Neither the Austrian nor Russian armies were within reach of Paris; whilst that of the French would, I believe, in point of numbers, have exceeded the English and Prussian united force; and it is more than probable that the most exterminating battle which ever took place between two great armies would have been fought next day in the suburbs, or perhaps *in the Boulevards* of Paris.

Very different indeed were the consequences of that suppression. The evil genius of Napoleon pressed down the balance, and instead of any chance of remounting his throne, he forfeited both his lofty *character* and his life; and Fouché, dreading the risk of detection, devised a plan to get the Emperor clear out of France, and put him at least into the power of the British government.

This last occurrence marked finally the destiny of Napoleon. Fortune had not only *forsaken*, but she *mocked* him! She tossed about, and played with, before she destroyed her victim—one moment giving him hopes which only rendered despair more terrible the next. After what I saw of his downfall, no public event, no revolution, can ever excite in my mind one moment of surprise. I have seen, and deeply feel, that we are daily deceived in our views of everything and everybody.

Bonaparte's last days of power were certainly full of tremendous vicissitudes:—on one elated by a great victory—on the next overwhelmed by a fatal overthrow. Hurled from a lofty

throne into the deepest profundity of misfortune; bereft of his wife and only child; persecuted by his enemies; abandoned by his friends; betrayed by his ministers; humbled, depressed, paralysed;—his proud heart died within him; his great spirit was quenched; and, after a grievous struggle, despair became his conqueror, and Napoleon Bonaparte degenerated into an ordinary mortal.

DETENTION AT VILETTE.

In the month of July 1815 there was a frequent intercourse of *parlementaires* between the commissioners of the French government and the allies. Davoust, Prince d'Eckmuhl, commanded the French army assembled at Vilette and about the Canal d'Ourk, a neighbourhood where many thousand Russians had fallen in the battle of the preceding summer. I had the greatest anxiety to see the French army; and Colonel Macirone being sent out with one of Fouché's despatches to the Duke of Wellington, I felt no apprehension, being duly armed with my *sauf conduit*, and thought I would take that opportunity of passing the Barrier de Roule, and strolling about until Macirone's carriage should come up. It, however, by some mischance drove rapidly by me, and I was consequently left in rather an awkward situation.

I did not remain long in suspense, being stopped by two officers, who questioned me somewhat tartly as to my presumption in passing the sentries, "who," said they, "must have mistaken you for one of the Commissaries' attendants." I produced my passport, which stood me in no further advantage than to ensure a very *civil* arrest. I was directly taken to the quarters of Marshal Davoust, who was at the time breakfasting on grapes and bread in a very good hotel by the side of the canal. He showed at first a sort of austere indifference that was extremely disagreeable to me: but on my telling him who I was, and everything relating to the transaction, the manifestation of my candour struck him so forcibly, that he said I was at liberty to walk about, but not to repass the lines till the return of the *parlementaires*, and further inquiry made about me. I was not altogether at my ease: the Prince was now very polite, but I knew

nobody, and was undoubtedly a suspicious person. However, I was civilly treated by the officers who met me, and on the contrary received many half-English curses from several soldiers, who, I suppose, had been prisoners in England. I was extremely hungry and much fatigued, and kept on the bank of the canal, as completely out of the way of the military as I could.

I was at length thus accosted in my own language by an elderly officer:

"Sir," said he, "I think I have seen you in England?"

"I have not the honour to recollect having met you, sir," replied I.

"I shall not readily forget it," rejoined the French officer: "do you remember being, about two years since, in the town of Odiham?"

"Very well," said I.

"You recollect some French officers who were prisoners there?"

These words at once brought the circumstance to my mind, and I answered, "I do now recollect seeing you, perfectly."

"Yes," said my interlocutor, "I was one of the three foreigners who were pelted with mud by the *garçons* in the streets of Odiham; and do you remember striking one of the *garçons* who followed us for their conduct?"

"I do not forget it."

"Come with me, sir," pursued he, "and we'll talk it over in another place."

The fact had been as he represented. A few French officers, prisoners at Odiham, were sometimes roughly treated by the mob. Passing by chance one day with Lady Barrington through the streets of that town, I saw a great number of boys following, hooting, and hissing the French officers. I struck two or three of these idle dogs with my cane, and rapped at the constable's door, who immediately came out and put them to flight,—interfering, however, rather reluctantly on the part of what he called the "d—d *French foreigners.*" I expressed and felt great indignation; the officers thanked me warmly, and I believe were shortly after removed to Oswestry.

My friend told me that his two comrades at Odiham were killed—the one at Waterloo, and the other by a waggon passing over him at Charleroi on the 16th of June; and that scarcely an officer who had been prisoner at his first *dépot* at Oswestry had survived the last engagements. He gave me in his room at Vilette, wine, bread, and grapes, with dried sausages well seasoned with garlic, and a glass of eau-de-vie. I was highly pleased at this rencontre. My companion was a most intelligent person, and communicative to the utmost extent of my curiosity. His narrative of many of the events of the battles of the 16th and 18th ultimo was most interesting, and carried with it every mark of candour. The minutes rolled away speedily in his company, and seemed to me indeed far too fleeting.

He had not been wounded, though in the heat of both engagements. He attributed the loss of the battle to three causes:—the wanton expenditure of the cavalry; the negligent uncovering of the right wing by Grouchy; and the impetuosity of Napoleon in ordering the last attack by the Old Guard, which he should have postponed till next day. He said he had no doubt that the Belgian troops would all have left the field before morning. He had been engaged on the left, and did not see the Prussian attack; but said that it had the effect of consolidating all the different corps of the French army.*

He told me that Napoleon was forced off the field by the irresistable crowds which the advance of the English cavalry had driven into disorder, whilst there was not a possibility of rallying a single squadron of their own.

In this agreeable society my spirits mounted again, and I soon acquired courage sufficient to express my great anxiety to see the army, adding that I durst not go alone. My friend immediately took me under his arm, and walked with me through the whole lines, introducing me to several of his comrades, and acting throughout in the kindest and most gentlemanly manner. This was precisely the opportunity I had so long wished for of viewing the French troops, which were then full of impetuosity

* A fact now well known.

and confidence, and eager for battle. Neither the Russians nor Austrians had reached Paris, and it was supposed Davoust would anticipate the attack of the other allies, who only waited for the junction of these powers and their heavy artillery to recommence operations. The scene was so new to me, so impressive, and so important, that it was only on my return home my mind got steady enough to organise its ideas, and permit me to take coherent notes of what I had witnessed.

The battle of Waterloo was understood to have dispersed so entirely the French army—that powerful and glorious display of heroes and of arms which a very few days previously had passed before my eyes—that scarcely ten men (except Grouchy's division) returned in one body to Paris; and those who did return were in such a state of wretchedness and depression, that I took for granted the spirit of the French army had been *extinguished*, their battalions never to be rallied, their courage thoroughly cooled! I considered that the assembly at Vilette could not be numerous, and was more calculated to make a show for better terms than to resist the conquerors. How great then must have been my astonishment when the evening parade turned out, as the officers informed me, *above sixty-five thousand infantry*, which, with artillery and cavalry, reached together near 80,000 men! I thought several of the privates had drunk rather too much; but whether sober or not, they seemed to be all in a state of wild, enthusiastic excitement—little removed from insubordination, but directly tending to hostility and battle. Whole companies cried aloud, as the superior officers passed by them, "*Mon Général — à l'attaque! — l'ennemi! l'ennemi! — allons! allons!*" others shouted, "*Nous sommes trahis! trahison! trahison! à la bataille! à la bataille!*" Crowds of them, as if by instinct or for pastime, would rush voluntarily together, and in a moment form a long column, then disperse and execute some other manœuvre; whilst others, dispersed in groups, sang in loud chorus sundry war-songs, wherein *les Prusses* and *les Anglais* were the general theme.

I had no conception how it was possible that, in a few days

after such a total dispersion of the French army, another could be so rapidly collected, and which, though somewhat less numerous, the officer told me evinced double the enthusiasm of those who had formed the defeated corps. They had now, it is true, the stimulus of that defeat to urge them desperately on to retrieve that military glory which had been so awfully obscured. Their artillery was most abundant; and we must never forget that the French soldier is always better informed and possessed of more *morale* than our own. In truth, I really do believe there was scarcely a man in that army at Vilette who would willingly have quitted the field of battle alive, unless victorious.

Though their tumultuous excitement certainly at this time bore the appearance of insubordination, my conductor assured me I was mistaken in forming such a judgment; he admitted that they durst not check that exuberant zeal on the instant; but added, that when the period arrived to form them for battle, not a voice would be heard, not a limb move, till the attack commenced, except by order of their leaders; and that if the *traitors in Paris* suffered them once more to try their fortune, he did not think there was an individual in that army who entertained a doubt of the result.

In the production of this confidence, party spirit doubtless was mixed up; but no impartial observer could deny, that, if the troops at Vilette had been heartily joined by forty thousand of the National Guards and country volunteers then within the walls of Paris, the consequence would have been at least extremely problematical.

The day passed on, and I still strolled about with my polite conductor, whom I begged to remain with me. He was not an officer of high rank—I believe a captain of the eighty-first infantry—tall, very thin, gentlemanly, and had seen long service.

From this crowd of infuriated soldiers, he led me farther to the left, whither a part of the Old Guard, who had been I believe quartered at Montmartre, had for some cause or other been that evening removed. I had, as the reader will perhaps recollect, a

previous opportunity of admiring that unrivalled body of veteran warriors, and their appearance this evening interested me beyond measure. Every man looked like an Ajax, exhibiting a firmness of step and of gesture at once formidable and even graceful. At the same time, I fancied that there was a cast of melancholy over their bronzed countenances. When I compare what I that day witnessed to the boyish, ordinary-looking corps now generally composing the guardians of that once military nation, I can scarcely avoid sighing whilst I exclaim *Tempora mutantur.*

I grew, however, at length impatient; evening was closing, and, if detained, I must, I suppose, have bivouacked. To be sure, the weather was so fine that it would have been of no great consequence; still my situation was disagreeable, and the more so, as my family, being quite ignorant of it, must necessarily feel uneasy. I was therefore becoming silent and abstracted (and my friend had no kind of interest to get me released), when two carriages appeared driving towards the barrier where we stood. A shot was fired by the advanced sentry at one of them, which immediately stopped. A party was sent out, and the carriage entered; there were two gentlemen in it, one of whom had received the ball, I believe, in his shoulder. A surgeon instantly attended, and they proceeded within the lines. They proved to be two of the *parlementaires* who had gone out with despatches. The wound was not mortal; and its infliction arose from a mistaken construction, on the part of the sentinel, of his orders.

The other carriage (in which was Colonel Macirone) drove on without stopping at the head-quarters of Davoust. My kind companion said he would now go and try to get me dismissed; he did so, and procured an order for my departure, on signing my name, address, and occupation, and the name of some person who knew me in Paris. I mentioned Mr. Phillips of Lafitte's, and was then suffered to depart. It will be imagined that I was not dilatory in walking home, where, of course, I was received as a *lost sheep*, no member of my family having the slightest idea whither I had gone.

The officer, as he accompanied me to the barrier, described to me the interview between the *parlementaires* and Davoust. They had, it seems, made progress in the negotiation, very much against the Marshal's inclinations. He was confident of victory, and expressed himself, with great warmth, in the following emphatic words:—"Begone! and tell your employer, Fouché, that the Prince of Eckmuhl will defend Paris till its flames set this handkerchief on fire!" waving one as he spoke.

PROJECTED ESCAPE OF NAPOLEON.

It was the received opinion that the allies would form a blockade rather than venture an assault on Paris. The numerical strength and *morale* of the French army at Vilette the reader has already seen. The English army was within view of and occupied St. Denis; the Prussians were on the side of Sevres; and the Russians were expected in the direction of Charenton, along the Marne. That Paris might have been taken by storm is possible; but if the French army had been augmented by one-half of the National Guard, the effort would surely have been most sanguinary, and the result most doubtful. Had the streets been intersected, mines sunk, the bridges broken down, and the populace armed as well as circumstances would permit (the heights being at the same time duly defended), though I am not a military man, and therefore very liable to error on such a subject, I have little doubt, instead of mere negotiation, it would have cost the allies more than one half of their forces before they had arrived in the centre of the French metropolis. The defence of Saragossa by Palafox proved the possibility of defending an open town against a valorous enemy.

I was breakfasting in Dr. Marshall's garden when we heard a heavy firing commence: it proceeded from Charenton, about three miles from Paris, where the Russian advanced guard had attacked the bridge, which had not been broken up, although it was one of the leading avenues to Vincennes. Fouché, indeed, had contrived to weaken this post effectually, so that the defence there could not be long protracted; and he had also ordered ten thousand stand of arms to be taken secretly out of Paris and lodged in Vincennes, to prevent the Parisians from arming.

The discharges continuing in occasional volleys, like a sort

of running-fire, I was most anxious to go to some spot which would command that part of the country, but the doctor dissuaded me, saying it *could* not be a severe or lengthened struggle, as Fouché had taken care of *that* matter. I led him gradually into conversation on the business, and he made known to me, though *equivocally*, much more than I had ever suspected. Every despatch, every negotiation, every step which it was supposed by such among the French as had their country's honour and character at heart, might operate to prevent the allies from approaching Paris after the second abdication, had been either accompanied by counter-applications, or defeated by secret instructions from Fouché.

While mock negotiations were thus carrying on at a distance, and before the English army had reached St. Denis, Bonaparte was already at Malmaison. It had become clear that he was a lost man, and this most celebrated of all soldiers on record proved by his conduct, at that crisis, the distinction between animal and mental courage; the first is an instinctive quality enjoyed by us in common with many of the brute creation, the latter is the attribute of man alone. The first, Napoleon eminently possessed; in the latter he was certainly defective. Frederick the Great, in mental courage, was altogether superior to Napoleon. He could fight and fly, and rally and fight again; his spirit never gave in; his perseverance never flagged; he seemed, in fact, unsusceptible of despondency, and was even greater in defeat than in victory: he never quitted his army whilst a troop could be rallied; and the seven years' war proved that the king of Prussia was equally illustrious, whether fugitive or conqueror

Napoleon reversed those qualities. No warrior that history records ever was so great *whilst successful:* his victories were followed up with the rapidity of lightning; in overwhelming an army he, in fact, often subdued a kingdom, and profited more by each triumph than any general that had preceded him. But he could not stand up under defeat!

The several plans for Napoleon's escape I heard as they were

successively formed; such of them as had an appearance of plausibility, Fouché found means to counteract. It would not be amusing to relate the various devices which were suggested for this purpose. Napoleon was meanwhile almost passive and wrapped in apathy. He clung to existence with even a mean tenacity; and it is difficult to imagine but that his intellect must have suffered before he was led to endure a life of ignominious exile.

At Dr. Marshall's hotel one morning, I remarked his travelling carriage as if put in preparation for a journey, having candles in the lamps, etc. A smith had been examining it, and the servants were all in motion. I suspected some movement of consequence, but could not surmise what. The Doctor did not appear to think that I had observed these preparations.

On a sudden, whilst walking in the garden, I turned short on him.

"Doctor," said I, at a venture, "you are going on an important journey to-night."

"How do you know?" said he, thrown off his guard by the abruptness of my remark.

"Well!" continued I, smiling, "I wish you well *out of it!*"

"Out of *what?*" exclaimed he, recovering his self-possession, and sounding me in his turn.

"Oh, no matter, no matter," said I, with a significant nod, as if I was already acquainted with his proceedings.

This bait took in some degree; and after a good deal of fencing (knowing that he could fully depend upon my secrecy), the Doctor led me into his study, where he said he would communicate to me a very interesting and important matter. He then unlocked his desk, and produced an especial passport for himself and his *secretary* to Havre de Grace, thence to embark for England; and he showed me a *very* large and also a smaller bag of gold, which he was about to take with him.

He proceeded to inform me, that it was determined Napoleon should go to England; that he had himself agreed to it; and that he was to travel in Dr. Marshall's carriage, as his secretary,

under the above-mentioned passport. It was arranged that, at twelve o'clock that night, the Emperor, with the Queen of Holland, were to be at Marshall's house, and to set off thence immediately; that on arriving in England, he was forthwith to repair to London, preceded by a letter to the Prince Regent, stating that he threw himself on the protection and generosity of the British nation, and required permission to reside therein as a private individual.

The thing seemed to me too romantic to be serious; and the Doctor could not avoid perceiving my incredulity. He, however, enjoined me to secrecy, which by-the-by was unnecessary: I mentioned the circumstance, and should have mentioned it, only to one member of my family, whom I knew to be as cautious as myself. But I determined to ascertain the fact; and before twelve o'clock at night repaired to the Rue Pigale, and stood up underneath a door somewhat further on the opposite side of the street to Dr. Marshall's house.

A strong light shone through the curtains of the first floor windows, and lights were also moving about in the upper storey. The court meantime was quite dark, and the indications altogether bespoke that something extraordinary was going forward in the house. Every moment I expected so see Napoleon come to the gate. He came not:—but about half after twelve, an elderly officer buttoned up in a blue surtout rode up to the *porte-cochère*, which, on his ringing, was instantly opened. He went in, and after remaining about twenty minutes, came out on horseback as before, and went down the street. I thought he might have been a precursor, and still kept my ground until, some time after, the light in the first floor was extinguished; and thence inferring what subsequently proved to be the real state of the case, I returned homewards disappointed.

Next day Dr. Marshall told me that Napoleon had been dissuaded from venturing to Havre de Grace, as he believed by the Queen of Holland—some idea had occurred either to him or her that he might not be *fairly dealt with* on the road. I own the same suspicion had struck me when I first heard of the plot,

though I was far from implicating the Doctor in any proceeding of a decidedly treacherous nature. The incident was, however, in all its bearings, an extraordinary one.

My intimacy with Dr. Marshall at length ceased, and in a manner very disagreeable. I liked the man, and I do not wish to hurt his feelings; but certain mysterious imputations thrown out by his lady terminated our connection.

A person with whom I was extremely intimate happened to be in my drawing-room one day when Mrs. Marshall called. I observed nothing of a particular character, except that Mrs. Marshall went suddenly away; and as I handed her into her carriage, she said, "You promised to dine with us to-morrow, and I requested you to bring any friend you liked; but do not let it be *that fellow* I have just seen; I have taken a great dislike to his countenance!" No further observation was made, and the lady departed.

On the next morning I received a note from Mrs. Marshall, stating that she had reason to *know* some malicious person had represented me as being acquainted with certain affairs very material for the government to understand, and as having papers in my possession which might be required from me by the minister Fouché; advising me therefore to leave town for awhile, sooner than be troubled respecting business so disagreeable; and adding that, in the meantime, Colonel Macirone would endeavour to find out the facts, and apprise me of them.

I never was more surprised in my life than at the receipt of this letter. I had never meddled at all in French politics, save to hear and see all I could, and say nothing. I neither held nor had held any political paper whatever; and I therefore immediately went to Sir Charles Stuart, our ambassador, made my complaints, and requested his Excellency's personal interference. To my surprise, Sir Charles in reply asked me, how I could chance to know such a person as Macirone? I did not feel pleased at this, and answered somewhat tartly, "Because both the English and French governments, and his Excellency to boot, had not only intercourse with, but had employed Macirone

both in Italy and Paris, and that I knew him to be at that moment in communication with persons of the highest respectability in both countries."

Sir Charles wrote a note to Fouché, informing him who I was, and I finally discovered it was all a scheme of Mrs. Marshall for a purpose of her own. This led me to other investigations ; and the result was, that further communication with Dr. Marshall on my part became impossible. I certainly regretted the circumstance, for he was a gentlemanly and intelligent man.

Colonel Macirone himself was soon taught by Fouché what it is to be the tool of a traitor. Although the colonel might have owed no allegiance to Napoleon, he owed *respect to himself;* and having forfeited this to a certain degree, he had the mortification to find that the only remuneration which the arch-apostate was disposed to concede him was public disgrace and a dungeon.

BATTLE OF SEVRES AND ISSY.

My anxiety to witness a battle without being a party in it did not long remain ungratified. Whilst walking one afternoon on the Boulevard Italien, a very heavy firing of musketry and cannon burst upon my ear. It proceeded from up the course of the Seine, in the direction of Sevres. I knew at once that a military engagement was going forward, and my heart bounded at the thought. The sounds appeared to me of all others the most sublime and tremendous. One moment there was a rattling of musketry, which appeared nearer or more distant according to the strength of the gale which wafted its volleys; another, the heavy echo of ordnance rolled through the groves and valley of Sevres, and the village of Issy; again, these seemed superseded by a separate firing, as of small bodies of skirmishers; and the whole was mingled with the shouts and hurras of the assailants and assailed. Altogether, my nerves experienced a sensation different from any that had preceded it, and alike distinguished both from bravery and fear.

As yet the battle had only reached me by one sense; although imagination, it is true, supplied the place of all. Though my eyes viewed not the field of action, yet the sanguinary conflict moved before my fancy in most vivid colouring.

I was in company with Mr. Lewines when the first firing roused our attention, "A treble line" of ladies was seated in front of Tortoni's, under the lofty arbours of the Boulevard Italien, enjoying their ices and an early *soirée*, and attended by a host of unmilitary *chers-amis*, who, together with mendicant songsters and musicians, were dispersed along that line of female attraction which "occupied" one side of the entire boulevard, and with scarcely any interruption "stretched away" to the

Porte St. Martin. Strange to say, scarcely a movement was excited amongst the fair part of the society by the report of the ordnance and musketry; not one beauty rose from her chair, or checked the passage of the refreshing ice to her pouting lips. I could not choose but be astonished at this apathy, which was only disturbed by the thunder of a tremendous salvo of artillery, announcing that the affair was becoming more general.

"*Ah! sacre Dieu! ma chère!*" said one lovely creature to another, as they sat at the entrance of Tortoni's: "*sacre Dieu! qu'est-ce que ce superbe coup-là?*"—"*C'est le canon, ma chère!*" replied her friend; "*la bataille est à la pointe de commencer.*"—"*Ah! oui, oui! c'est bien magnifique! écoutez! écoutez!*"—"*Ah!*" returned the other, tasting with curious deliberation her lemon-ice; "*cette glace est très excellente!*"

Meanwhile, the roar continued. I could stand it no longer; I was stung with curiosity, and determined to see the battle. Being at a very little distance from our hotel, I recommended Lady Barrington and my family to retire thither,* and I immediately set off to seek a good position in the neighbourhood of the fight, which I imagined could not be far distant, as the sounds seemed every moment to increase in strength. I now perceived a great many gendarmes singly, and in profound silence, strolling about the boulevard, and remarking (though without seeming to notice) everything and everybody.

I had no mode of accounting for the fortitude and indifference of so many females, but by supposing that a great proportion of them might have been themselves campaigning with their husbands or their *chers-amis*—a circumstance that, I was told, had been by no means uncommon during the wars of the revolution and of Napoleon.

One lady told me herself she did not dress for ten years in the attire of a female: her husband had acted, I believe, as commissary-general. They are both living and well, to the best of my knowledge, at this moment, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and the lady is particularly clever and intelligent. "Nothing," said she

* Which advice they did not take.—(*Author.*)

to me one day, "nothing, sir, can longer appear strange to me. I really think I have witnessed an example of everything in human nature, good or evil!"—and from the various character of the scenes through which she had passed, I believe her.

A Jew physician living in Rue Richelieu,* who had a tolerable telescope, had lent it to me. I first endeavoured to gain admission into the pillar in the Place Vendôme, but was refused. I saw that the roof of Notre Dame was already crowded; and knew not where to go. I durst not pass a barrier, and I never felt the tortures of curiosity so strongly upon me! At length I got a cabriolet, and desired the man to drive me to any point from whence I might see the conflict. He accordingly took me to the further end of Rue de Bataille, at Chailloit, in the vicinity whereof was the site marked out for the palace of the King of Rome. Here was a green plat, with a few trees; and under one of those I sat down upon the grass and overlooked distinctly the entire left of the engagement and the sanguinary combat which was fought on the slopes, lawn, and about the house and courts of Bellevue.

Whoever has seen the site of that intended palace must recollect that the view it commands is one of the finest imaginable. It had been the hanging gardens of a monastery: the Seine flows at the foot of the slope, and thence the eye wanders to the hill of Bellevue and onwards to St. Cloud. The village of Issy, which commences at the foot of Bellevue, stretches itself thinly up the banks of the Seine towards Paris—nearly to one of the suburbs—leaving just a verdant border of meadow and garden-ground to edge the waters. Extensive undulating hills rise up behind the Hôtel de Bellevue, and from them the first attack had been made upon the Prussians. In front the Pont de Jena opens the entrance to the Champ de Mars, terminated by the magnificent gilt dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, with the city of Paris stretching to the left.

It was a tranquil evening: the sun, in all his glory, piercing through the smoke which mounted from the field of battle, and

* A friend of Baron Rothschild.—(*Author.*)

illuminating its sombre flakes, likened it to a rich gilded canopy moving over the combatants.

The natural ardour of my mind was peculiarly stimulated on this occasion. Never having witnessed before any scene of a corresponding nature, I could not repress a sensation of awe: I felt my breathing short or protracted as the character of the scene varied. An old soldier would no doubt have laughed at the excess of my emotion—particularly as the affair, although sharp, was not of a very extensive nature. One observation was forcibly impressed on me—namely, that both the firing and manœuvring of the French were a great deal more rapid than those of the Prussians. When a change of position was made, the Prussians *marched*—the French *ran:* their advance was quicker—their retreat less regular, but their rallying seemed to me most extraordinary: dispersed detachments of the French reassociated with the rapidity of lightning, and advanced again as if they had never separated.

The combatants within the palace of Bellevue and the courts were of course concealed; but if I might judge from the constant firing within, the sudden rushes from the house, the storming at the entrance, and the battles on the lawn, there must have been great carnage. In my simplicity, in fact, I only wondered how anybody could escape.

The battle now extended to the village of Issy, which was taken and retaken many times. Neither party could keep possession of it—scouting in and out as fortune wavered. At length, probably from the actual exhaustion of the men, the fire of musketry slackened, but the cannon still rolled at intervals around Sevres, and a Prussian shell fell into the celebrated manufactory of that place, whilst several cannon-shot penetrated the handsome hotel which stands on an eminence above Sevres, and killed fourteen or fifteen Prussian officers, who were in a group taking refreshment.

I now began to feel weary of gazing on the boisterous monotony of the fight, which, so far as any advantage appeared to be gained on either side, might be interminable. A man

actually engaged in battle can see but little and think less; but a secure and contemplative spectator has opened to him a field of inexhaustible reflection, and my faculties were fast becoming abstracted from the scene of strife when a loud and uncommon noise announced some singular event and once more excited me. We could not perceive whence it came, but guessed, and truly, that it proceeded from the demolition of the bridge of St. Cloud, which the French had blown up. A considerable number of French troops now appeared withdrawing from the battle, and passing to our side of the river, on rafts, just under our feet. We could not tell the cause of this movement, but it was reported by a man who came into the field that the English army at St. Denis was seen in motion, and that some attack on our side of the city itself might be expected. I scarcely believed this, yet the retreat of a part of the French troops tended not to discourage the idea; and as the National Guards were heard beating to arms in all directions of the city, I thought it most advisable to return, which I immediately did before the firing had ceased, and in the same cabriolet.

On my return, judge of my astonishment at finding *the very same assemblage* in *the very same place* on the boulevard as when I left it; nor did a single being, except my own family, express the slightest curiosity upon hearing whence I had come.

The English army, as it turned out, did not move. The firing, after a while, totally ceased; and the French cavalry, which I did not see engaged, with some infantry marched into the Champ de Mars to take up their night's position.

Having thus been gratified by the view of what, to my unaccustomed eyes, seemed a great battle, and would, I suppose, by military men be termed nothing more than a long skirmish, I met Sir Francis Gould, who proposed that we should walk to the Champ de Mars, "just," said he, "to see what the fellows are doing after the battle."

To this I peremptorily objected, for reasons which must be obvious, and which seemed to prohibit any Englishman in his sober senses from going into such company at such a moment.

"Never mind," continued Sir Francis, "I love my skin every bit as well as you do yours, and depend upon it we shall not meet the slightest molestation. If we go with a lady in our company, be assured we may walk about and remain in the place as long as we please. I can speak from experience!"

"Ah, true, true! but where is the lady?" said I.

"I will introduce you to a very charming one of my acquaintance," answered Sir Francis, "and I'll request her to do us the favour of accompanying us." I now half reluctantly agreed—curiosity prevailed as usual—and away we went to the lodgings of Sir Francis's fair friend.

The lady certainly did not dishonour the epithet Sir Francis had bestowed on her. She was a young, animated, French girl, rather pretty, and well dressed—one of those lively creatures who, you would say, always have their "wits about them." My friend explained the request he had come to prefer, and begged her to make her toilet with convenient expedition. The lady certainly did not dissent, but her acquiescence was followed by a hearty and seemingly uncontrollable burst of laughter. "Excuse me, gentlemen," exclaimed she; "but really I cannot help laughing. I will, with pleasure, walk with you; but the idea of my *playing the escort* to two gallant English chevaliers, both *d'âge mûr*, is too ridiculous. However, *n'importe!* I will endeavour to *defend* you, though against a whole army!"

The thing unquestionably did look absurd, and I could not restrain myself from joining in the laugh. Sir Francis too became infected, and we made a regular chorus of it, after which the gay Frenchwoman resumed—

"But surely, Sir Francis, you pay the French a great compliment; for you have often told me how you alone used to put to flight whole troops of rebels in your own country, and take entire companies with your single hand!"

Champagne was now introduced, and Sir Francis and I having each taken a glass or two, at the lady's suggestion, to keep up our courage, we sallied out in search of adventures to the Champ de Mars. The sentinel at the entrance demurred a little on our

presenting ourselves; but our fair companion, with admirable presence of mind, put it to his gallantry not to refuse admittance to a lady; and the polite soldier, with very good grace, permitted us to pass. Once fairly inside, we strolled about for above two hours, not only unmolested, but absolutely unnoticed—although I cannot say I felt perfectly at ease. It is certain that the presence of the female protected us. The respect paid to women by the French soldiery is apparent at all their meetings whether for conviviality or service; and I have seen as much decorum preserved in an alehouse festivity at Paris as at the far-famed Almack's in London.

The scene within the barrier must have appeared curious to any Englishman. The troops had been about an hour on the ground after fighting all the evening in the village of Issy: the cavalry had not engaged, and their horses were picketed. The soldiers had got in all directions tubs of water, and were washing their hands and faces which had been covered with dirt—their mouths being quite blackened by the cartridges. In a little time everything was arranged for a merry-making: some took off their coats, to dance the lighter; the bands played; an immense number of women, of all descriptions, had come to welcome them back; and in half-an-hour after we arrived there, some hundred couples were at the quadrilles and waltzes, as if nothing had occurred to disturb their tranquillity. It appeared, in fact, as if they had not only totally forgotten what had passed that day, but cared not a sous as to what might happen the next.

Old women, with frying-pans strapped before them, were incessantly frying sliced potatoes, livers, and bacon: we tasted some of these dainties, and found them really quite savoury. Some soldiers, who were tired or perhaps slightly hurt, were sitting in the fosses cooking soup, and together with the vendors of bottled beer, etc., stationed on the elevated banks, gave the whole a picturesque appearance. I saw a very few men who had rags tied round their heads; some who limped a little; and others who had their hands in slings: but nobody seemed to regard these, or indeed anything except their own pleasure. The

wounded had been carried to hospitals, and I suppose the dead were left on the ground for the night. The guards mounted at the Champ de Mars were all fresh troops.

There were few circumstances attending that memorable era which struck me more forcibly than the miserable condition of those groups of fugitives who continued every hour arriving in Paris during the few days immediately succeeding their signal discomfiture at Waterloo. These unfortunate stragglers arrived in parties of two, three, or four, and in a state of utter destitution —most of them without arms, many without shoes, and some almost naked. A great proportion of them were wounded and bandaged: they had scarcely rested at all on their return; in short, I never beheld such pitiable figures.

One of these unfortunate men struck me forcibly one evening as an object of interest and compassion. He was limping along the Boulevard Italien: his destination I knew not; he looked elderly, but had evidently been one of the finest men I ever saw, and attached, I rather think, to the Imperial Guard. His shoes were worn out; his clothes in rags; scanty hairs were the only covering of his head; one arm was bandaged up with a bloody rag, and slung from his neck by a string; his right thigh and leg were also bandaged, and he seemed to move with pain and difficulty.

Such figures were, it is true, so common during that period, that nobody paid them much attention: this man, however, somehow or other, interested me peculiarly. It was said that he was going to the Hôtel Dieu, where he would be taken good care of: but I felt greatly for the old warrior; and crossing the street, put, without saying a word, a dollar into his yellow and trembling hand.

He stopped, looked at me attentively, then at the dollar; and appearing doubtful whether or no he ought to receive it, said, with an emphatic tone, "Not for *charity!*"

I saw his pride was kindled, and replied, "No, my friend, in respect to your bravery!" and I was walking away, when I heard his voice exclaiming, "Monsieur, Monsieur!" I turned, and

as he hobbled up to me, he surveyed me in silence from head to foot; then, looking earnestly in my face, he held out his hand with the dollar: "Excuse me, Monsieur," said he, in a firm and rather proud tone; "you are an Englishman, and I cannot receive bounty from the enemy of my Emperor."

Good God! thought I, what a man must Napoleon have been! This incident alone affords a key to all his victories.

CAPITULATION OF PARIS.

THE rapid succession of these extraordinary events bore to me the character of some optical delusion, and my mind was settling into a train of reflections on the past and conjectures as to the future, when Fouché capitulated for Paris, and gave up France to the discretion of its enemies. In a few hours after, I saw that enthusiastic, nay that half-frantic army of Vilette (in the midst of which I had an opportunity of witnessing a devotion to its chief which no defeat could diminish), on the point of total annihilation. I saw the troops, sad and crestfallen, marching out of Paris to consummate, behind the Loire, the fall of France as a warlike kingdom. With arms still in their hands, with a great park of artillery, and commanded by able generals, yet were they constrained to turn their backs on their metropolis, abandoning it to the "tender mercies" of the Russian Cossacks, whom they had so often conquered.

I saw likewise that most accomplished of traitors, Fouché, Duke of Otranto (who had with impunity betrayed his patron and his master), betraying, in their turn, his own tools and instruments, signing lists of proscription for the death or exile of those whose ill fortune or worse principle had rendered them his dupes; and thus confirming, in my mind, the scepticism as to men and measures which had long been growing on me.

The only political point I fancy at present that I can see any certainty in, is, that the French nation is not *mad* enough to hazard lightly a fresh war with England. The highest-flown ultras—even the Jesuits themselves—cannot forget that to the inexhaustible perseverance of the United Kingdom is mainly attributable the present political condition of Europe. The *people* of France may not, it is true, owe us much gratitude;

but, considering that we transmitted both his present and his late majesty safely from exile here to their exalted station amongst the potentates of Europe, I do hope, for the honour of our common nature, that the *government* of that country would not willingly turn the weapons which *we* put into their hands against ourselves. If they should, however, it is not too much to add, bearing in mind what we have successfully coped with, that their hostility would be as ineffectual as ungrateful. And here I cannot abstain from briefly congratulating my fellow-countrymen on the manly and encouraging exposition of our national power recently put forth by Mr. Canning in the House of Commons. Let them rest assured that it has been felt by every Cabinet in Europe, even to its core. The Holy Alliance has dwindled into comparative insignificance; and Great Britain, under an energetic and liberal-minded administration, re-assumes that influence to which she is justly entitled, as one in the first order of European empires.

To return.—The conduct of the allies after their occupation of Paris was undoubtedly strange, to say the least of it; and nothing could be more inconsistent than that of the populace on the return of King Louis. That Paris was betrayed is certain; and that the article of capitulation which provided that "wherever doubts existed, the construction should be in *favour* of the Parisians," was not adhered to, is equally so. It was never in contemplation, for instance, that the capital was to be rifled of all the monuments of art and antiquity, whereof she had become possessed by right of conquest. A reclamation of the great mortar in St. James's Park, or of the throne of the King of Ceylon, would have just as much appearance of fairness as that of *Apollo* by the Pope, and *Venus* by the Grand-Duke of Tuscany. What preposterous affectation of justice was there in employing British engineers to take down the brazen horses of Alexander the Great, in order that they may be re-erected in St. Mark's Place at Venice—a city to which the Austrian Emperor has no more equitable a claim than we have to Vienna! I always was, and still remain to be, decidedly of opinion that, by

giving our aid in emptying the Louvre, we authorised not only an act of unfairness to the French, but of impolicy as concerned ourselves; since by so doing we have removed beyond the reach of the great majority of British artists and students the finest models of sculpture and of painting this world has produced.

When this step was first determined on, the Prussians began with moderation. They rather smuggled away than openly stole fourteen paintings; but no sooner was this rifling purpose generally made known than his *Holiness*, the Pope, was all anxiety to have his *gods* again locked up in the dusty store-rooms of the Vatican! The Parisians now took fire. They remonstrated, and protested against this infringement of the treaty; and a portion of the National Guards stoutly declared that they would *defend the Gallery!* But the King loved the Pope's toe better than all the works of art ever achieved; and the German Autocrat being also a devoted friend of St. Peter's (whilst at the same time he lusted after the "brazen images"), the assenting fiat was given. Wishing, however, to throw the stigma from the shoulders of Catholic monarchs upon those of Protestant soldiers, these wily allies determined that, although England was not to share the spoil, she should bear the trouble; and therefore threatened the National Guards with a regiment of Scotchmen, which threat produced the desired effect.

Now it may be said that the "right of conquest" is as strong on one side as on the other, and justifies the reclamation as fully as it did the original capture of these *chef d'œuvres*, to which plausible argument I oppose two words—*the treaty! the treaty!* Besides, if the right of conquest is to decide, then I fearlessly advance the claim of Great Britain, who was the principal agent in winning the prize at Waterloo, and had therefore surely a right to wear at least some portion of it; but who, nevertheless, stood by and *sanctioned* the injustice, although she had too high a *moral sense* to participate in it. What will my fellow-countrymen say when they hear that the *liberal* motive which served to counterbalance, in the minds of the British ministry of that day,

the solid advantages resulting from the retention of the works of art at Paris, was a jealousy of suffering the French capital to remain "the Athens of Europe!"

The farce played off between the French king and the allies was supremely ridiculous. The Cossacks bivouacked in the square of the Carousel before his Majesty's windows; and soldiers dried their shirts and trousers on the iron railings of the palace. This was a nuisance; and for the purpose of abating it, three pieces of ordnance duly loaded, with a gunner and ready-lighted match, were stationed day and night upon the quay, and pointed directly at *his Majesty's drawing-room*, so that one salvo would have despatched the Most Christian King and all his august family to the *genuine* Champs Elysées. This was carrying the jest rather too far, and every rational man in Paris was shaking his sides at so shallow a manœuvre, when a new object of derision appeared in shape of a letter purporting to be written by King Louis, expressing his wish that he was young and active enough (who would doubt his wish to grow young again?) to put himself at the head of his own army, attack his puissant allies, and cut them all to pieces for their duplicity to his loving and beloved subjects.

A copy of this letter was given me by a colonel of the National Guards, who said that it was circulated by the *highest* authority.

Lettre du Roi au Prince Talleyrand.

Du 22 Juillet 1815.

"La conduite des armées alliées réduira bientôt mon peuple à s'armer contre elles, comme on a fait en Espagne.

"Plus jeune, je me mettrais à sa tête; mais, si l'âge et mes infirmités m'en empêchent, je ne veux pas, au moins, paroître conniver à des mesures dont je gémis! je suis résolu, si je ne puis les adoucir, à demander asile au roi d'Espagne.

"Que ceux qui, même après la capture de l'homme à qui ils ont déclaré la guerre, continuent à traiter mon peuple en ennemi, et doivent par conséquent me regarder comme tel, attentent s'ils

le veulent à ma liberté! ils en sont les maîtres! j'aime mieux vivre dans ma prison que de rester ici, témoin, passif des pleurs de mes enfans."

But—to close the scene of his Majesty's gallantry, and anxiety to preserve the capitulation entire. After he had permitted the plunder of the Louvre, a report was circulated that Blucher had determined to send all considerations of the treaty to the d—, and with his soldiers to blow up the *Pont de Jena,* as the existence of a bridge so named was an *insult* to the victorious Prussians! This was, it must be admitted, sufficiently in character with Blucher. But some people were so fastidious as to assert that it was in fact only a clap-trap on behalf of his Most Christian Majesty; and true it was, that next day copies of a very dignified and gallant letter from Louis XVIII. were circulated extensively throughout Paris. The purport of this royal epistle was not *remonstrance*—that would have been merely considered as matter of course; it demanded that Marshal Blucher should inform his Majesty of the precise moment the bridge was to be so blown up, as his Majesty (having no power of resistance) was determined to go in person, stand upon the bridge at the time of the explosion, and mount into the air amidst the stones and mortar of his beautiful piece of architecture! No doubt it would have been a sublime termination of so *sine cura* a reign; and would have done more to immortalise the Bourbon dynasty than anything they seem at present likely to accomplish.

However, Blucher frustrated that gallant achievement, as he did many others; and declared in reply that he would not singe a hair of his Majesty's head for the pleasure of blowing up a hundred bridges.

THE CATACOMBS AND PÈRE LA CHAISE.

THE stupendous catacombs of Paris form perhaps the greatest curiosity of that capital. I have seen many well-written descriptions of this magazine of human fragments, yet on actually visiting it, my sensations of awe, and, I may add, of disgust, exceeded my anticipation.

I found myself, after descending to a considerable depth from the light of day, among winding vaults, where, ranged on every side, are the trophies of Death's universal conquest. Myriads of grim, fleshless, grinning visages, seem (even through their eyeless sockets) to stare at the passing mortals who have succeeded them, and ready with long knotted fingers to grasp the living into their own society. On turning away from these hideous objects, my sight was arrested by innumerable white scalpless skulls and mouldering limbs of disjointed skeletons—mingled and misplaced in terrific pyramids; or, as if in mockery of nature, framed into mosaics, and piled into walls and barriers!

There are men of nerve strong enough to endure the contemplation of such things without shrinking. I participate not in this apathetic mood. Almost at the first step which I took between these ghastly ranks in the deep catacomb d'Enfer (whereinto I had plunged by a descent of ninety steps), my spirit no longer remained buoyant: it felt subdued and cowed; my feet reluctantly advanced through the gloomy mazes; and at length a universal thrill of horror crawled along the surface of my flesh. It would have been to little purpose to protract this struggle, and *force* my will to obedience: I therefore, instinctively as it were, made a retrograde movement; I ascended into the world again, and left my less sensitive and wiser friends to

explore at leisure those dreary regions. And never did the sun appear to me more bright, never did I feel his rays more cheering and genial, than as I emerged from the melancholy catacombs into the open air.

The visitor of Paris will find it both curious and interesting to contrast with these another receptacle for the dead—the cemetery of Père la Chaise. It is strange that there should exist amongst the same people, in the same city, and almost in the same vicinity, two *Golgothas* in their nature so utterly dissimilar and repugnant to each other.

The soft and beautiful features of landscape which characterise Père la Chaise are scarcely describable; so harmoniously are they blended together, so sacred does the spot appear to quiet contemplation and hopeful repose, that it seems almost profanation to attempt to submit its charms in detail before the reader's eye. All in fact that I had ever read about it fell, as in the case of the catacombs—("alike, but ah, how different!")—far short of the reality.

I have wandered whole mornings together over its winding paths and venerable avenues. Here are no "ninety steps" of descent to gloom and horror; on the contrary, a gradual *ascent* leads to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and to its enchanting summit, on every side shaded by brilliant evergreens. The straight lofty cypress and spreading cedar uplift themselves around, and the arbutus exposing all its treasure of deceptive berries. In lieu of the damp mouldering scent exhaled by three millions of human skeletons, we are presented with the fragrant perfume of jessamines and of myrtles, of violet-beds or variegated flower-plats decked out by the ministering hand of love or duty, as if benignant nature had spread her most splendid carpet to cover, conceal, and render alluring, even the abode of death.

Whichever way we turn, the labours of art combine with the luxuriance of vegetation to raise in the mind new reflections. Marble, in all its varieties of shade and grain, is wrought by the hand of man into numerous bewitching shapes; whilst

one of the most brilliant and cheerful cities in the universe seems to lie, with its wooded boulevards, gilded domes, palaces, gardens, and glittering waters, just beneath our feet. One sepulchre, alone, of a decidedly mournful character, attracted my notice—a large and solid mausoleum, buried amidst gloomy yews and low-drooping willows; and this looked only like a patch on the face of loveliness. Père la Chaise presents a solitary instance of the abode of the dead ever interesting me in an *agreeable* way.

I will not remark on the well-known tomb of Abelard and Eloisa: a hundred pens have anticipated me in most of the observations I should be inclined to make respecting that celebrated couple. The most obvious circumstance in their "sad story" always struck me as being, that he turned priest when he was good for nothing else, and she became "quite correct" when opportunities for the reverse began to slacken. They no doubt were properly qualified to make very respectable *saints;* but since they took care previously to have their fling, I cannot say much for their *morality.*

I am not sure that a burial-place similar to Père la Chaise would be admired in England; it is almost of too picturesque and sentimental a character. The humbler orders of the English people are too coarse to appreciate the peculiar feeling such a cemetery is calculated to excite—the higher orders too licentious, the trading classes too avaricious. The plum-holder of the city would very honestly and frankly "d—n all your nonsensical sentiment!" I heard one of these gentlemen, last year, declare that what poets and *such-like* called *sentiment* was neither more nor less than deadly poison to the *Protestant religion!*

PEDIGREE-HUNTING.

My visit to France enabled me, besides gratifying myself by the sight and observation of the distinguished characters of whom I have, in the sketches immediately foregoing, made mention, to pursue an inquiry that I had set on foot some time previously in my own country.

As I have already informed the reader in the commencement of this work, I was brought up among a sort of democratic aristocracy, which, like the race of wolf-dogs, seems to be extinct in Ireland. The gentry of those days took the greatest care to trace, and to preserve by tradition, the pedigree of their families and the exploits of their ancestors.

It is said that "he must be a wise man who knows *his own* father;" but if there are thirty or forty of one's forefathers to make out, it must necessarily be a research rather difficult for ordinary capacities. Such are therefore in the habit of resorting to a person who obtains his livelihood by begetting grandfathers and great-grandfathers *ad infinitum;* — namely, the herald who, without much tedious research, can, in these commercial days, furnish any private gentleman, dealer, or chapman, with as beautifully transcribed, painted, and gilt a pedigree as he chooses to be at the expense of purchasing — with arms, crests, and mottoes to match; nor are there among the nobility themselves emblazonments more gaudy than may occasionally be seen upon the tilbury of some retired tailor, whose name was probably selected at random by the nurse of a foundling hospital.

But as there is, I believe, no great mob of persons bearing my name in existence, and as it is pretty well known to be rather old, I fancied I would pay a visit to our Irish herald-at-arms, to find out, if possible, from what country I originally

sprang. After having consulted everything he had to consult, this worthy functionary only brought me back to Queen Elizabeth, which was doing nothing, as it was that virgin monarch who had made the first territorial grant to my family in Ireland, with liberty to return two members to every future parliament, which they actually did down to my father's time.

The Irish herald most honourably assured me that he could not carry me one inch farther, and so (having painted a most beautiful pedigree) he recommended me to the English herald-at-arms, who, he had no doubt, could take up the thread, and unravel it to my satisfaction.

I accordingly took the first opportunity of consulting this fresh oracle, whose minister having politely heard my case, transferred it to writing—screwed up his lips—and looked steadfastly at the ceiling for some five minutes; he then began to reckon centuries on his fingers, took down several large books full of emblazonments, nodded his head, and at last, cleverly and scientifically taking me up from the times of Queen Elizabeth, where I had been abruptly dropped by my fellow-countryman, delivered me, in less than a fortnight, as handsome a genealogical tree as could be reasonably desired; on this I triumphantly ascended to the reign of William the Conqueror, and the battle of Hastings, at which some of my ancestors were, it appears, fairly sped, and provided with neat lodgings in Battle Abbey, where, for ought I know to the contrary, they still remain.

The English herald-at-arms also informed me (but rather mysteriously) that it was *probable* I had a right to put a French *De* at the beginning of my name, as there was a Norman *ton* at the end of it; but that as he did not profess French heraldry, I had better inquire further from some of the craft in Normandy, where that science had at the period of the crusades greatly flourished—William the Conqueror, at the time he was denominated *The Bastard*, having by all accounts established a very celebrated heraldic college at Rouen.

I was much pleased with his candour, and thus the matter

rested until Louis XVIII. returned home with his family, when, as the reader is aware, I likewise passed over to France with mine.

I did not forget the hint given me by my armorial friend in London ; and in order to benefit by it, repaired, as soon as circumstances permitted, to Rouen, in which town we had been advised to place our two youngest daughters, for purposes of education, at a celebrated Ursuline convent, the abbess whereof was considered a more tolerating *religieuse* than any of her contemporaries. Before I proceed to detail the sequel of my heraldic investigations, I will lay before the reader one or two anecdotes connected with French nunneries.

The abbess of the convent in question, Madame Cousin, was a fine, handsome old nun, as affable and insinuating as possible, and gained on us at first sight. She enlarged on the great advantages of her system ; and showed us long galleries of beautiful little bedchambers, together with gardens overlooking the boulevards and adorned by that interesting tower wherein Jeanne d'Arc was so long confined previously to her martyrdom. Her table, Madame Cousin assured us, was excellent and abundant.

I was naturally impressed with an idea that a *nun* feared God at any rate too much to tell twenty direct falsehoods and practise twenty deceptions in the course of half-an-hour, for the lucre of fifty Napoleons, which she required in advance, without the least intention of giving the value of five for them ; and, under this impression, I paid down the sum demanded, gave up our two children to Madame Cousin's *motherly* tutelage, and returned to the Hôtel de France almost in love with the old abbess.

On our return to Paris, we received letters from my daughters, giving a most flattering account of the convent generally, of the excellence of Madame l'Abbesse, the plenty of good food, the comfort of the bed-rooms, and the extraordinary progress they were making in their several acquirements. I was hence induced to commence the second half-year, also in advance ; when a son-

in-law of mine, calling to see my daughters, requested the eldest to dine with him at his hotel, which request was long resisted by the abbess, and only granted at length with manifest reluctance. When arrived at the hotel, the poor girl related a tale of a very different description from the foregoing, and as piteous as unexpected. Her letters had been dictated to her by a priest. I had scarcely arrived at Paris, when my children were separated, turned away from the *show* bedrooms, and allowed to speak *any* language to each other only *one hour* a-day, and *not a word* on Sundays. The eldest was urged to turn Catholic; and, above all, they were fed in a manner at once so scanty and so bad, that my daughter begged hard not to be taken back, but to accompany her brother-in-law to Paris. This was conceded; and when the poor child arrived, I saw the necessity of immediately recalling her sister. I was indeed shocked at seeing her —so wan and thin, and *greedy* did she appear.

On our first inquiry for the convent above alluded to, we were directed by mistake to another establishment belonging to the saint of the same name, but bearing a very inferior appearance, and superintended by an abbess whose *toleration* certainly erred not on the side of laxity. We saw an old lady within her grated lattice. She would not come out to us; but, on being told our business, smiled as cheerfully as fanaticism would let her. (I dare say the expected *pension* already jingled in her glowing fancy.) Our terms were soon concluded, and every thing was arranged, when Lady Barrington, as a final direction, requested that the children should not be called *too early* in the morning, as they were unused to it. The old abbess started: a gloomy doubt seemed to gather on her furrowed temples; her nostrils distended;—and she abruptly asked, "*N'êtes-vous pas Catholiques?*"

"*Non,*" replied Lady Barrington, "*nous sommes Protestans.*"

The countenance of the abbess now utterly fell, and she shrieked out, "*Mon Dieu! alors vous êtes hérétiques! Je ne permets jamais d'hérétique dans ce couvent!—allez!—allez!—vos enfans n'entreront jamais dans le couvent des Ursulines!—allez!—*

allez!" and instantly crossing herself, and muttering, she withdrew from the grate.

Just as we were *turned out*, we encountered, near the gate, a very odd, though respectable-looking, figure. It was that of a man whose stature must originally have exceeded six feet, and who was yet erect, and, but for the natural shrinking of age, retained his full height and manly presence: his limbs still bore him gallantly, and the frosts of eighty winters had not yet chilled his warmth of manner. His dress was neither neat nor shabby; it was of silk—of the old costume. His thin hair was loosely tied behind, and on the whole he appeared to be what we call *above the world.*

This gentleman saw we were at a loss about something or other, and, with the constitutional politeness of a Frenchman of the old school, at once begged us to mention our embarrassment, and command his services. Everybody, he told us, knew him, and he knew everybody at Rouen. We accepted his offer, and he immediately constituted himself *cicisbeo* to the ladies and Mentor to me. After having led us to the other *Couvent des Ursulines*, of which I have spoken, he dined with us, and I conceived a great respect for the old gentleman. It was Monsieur Helliot, once a celebrated *avocat* of the parliament at Rouen. His good manners and good nature rendered his society a real treat to us, whilst his memory, information, and activity were almost wonderful. He was an *improvisore* poet, and could converse in rhyme and sing a hundred songs of his own composing.

On my informing M. Helliot that one of my principal objects at Rouen was a research in heraldry, he said he would next day introduce me to the person of all others most likely to satisfy me on that point. His friend was, he told me, of a noble family, and had originally studied heraldry for his amusement, but was subsequently necessitated to practise it for pocket-money, since his regular income was barely sufficient (as was then the average with the old nobility of Normandy) to provide him soup in plenty, a room and a bed-recess, a weekly laundress, and a repairing tailor. "Rouen," continued the old advocate,

"requires no heralds now! The nobles are not even able to emblazon their pedigrees, and the manufacturers purchase arms and crests from the Paris heralds, who have always a variety of magnificent ones to *dispose of* suitable to their new customers."

M. Helliot had a country-house about four miles from Rouen, near the Commandery, which is on the Seine—a beautiful wild spot, formerly the property of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Helliot's house had a large garden, ornamented by his own hands. He one day came to us to beg we would fix a morning for taking a *déjeuner à la fourchette* at his cottage, and brought with him a long bill of fare, containing nearly everything in the eating and drinking way that could be procured at Rouen, whereon he requested we would mark with a pencil our favourite dishes! He said this was always their ancient mode when they had the honour of a *société distingué*, and we were obliged to humour him. He was delighted; and then assuming a more serious air—"But," said he, "I have a very particular reason for inviting you to my cottage—it is to have the honour of introducing you to a lady who, old as I am, has consented to marry me the ensuing spring. I know," added he, "that I shall be happier in her society than in that of any other person; and, at my time of life, we want somebody interested in rendering our limited existence as comfortable as possible."

This seemed ludicrous enough, and the ladies' curiosity was excited to see old Helliot's sweetheart. We were accordingly punctual to our hour. He had a boat ready to take us across the Seine near the Commandery, and we soon entered a beautiful garden, in a high state of order. In the house (a small and very old one) we found a most excellent repast. The only company besides ourselves was the old herald to whom M. Helliot had introduced me; and, after a few minutes, he led from an inner chamber his intended bride. She appeared, in point of years, at least as venerable as the bridegroom; but a droop in the person and a waddle in the gait bespoke a constitution much more enfeebled than that of the gallant who was to lead her to the altar. "This," said the advocate, as he presented her to the

company, "is Madame . . .; but *n'importe!* after our repast you shall learn her *name* and history. Pray, Madame," pursued he, with an air of infinite politeness, "have the goodness to do the honours of the table;" and his request was complied with as nimbly as his inamorata's quivering hands would permit.

The wine went round merrily. The old lady declined not her glass, the herald took enough to serve him for the two or three following days, old Helliot hobnobbed *à la mode Anglaise,* and in half-an-hour we were as cheerful, and, I should think, as curious a breakfast party as Upper Normandy had ever produced.

When the repast was ended, "Now," said our host, "you shall learn the history of this venerable bride that is to be on or about the 15th of April next. You know," continued he, "that between the age of seventy and death the distance is seldom *very* great, and that a person of your nation who arrives at the one is generally fool enough to be always gazing at the other. Now we Frenchmen like, if possible, to evade the prospect; and, with that object, we contrive some new event, which, if it cannot conceal, may at least take off our attention from it; and, of all things in the world, I believe *matrimony* will be admitted to be most effectual either in fixing an epoch or directing a current of thought. We antiquated gentry here, therefore, have a little law, or rather custom, of our own—namely, that after a man has been in a state of matrimony for fifty years, if his charmer survives, they undergo the ceremony of a second marriage, and so begin a new contract for another half-century, if their joint lives so long continue! and inasmuch as *Madame Helliot* (introducing the old lady anew, kissing her cheek and chucking her under the chin) has been now forty-nine years and four months on her road to a second husband, the day that fifty years are completed we shall recommence our honeymoon, and every friend we have will, I hope, come and see the happy reunion. "Ah!" said Madame, "I fear my bride's-maid, *Madame Veuve Gerard,* can't hold out so long! *Mais, Dieu merci!*" cried she, "I think I shall myself, Monsieur (addressing me), be well enough to get through the ceremony."

I wish I could end this little episode as my heart would dictate. But, alas! a cold caught by my friend the advocate boating on the Seine before the happy month arrived, prevented a ceremony which I would have gone almost any distance to witness. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

But to my heraldic investigation.—The old professor with whom M. Helliot had made me acquainted had been one of the *ancienne noblesse*, and carried in his look and deportment evident marks of the rank from which he had been compelled to descend. Although younger than the advocate, he was still somewhat stricken in years. His hair, thin and highly powdered, afforded a queue longer than a quill and nearly as bulky. A tight plaited stock and *solitaire*, a tucker and ruffles, and a cross with the order of St. Louis; a well-cleaned black suit, which had survived many a cuff and cape, and seen many a year of full-dress service, silk stockings, *paste* knee and large *silver* shoe-buckles, completed his toilet.

He said, on my first visit, in a desponding voice, that he deeply regretted the republicans had burned most of his books and records during the Revolution; and having consequently little or nothing left of remote times to refer to, he really could not recollect my ancestors, though they might perhaps have been a very *superbe famille*. On exhibiting, however, my English and Irish pedigrees (drawn out on vellum, beautifully ornamented, painted, and gilt, with the chevalier's casquet, three scarlet chevanels and a Saracen's head), and touching his withered hand with the *metallic tractors*, the old herald's eyes assumed almost a youthful fire; even his voice seemed to change; and having put the four dollars into his breeches-pocket, buttoned the flap, and then felt at the outside to make sure of their safety, he drew himself up with pride:—

"Between this city and Havre de Grace," said he, after a pause, and having traced with his bony fingers the best gilded of the pedigrees, "lies a town called Barentin, and there once stood the superb château of an old warrior, Drogo de Barentin. At this town, Monsieur, you will assuredly obtain some account of

your noble family." After some conversation about William the Conqueror, Duke Rollo, Richard Cœur de Leon, etc., I took my leave, determining to start with all convenient speed towards Havre de Grace.

On the road to that place I found the town designated by the herald, and having refreshed myself at an auberge, set out to discover the ruins of the castle, which lie not very far distant. Of these, however, I could make nothing; and, on returning to the auberge, I found mine host decked out in his best jacket and a huge opera-hat. Having made this worthy acquainted with the object of my researches, he told me with a smiling countenance that there was a *very old* beggar-man extant in the place, who was the depositary of all the circumstances of its ancient history, including that of the former lords of the castle. Seeing I had no chance of better information, I ordered my dinner to be prepared in the first instance, and the mendicant to be served up with the dessert.

The figure which presented itself really struck me. His age was said to exceed a hundred years. His beard and hair were white, whilst the ruddiness of youth still mantled in his cheeks. I don't know how it was, but my heart and purse opened in unison, and I gratified the old beggar-man with a sum which I believe he had not often seen before at one time. I then directed a glass of eau-de-vie to be given him, and this he relished even more than the money. He then launched into such an eulogium on the noble race of Drogo of the Château, that I thought he never would come to the point; and when he did I received but little satisfaction from his communications, which he concluded by advising me to make a voyage to the island of Jersey. "I knew," said he, "in my youth, a man much older than I am now, and who, like me, lived upon alms. This man was the final descendant of the Barentin family, being an illegitimate son of the last lord; and he has often told me that on that island his father had been murdered; who having made no will, his son was left to beg, while the king got all, and bestowed it on some young lady."

This whetted my appetite for further intelligence, and I resolved, having fairly engaged in it, to follow up the inquiry. Accordingly, in the spring of 1816, leaving my family in Paris, I set out for St. Maloes, thence to Granville, and, after a most interesting journey through Brittany, crossed over in a fishing-boat, and soon found myself in the square of St. Hillier's, at Jersey. I had been there before on a visit to General Don, with General Moore and Colonel le Blanc, and knew the place; but this time I went *incog.*

On my first visit to Jersey, I had been much struck with the fine situation and commanding aspect of the magnificent castle of Mont Orgueil, and had much pleasure in anticipating a fresh survey of it. But guess the gratified nature of my emotions when I learned from an old warder of the castle that Drogo de Barentin, a Norman chieftain, had been, in fact, its last governor!—that his name was on its records, and that he had lost his life in its defence on the outer ramparts. He left no lawful male offspring, and thus the Norman branch of the family had become extinct.

This I considered as making good progress; and I returned cheerfully to Barentin, to thank my mendicant and his patron the *aubergiste,* intending to prosecute the inquiry further at Rouen. I will not hazard fatiguing the reader by detailing the result of any more of my investigations; but it is curious enough that at Ivetot, about four leagues from Barentin (to an ancient château, near which place I had been directed by mine host), I met with, amongst a parcel of scattered furniture collected for public sale, the portrait of an old Norman warrior, which *exactly* resembled those of my great-grandfather, Colonel Barrington of Cullenaghmore; but for the difference of scanty black hair in one case, and a wig in the other, the heads and countenances would have been quite undistinguishable! I marked this picture with my initials, and left a request with the innkeeper at Ivetot to purchase it for me at any price; but having unluckily omitted to leave him money likewise to pay for it, the man, as it afterwards appeared, thought no more of

the matter. So great was my disappointment, that I advertised for this portrait: but in vain.

I will now bid the reader farewell—at least for the present. This last sketch may by some, perhaps, be considered superfluous; but as a pardonable vanity in those who write anything in the shape of autobiography, and a spirit of curiosity in those who peruse such works, generally dictate and require as much information respecting the author's genealogy as can be adduced with any show of plausibility, I hope I shall be held to have done my utmost in this particular, and I am satisfied.

PERPLEXITIES OF A BARONET.

THE concluding volume of my Biographical Sketches with the recital of a laborious search after my progenitors, savours somewhat of our national perversions. But those who know the way in which things are done in Ireland, will only call it a "doughan dourish," or "parting drop," which was usually administered when a man was not very sure which end of him was uppermost.

The English, in general, though not very exquisite philologists, and denominated "Bulls" in every known part of the world, have yet a great aversion to be considered "*blunderers;*" an *honour* which their own misprisions of speech fall short of owing to the absence of point in their humour (as they call it).

When an English dramatist wants a *good blunder*, he must send to Ireland for it. A few *English* blunders would damn the best play; and I have known some pieces actually saved by a profusion of Irish ones. As to my misplacing my pedigree, I can only say, that though an English writer, speaking of his origin, would say he was born and bred at London, etc. etc., an Irishman always places his acquirements before his birth, and says he was bred and born at Drogheda, etc. My mistake is not quite so bad as this; and I shall endeavour to recompense my readers for having made it, by transporting them to the city of Dublin, where, so long as a thing has *fun in it*, we set all cold-blooded critico-cynicals at defiance, and where we never have a lack of families and of good pedigrees—at least for home consumption.

The sketch which I thus introduce has certainly nothing whatever in it connected with myself. However, it is so far in point, that it proves how very differently gentlemen may furbish

up families, one by traversing foreign parts to discover the old cavaliers, arms, and quarterings of his race, another by garnishing a new coach with new quarters, shields, and bearings, such as no family, ancient or modern, had ever seen or heard of till they appeared emblazoning the panels of an alderman's landau.

In the year of our Lord 1809, after his late Majesty King George the Third had expended forty-nine years of his life in ruling the state, it pleased his royal fancy to order a universal jubilee, and to elevate his Lord Mayors into Imperial Baronets. At this propitious era, William Stammer, Esquire, Alderman of Dublin, and likewise of Skinners' Alley, wine-merchant, do. consumer, dealer and chapman, freemason, Orangeman, and friendly brother, happened, by Divine Providence and the good-will of the Common Council, to be seated on the civic throne as "the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of the King's good city of Dublin." He ruled with convivial sway the ancient, loyal, joyous, moist, and vociferous municipal corps of the said celebrated city, and its twenty-four federated corporations, consequently he was, in point of dignity, the second *Lord Mayor* in all *Christendom*, though unfortunately born a few centuries too late to be one of its seven *champions*. However, being thus enthroned at that happy festival time, he became greater than any of these, and found himself, suddenly, as if by magic (though it was only by patent), metamorphosed into *Sir* William Stammer, Baronet of the United Kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Sir William Stammer, Bart., being (as he himself often informed me, and which I believe to be true) an excellent, good-hearted kind of person, and having by nature an even, smooth-trotting temper, with plenty of peace and quietness in it, bore his rank with laudable moderation; but as he was the first genuine corporator the Union had honoured by this *imperial* dignity, he felt a sort of loyal fervour, which urged him to make some particular acknowledgment to his gracious Majesty for so unprecedented a mark of distinction. But in what way a sober

British king should be complimented by an Irish wine-merchant was a matter which required much ingenuity and profound consideration. At length it was suggested and strongly urged by several of his civic friends (especially those of the feminine gender) that his Lordship had it actually within his power to pay as loyal and handsome a compliment as ever was paid to any king of England by an Irish gentleman with a twang to his surname; *vidclicet*, by sacrificing the old Irish pronunciation thereof, ameliorating the sound, and changing it in such sort that it might be adapted to the court language, and uttered without any difficulty or grimace by the prettiest mouths of the highest classes of British society; it was, in fact, strenuously argued that, instead of the old hackneyed family name commonly pronounced Stam-mer, the word *Steem-er* (being better vowelled and Anglicised) would sound far more genteel and modern, and ring more gratefully in the ear of royalty. It was also urged, how Mrs. Clarke's friend, the Rev. Dr. O'Meara, unfortunately lost the honour of preaching before royalty by his pertinacity in retaining the abominable *O*, and that had he dropped that hideous prefixture, and been announced plainly as the Rev. Doctor Meera, his doctrines might probably have atoned for his Milesianality, and a stall in some cathedral, or at least a rural deanery, might have rewarded his powers of declamation.

"Having begun so well, who knows what famous end you may arrive at, Sir William!" said Sir Jemmy Riddle, the then high-sheriff, a very good man too, who was be-knighted on the same occasion. "When we all go to St. James's," continued Sir Jemmy, "to thank our sovereign and kiss his hand in *his own metrolopus*, sure the name of our Lord Mayor, Sir W. Steemer, will sound every taste as harmonious, if not *harmoniouser*, than that of the great Sir Claudius Hunter, or our own Claudius Beresford, or any Claudius in Europe!—and sure, changing *am* for *ee*, to please his Majesty, is neither a sin nor a shame in any family, were they as old as *Mathuslin*:—besides, old White, the schoolmaster, the greatest scholar, by odds, that ever was in Dublin, told me that one vowel was worth two con-

sonants any day in the year; and that the alteration would make a great difference in the sweetness of the odes he was writing on your promotion."

Sir William, however, being fond of the old proper name which had stuck to him through thick and thin, in all weathers, and which he and his blood-relations had been so long accustomed to spell, did not at all relish the proposed innovation. Besides, he considered that anything like the assumption of a new name might bring him too much on a level with some *modern* corporators, who, not having any particular cognomen of their own at the time of their nativity, or at least not being able to discover it, but being well christened for fear of accidents, very judiciously took only provisional denominations for their apprenticeship indentures, and postponed the adoption of any immutable surname until they had considered what might probably be most attractive to customers in their several trades.

The grand measure was nevertheless so strongly pressed—the ladies so coaxed the alderman to take the *pretty* name, and they were so well supported by Sir Charles Vernon, then master of the ceremonies (and, of course, the best judge in Ireland of what was good for Sir William at the Castle of Dublin), that his resolution gradually softened, wavered, and gave way. He became convinced against his will, and at last, with a deep sigh and a couple of imprecations, ungratefully yielded up his old, broad, national *Stammer*, to adopt an Anglicised mincemeat version thereof; and in a few nights, Sir William *Steemer's* landau was announced as stopping the way at the breaking up of the Duchess of Richmond's drawing-room.

'Tis true, some very cogent and plausible reasons were suggested to Sir William, pending the negotiation, by a lady of excellent judgment, and what was termed in Dublin "masculine understanding." This lady had great weight with his lordship. "You know, my Lord Mayor," said she, sententiously, "you are now nine or ten pegs (at the lowest computation) higher than you were as a common alderman, and a pronunciation that might

sound quite in unison with 'sheriff's peer,' would be mere discord in the politer mouths of your new equals."

"Ah! what would Jekey Poole say to all this, if he were alive?" *thought* Sir William, but was silent.

"Consider, also,"—pursued the lady,—"consider that Stammer is a very common kind of word; nay, it is a mere verb of Dutch extraction (as that great man Doctor Johnson says), which signifies stuttering; and to articulate which, there is a graceless double chopping of the under jaw— as if a person was taking a bite out of something:—try now, try, Stammer—Stammer!"

"Egad, it's—it's very true," said Sir William, "I—I never remarked that before."

"But," resumed the lady with the masculine understanding, "the word Steemer, on the contrary, has a soft, bland, liquid sound, perfectly adapted to genteel table-talk. To pronounce Steemer, you will perceive, Sir William, there is a slight tendency to a lisp: the tip of the tongue presses gently against the upper gums, and a nice extension of the lips, approaching toward a smile, gives an agreeable sensation, as well as a polite complacency of countenance to the addresser.—Now, try!"

Sir William lisped and capitulated, on express condition—first, that the old County Clare tone of Stammer, in its natural length and breadth, should be preserved when the name was used by or to the Corporation of Dublin."

"Granted," said the lady with the masculine understanding.

"Secondly, amongst the aldermen of Skinners' Alley."

"Granted."

"Thirdly, in the Court of Conscience."

"Granted."

"Fourthly, in my own counting-house."

"Granted—according to the rank of the visitor."

"Fifthly, as to all my *country* acquaintance."

"Granted, with the exception of such as hold any offices, or get into good company."

The articles were arranged, and the treaty took effect that very evening.

Sir William, no doubt, acquired one distinction hereby, which he never foresaw. Several other aldermen of Dublin city have been since converted into baronets of the United Kingdom, but not one of them has been able to alter a single syllable in his name, or to make it sound even a semitone more *genteel* than when it belonged to a common-place alderman. There was no lack of jesting, however, on those occasions. A city punster, I think it was a gentleman called, by the Common Council, Gobbio, waggishly said, "That the Corporation of Dublin must be a set of incorrigible Tories, inasmuch as they never have a feast without *King James** being placed at the head of their table."

It is said that this joke was first cracked at the Castle of Dublin by a gentleman of the long robe, and that Mr. Gobbio gave one of the footmen (who attended and *took notes*) half-a-guinea for it. Though a digression, I cannot avoid observing that I hear, from good authority, there are yet some few wits surviving in Dublin; and it is whispered that the butlers and footmen in genteel families (*vails* having been mostly abolished since the Union) pick up, by way of substitute, much ready money by taking notes of the "*good things*" they hear said by the lawyers at their masters' dinner-parties, and selling them to aldermen, candidates for the sheriffry, and city humourists, wherewith to embellish their conversation and occasionally their speeches. Puns are said to sell the best, they being more handy to a corporator, who has no great vocabulary of his own. Puns are of easy comprehension; one word brings on another, and answers for two meanings, like killing two birds with one stone, and they seem much more natural to the memory of a common councilman than wit or anything classical—which Alderman Jekey Poole used to swear was only the d—d *garbage* (gibberish) of schoolmasters.

* Two Dublin aldermen, lately made baronets; one by his Majesty on his landing in Ireland (Alderman King); and the other by the Marquess of Wellesley on *his* debarkation (Alderman James), being the first public functionary he met. The Marquess would fain have *knighted* him; but, being taken by surprise, he conferred the same honour which Aldermen Stammer and King had previously received.

There are now four baronets amongst that hard-going corporation.

Had the Jubilee concern ended here, all would have been smooth and square;—but, as events in families seldom come alone, Providence had decreed a still more severe trial for Sir William *Steemer*—because one or a more important character, and requiring a more prompt as well as expensive decision.

Soon after the luxurious celebration of the Jubilee throughout the three united kingdoms (except among such of the Irish as happened to have nothing in their houses to eat or drink, let their loyalty be ever so greedy), I chanced to call at the Mansion House on official business; and Sir William, always hospitable and good-natured, insisted on my staying to taste (in a family way) some "*glorious turtle*" he had just got over from the London Tavern, and a bottle of what he called "old Lafitte with the red nightcap," which, he said, he had been long preserving wherewith to *suckle* his Excellency the Duke of Richmond.

I accepted his invitation: we had most excellent cheer, and were busily employed in praising the vintage of 1790, when a sealed packet, like a government despatch, was brought in by the baronet's old porter. We all thought it was something of consequence, when Sir William impatiently breaking the seal, out started a very beautiful painting on parchment or vellum, gilded and garnished with ultramarine, carmine, lapis calimina-ris, and all the most costly colours.

"Heyday!" said Sir William, staring; "what the deuce have we here? Hollo! Christopher—Kit—I say Kit—who—who—or where the devil did this come from?"

"By my sowl, my lord," replied Christopher, "I dunnough who that same man was that fetched it; but he was neat an' clean, and had good apparel on his body, though it was not a livery like mine, my lord."

"Did—did—he say nothing, Kit?" said Sir William, surprised.

"Oh yes, plenty my lord; he desired me on my peril to give the thing safe and sound to your lordship's own self. He swore like any trooper, that it was as good as a ten thousand pound bank of Ireland note in your pocket any how. So I curdled up

at that word, my lord; I towld him plain and plump he need not talk about peril to me; that I was nothing else but an honest sarvant; and if the said thing was worth *fifty* pounds in *ready money* it would be as safe as a diamond stone with me, my lord."

"And was that all, Christopher?" said Sir William.

"Oh no, my lord," replied Kit, "the man grinned at me all as one as a monkey, and said that, maybe, I'd be a master myself one of these days. 'By my sowl, maybe so, sir,' says I; 'many a worse man arrived at being an attorney since I came into service;' and at the word, my lord, the said man held his hand quite natural, as if he'd fain get something into it for his trouble; but the devil a cross I had in my fob, my lord, so I turned my fob inside out to show I was no liar, and he bowed very civilly and went out of the street-door, laughing that the whole street could hear him; though I could swear by all the books in your lordship's office that he had nothing to laugh at; and that's all I had act or part in it, my lord."

Sir William now seemed a little puzzled, desired Christopher to be gone, and throwing the painting on the table, said, "I didn't want any arms or crests. I had very good ones of my own, and I don't understand this matter at all. My family had plenty of arms and crests since King William came over the water."

"So have mine—a very nice lion rampant of their own, my lord," said her ladyship, as excellent a woman as could be: "I'm of the Rawins's," continued she, "and they have put me into your arms, Sir William:—look!"

"Oh that is all as it should be, my dear," said his lordship, who was a very tender husband. But regarding it more closely, her ladyship's colour, as she looked over his shoulder, mantled a few shades higher than its natural roseate hue, and she seemed obviously discontented.

"I tell you, Sir William," said she, "it is a malicious insult; and if you were out of the mayoralty, or my boy, Lovelace Steemer, had arrived at full maturity, I have no doubt the

person who sent this would be made a proper example of. I hope you feel it, Sir William."

"Feel!—feel what, my love?" said Sir William, calmly, he being not only a courteous, but a most peaceful citizen. "Don't be precipitate, my darling!—let us see—let us see."

"See!" said her ladyship, still more hurt; "ay, see with your own eyes!" pointing to the *insult;* "the fellow that painted that (whoever he is) has placed a pair of enormous horns just over your head, Sir William!—a gross insult, Sir William—to me, Sir William—indeed to both of us."

I was much amused, and could not help observing, "that the horns were certainly enormous horns, to be sure; but as the joke must be intended against Sir William himself—not her ladyship—I hope—" said I.

"No, no, Sir Jonah," said the lady interrupting me.

"I see now," said Sir William, looking at the bottom, "this comes from Ulster."

"Read on, Sir William," said I, "read on."

"Ay, Ulster king-at-arms; and who the deuce is *Ulster king-at-arms?*"

"I suppose," said I, "some blood relation to the Escheator of Munster, and—"

"And who—who the d—l is the *Escheator of Munster?*" said Sir William (who had never vacated a seat in the Irish Parliament).

"He is of the same family as the Chiltern Hundreds," quoth I.

"Chiltern Hundreds! Chiltern Hundreds! By Jove, they must be an odd family altogether," said the Lord Mayor, still more puzzled, his lady sitting quite silent, being now altogether out of her depth,—till a small letter, to that moment overlooked, was taken up and read by the Lord Mayor, and was found to be connected with a bill furnished, and wanting nothing but a receipt in full to make it perfect. The countenance of Sir William now became less placid. It proved to be a very proper and fair intimation from his Majesty's herald-at-arms, to the effect that, as the baronetcy originated with the Jubilee, and was

granted in honour of King George the Third having ruled half-a-century, an amplification of the new baronet's heraldry by an additional horn, motto, ribbon, etc., was only a just tribute to his Majesty's longevity! and, in truth, so properly and professionally was the case stated, that Ulster's clear opinion may be inferred that every family in the empire might, in honour and loyalty, take a pair of horns, motto, and ribbon, as well as Sir William, if they thought proper so to do, and on the same terms.

How the matter was finally arranged, I know not; but the arms came out well emblazoned and duly surmounted by a more moderate and comely pair of horns; and Sir William, in regular season, retired from office with due *éclat*, and in all points vastly bettered by his year of government. Though he retired, like Cincinnatus—but not to the plough—Sir William re-assumed his less arduous duties of committing rogues to Newgate—long corks to Château Margaux—light loaves to the four Marshalsea Courts—and pronouncing thirteen-penny decrees in the Court of Conscience: every one of which occupations he performed correctly and zealously, to the entire satisfaction of the nobility, clergy, gentry, and public at large, in the metropolis of Ireland.

An incident appertaining to the same body, but with a termination by no means similar, occurred a few years afterwards, which, among other matters, contributes to show what different sort of things the Irish at different times rejoice in. In 1809 they rejoiced in full jubilee on the memorable event of his Majesty King George the Third having entered the fiftieth year of his reign, without ever paying one visit to, or taking the least notice of, his loyal Corporation of Dublin: and after he was dead (*de facto*, for the King never dies *de jure*), they celebrated another jubilee on account of his Majesty George the Fourth honouring them with a visit *the very earliest opportunity*. This was the first time any king of England had come to Ireland, except to cut the throats of its inhabitants; and his present Majesty having most graciously crossed over to sow peace and tranquillity among them, if possible, and to do them any and every kindness which they would *submit to*, it was not wonder-

ful each man in Ireland hailed the event as forming a most auspicious commencement of his Majesty's reign, not only over his subjects at large, but, in particular, over that glorious, pious, immortal, and uproarious body, the Corporation of Dublin city. Events have proved how ungratefully his Majesty's beneficent intentions have been requited.

His Majesty having arrived at the Hill of Howth, to the universal joy of the Irish people, was received with unexampled cordiality, and in due form, by the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, on the very field of battle where O'Brien Borun had formerly acquired undying fame by cutting the Danes into slices (an operation which we have since repeated on them at Copenhagen, though with different instruments). That Right Honourable Lord Mayor was Sir Abraham Bradley King, then one of the best-looking aldermen in Europe. On this occasion he obtained, not military honour, but, on the other hand, a more tranquil one than the said King O'Brien Borun ever arrived at; —he was actually *imperialised* as a baronet in very superior style to his brother corporator *Steemer* on the loyal demi-century occasion.

I have since heard that an effort was made somewhat to transform the armorial bearings of the Bradley King family, also, in commemoration of this auspicious event; and that it was intended to give him, as an addition to his crest, Sir John Skinner's steam-packet, out of which his Majesty had landed just previous to bestowing the baronetcy on Sir Abraham. Here the city punsters began again with their vulgar insinuations; and, omitting the word *packet*, gave out that Alderman King wanted to put Alderman *Steemer* as a supporter to his arms, instead of a griffin rampant or unicorn, as customary on these occasions; but this vile play upon words Sir Abraham peremptorily and properly checked with the same constitutional firmness and success wherewith he had previously refused to "tell tales out of school" about the Orangemen to the House of Commons.*

* This was the first instance I recollect of pertinacity conquering privilege.

On this occasion, Sir Abraham proudly and virtuously declared that all the heralds in Europe should never *ravish* him as they had done his brother Steemer; and that if any alteration was to be made in his shield by Ulster-at-arms, or any Ulster in Europe, he would permit nothing but an emblematic crown to be introduced therein, in honour and commemoration of his sovereign; and though our national poet, Mr. Thomas Moore, and Sir Abraham, never coalesced upon any point whatsoever (except the consumption of paper), yet on this conciliatory occasion, Sir Abraham declared his willingness to forgive and forget the religion and politics of the poet for eight-and-forty hours. This was as it should be; and a crown, with a posy or nosegay in its neighbourhood (instead of a cut and thrust) are accordingly embodied in the armorial bearings of Sir Abraham, the cruel idea of a bloody hand being now softened down and qualified by the bouquet which adorns it.

Again the indefatigable corporation wags, who could let nothing pass, began their jocularities: the worthy Baronet's name being *King*, and the shield having a *crown* in it, the common council began to hob-nob him as *Your Majesty*, or the *Crown Prince*, or such like. But Sir Abraham had been an officer in the King's service, and being a spirited fellow to boot, he declared open and personal hostility against all low and evil-minded corporate punsters. These *titles* were therefore relinquished; and the whole affair ended, to the real satisfaction of every staunch Protestant patriot from Bray to Balbiggen, and as far westward as the College of Maynooth, where I understand the rejoicings terminated—for Sir Abraham found the road *too bad* to travel any farther.

Having endeavoured somewhat to divert the reader's criticism on my pedigree blunder, I have, in compliance with the wish of the ablest, wisest, and steadiest public personages of Great Britain, reopened my old trunks, and made a further attempt at amusing myself and other folks; and at depicting, by authentic anecdotes, the various and extraordinary habits and propensities of the Irish people, with their gradual changes of national character for the

last fifty or sixty years—which (to my grief I say it) will be the work, not of a *novelist*, but a *contemporary*. I fancy there are very few of those who flourished so long ago, who could procure pen, ink, and paper, either for love or money, where they sojourn at present; and of those who still inhabit the same world with the stationers, some have lost one-half of their faculties, at least, and scarce any among the remainder possess sufficient energy to retrace by description the events that took place during a long, and perhaps active career. I shall take Time by the forelock; and, ere the candle goes out, draw as many Sketches of my past day as I may have time to record, before I wish the present generation a good morning—which adieu cannot now be long long distant:—*tant pis!*

DANGERS OF REFLECTION.

THE most extraordinary instance I recollect of a sudden affection of the mind being fatal to the body was presented by an old acquaintance of mine, Counsellor Conaghty, a gentleman of the Irish bar, who pined and died in consequence of an unexpected view of his own person; but by no means upon the same principle as Narcissus.

Mr. Conaghty was a barrister of about six feet two inches in length; his breadth was about three feet across the shoulders; his hands splay, with arms in full proportion to the rest of his members. He possessed, indeed, a set of limbs that would not have disgraced a sucking elephant; and his body appeared slit up two-thirds of its length, as if Nature had originally intended (which is not very improbable) to have made twins of him; but finding his *brains* would not answer for *two*, relinquished her design. His complexion, not a disagreeable fawn-colour, was spotted by two good black eyes, well intrenched in his head, and guarded by a thick *chevaux de frise* of curly eyebrows. His mouth, which did not certainly extend, like a john-dory's, from ear to ear, was yet of sufficient width to disclose between thirty and forty long, strong, whitish tusks, the various heights and distances whereof gave a pleasing variety to that feature. Though his *tall* countenance was terminated by a chin which might, upon a pinch, have had an interview with his stomach, still there was quite enough of him between the chin and waistband to admit space for a waistcoat, without the least difficulty.

Conaghty, in point of disposition, was a quiet, well-tempered, and, I believe, totally irreproachable person. He was not unacquainted with the superficies of law, nor was he without professional business. Nobody, in fact, disliked him, and he

disliked nobody. In national idiom and Emerald brogue he unquestionably excelled (save one) all his contemporaries. Dialogues sometimes occurred in Court between him and Lord Avonmore, the Chief Baron, which were truly ludicrous.

The most unfortunate thing, however, about poor Conaghty, was his utter contempt for what fastidious folks call *dress*. As he scorned both garters and suspenders, his stockings and small-clothes enjoyed the full blessings of liberty. A well-twisted cravat, as if it feared to be mistaken for a cord, kept a most respectful distance from his honest throat—upon which the neighbouring beard flourished in full crops, to fill up the interstice. His rusty black coat, well trimmed with peeping button-moulds, left him, altogether, one of the most tremendous figures I ever saw, of his own profession.

At length it pleased the Counsellor, or Old Nick on his behalf, to look out for a wife; and, as dreams go by contraries, so Conaghty's perverse vision of matrimonial happiness induced him to select a *sposa* very excellent internally, but in her exterior as much the reverse of himself as any two of the same species could be.

Madam Conaghty was (and I dare say still is) a neat, pretty, dressy little person; her head reached nearly up to her spouse's hip, and if he had stood wide to let her pass, she might (without much stooping) have walked under him as through a triumphal arch.

He was quite delighted with his captivating fairy, and she equally so with her good-natured giant. Nothing could promise better for twenty or thirty years of honeymoons, when an extraordinary and most unexpected fatality demonstrated the uncertainty of all sublunary enjoyments, and might teach ladies who have lost their beauty the dangers of a looking-glass.

The Counsellor had taken a small house, and desired his dear little Mary to furnish it to her own dear little taste. This, as new-married ladies usually do, she set about with the greatest zeal and assiduity. She had a proper taste for things in general, and was besides extremely anxious to make her giant somewhat

smarter; and, as he had seldom in his life had any intercourse with looking-glasses larger than necessary just to reflect his chin whilst shaving, she determined to place a grand *mirror* in her little drawing-room, extensive enough to exhibit the Counsellor to himself from head to foot; and which, by reflecting his loose, shabby habiliments, and tremendous contour, might induce him to trim himself up.

This plan was extremely promising in the eyes of little Mary; and she had no doubt it would be entirely consonant with her husband's own desire of Mrs. Conaghty's little drawing-room being the nicest in the neighbourhood. She accordingly purchased, in Great George Street, at a very large price, a looking-glass of sufficing dimensions, and it was a far larger one than the Counsellor had ever before noticed.

When this fatal reflector was brought home, it was placed leaning against the wall in the still unfurnished drawing-room, and the lady, having determined at once to surprise and reform her dear giant, did not tell him of the circumstance. The ill-fated Counsellor, wandering about his new house—as people often do toward the close of the evening—that interregnum between sun, moon, and candlelight, when shadows are deep and figures seemed lengthened—suddenly entered the room where the glass was deposited. Unconscious of the presence of the immense reflector, he beheld, in the gloom, a monstrous and frightful Caliban—wild, loose, and shaggy—standing close and direct before him; and, as he raised his own gigantic arms in a paroxysm of involuntary horror, the goblin exactly followed his example, lifting its tremendous fists, as if with a fixed determination to fell the Counsellor, and extinguish him for ever.

Conaghty's imagination was excited to its utmost pitch. Though the spectre appeared larger than any d—l on authentic record, he had no doubt it was a genuine demon sent express to destroy his happiness and carry him to Belzebub. As his apprehensions augmented, his pores sent out their icy perspiration; he tottered—the fiend too was in motion! his hair bristled up, as it were like pikes to defend his head. At length his blood

recoiled, his eyes grew dim, his pulse ceased, his long limbs quivered—failed; and down came poor Conaghty with a loud shriek and a tremendous crash. His beloved bride, running up alarmed by the noise, found the Counsellor as inanimate as the boards he lay on. A surgeon was sent for, and phlebotomy was resorted to as for *apoplexy*, which the seizure was pronounced to be. His head was shaved; and by the time he revived a little, he had three extensive blisters and a cataplasm preparing their stings for him.

It was two days before he recovered sufficiently to tell his Mary of the horrid spectre that had assailed him, for he really thought he had been felled to the ground by a blow from the goblin. Nothing, indeed, could ever persuade him to the contrary, and he grew quite delirious.

His reason returned slowly and scantily; and when assured it was only a *looking-glass* that was the cause of his terror, the assurance did not alter his belief. He pertinaciously maintained that this was only a kind story invented to tranquillise him. "Oh, my dearest Mary!" said poor Conaghty, "I'm gone!—my day is come—I'm called away for ever. Oh! had you seen the frightful figure that struck me down, you could not have survived it one hour! Yet, why should I fear the d—l? I'm not wicked, Mary! No, I'm not *very* wicked!"

A thorough Irish servant—an old fellow whom the Counsellor had brought from Connaught, and who, *of course*, was well acquainted with supernatural appearances, and had not himself seen the fatal mirror—discovered, as he thought, the real cause of the goblin's visit, which he communicated to his mistress with great solemnity, as she afterwards related.

"Mistress," said the faithful Dennis Brophy, "mistress, it was all a *mistake*. By all the books in the master's study, I'd swear it was only a mistake! What harm did ever my master do nobody? and what would bring a d—l overhauling a Counsellor that did no harm? What say could he have to my master?"

"Don't tease me, Dennis," said the unhappy Mary; "go along!—go!"

"I'll tell you, mistress," said he, "it was a d—l sure enough that was in it!"

"Hush! nonsense!" said his mistress.

"By J—s! it *was* the d—l, or one of his gossoons," persisted Dennis; "but he mistook the house, mistress, and that's the truth of it!"

"What do you mean?" said *the mistress.*

"Why, I mane that you know Mr. —— lives on one side of us, and Mr. —— lives at the other side, and they are both *attorneys,* and the people say they'll both go to *him;* and so the d—l, or his gossoon, mistook the door; and you see he went off again when he found it was my master that was *in it,* and not an attorney, mistress."

All efforts to convince Conaghty he was mistaken were vain. The illusion could not be removed from his mind; he had received a shock which affected his whole frame. A constipation of the intestines took place, and in three weeks the poor fellow manifested the effects of groundless horror in a way which every one regretted.

FORMER STATE OF MEDICINE IN IRELAND.

DOCTOR SIR CHARLES MORGAN has given us, at the conclusion of his lady's excellent work, *Italy*, the state of "medicine" in that country. Our old cookery books, in like manner, after exquisite receipts for all kinds of dainties, to suit every appetite, generally finished a luxurious volume with *remedies* for the "bite of a mad dog—for scald heads—ague—burns—St. Anthony's fire—St. Vitus's dance—the toothache," etc. etc. Now, though the Doctor certainly did not take the cooks by way of precedent, that is no reason why I should not indulge my whim by citing both examples, and garnishing this volume with "the state of medicine in Ireland" fifty years ago.

I do not, however, mean to depreciate the state of medicine in these days of "new lights" and novelties, when old drugs and poisons are *nicknamed*, and every recipe is a rebus to an old apothecary. Each son of Galen now strikes out his own system, composes his own syllabus, and *finishes* his patients according to his own proper fancy. When a man dies after a consultation (which is generally the case, the thing being often decided by *experiment*) there is no particular necessity for any explanation to widows, legatees, or heirs-at-law; the death alone of any testator being a sufficient apology to his nearest and dearest relatives for the failure of a consultation—that is, if the patient left sufficient property behind him.

My state of Irish medicine, therefore, relates to those "once on a time" days, when sons lamented their fathers,* and wives

* In these times it may not, perhaps, be fully credited, when I tell that four of my father's sons carried his body *themselves* to the grave; that his eldest son was in a state bordering on actual distraction at his death; and in the enthusiastic paroxysms of affection which we all felt for our beloved parent at that cruel separation, I do even now firmly believe there was not one of us who would

could weep over expiring husbands; when every root and branch of an ancient family became as black as rooks for the death of a blood relation, though of almost incalculable removal. In those times the medical old woman and the surgeon-farrier, the bone-setter and the bleeder, were by no means considered contemptible practitioners among the Christian population, who, in common with the dumb beasts, experienced the advantages of their miscellaneous practice.

An anatomical theatre being appended to the University of Dublin, whenever I heard of a *fresh* subject, or a remarkable corpse, being obtained for dissection, I frequently attended the lectures, and many were the beauteous women and fine young fellows then carved into scraps and joints *pro bono publico*. I thereby obtained a smattering of information respecting our corporeal clockwork; and having, for amusement, skimmed over *Cullen's First Lines, Every Man his Own Doctor, Bishop Berkeley on Tar Water,* and *Sawny Cunningham on the Virtues of Fasting Spittle,* I almost fancied myself qualified for a diploma. A Welsh aunt of mine, also, having married Doctor Burdet, who had been surgeon of the "Wasp" sloop of war, and remarkable for leaving the best stumps of any naval practitioner, he explained to me the use of his various instruments for tapping, trepanning, raising the shoulder-blades, etc. etc.; but, when I had been a short time at my father's in the country, I found that the farriers and old women performed, either on man or beast, twenty cures for one achieved by the doctors and apothecaries. I had great amusement in conversing with these people, and perceived some reason in their arguments.

As to the farriers, I reflected that as man is only a mechanical animal, and a horse one of the same description, there was no reason why a drug that was good for a pampered gelding might not also be good for the hard-goer mounted on him. In truth I have seen instances where, in point both of intellect and

not, on the impulse of the moment, have sprung into and supplanted him in his grave, to have restored him to animation. But we were all a family of nature and of heart, and decided enemies to worldly objects.—(*Author's note.*)

endurance, there was but very little distinction between the animals, save that the beverage of the one was *water*, and that of the other was *punch;* and, in point of *quantity*, there was no great difference between them in this matter either.

At that time there was seldom more than one regular doctor in a circuit of twenty miles, and a farrier never came to physic a gentleman's horse that some boxes of pills were not deducted from his balls, for the general use of the ladies and gentlemen of the family, and usually succeeded vastly better than those of the apothecary.

The class of old women called colloughs were then held in the highest estimation, as understanding the cure (that is, if God pleased) of all disorders. Their *materia medica* did not consist of gums, resins, minerals, and hot iron, as the farriers' did, but of leaves of bushes, bark of trees, *weeds* from *churchyards*, and mushrooms from *fairy grounds;* rue, garlic, rosemary, birds' nests, foxglove, etc. In desperate cases they sometimes found it advisable to put a *charm* into the bolus or stoop, and then it was sure to be "firm and good." I never could find out what the charms of either were. They said they should die themselves if they disclosed them to anybody. No collough ever could be a *doctor* whilst she had one tooth remaining in her head, as the remedy was always reduced to a pulp or paste by her own mumbling of its materials, and the contact of an old grinder would destroy the purity of the charms and simples, and leave the cure, they would say, no better than a farrier's.

Our old collough, Jug Coyle, as she sat in a corner of the hob, by the great long turf fire in the kitchen, exactly in the position of the Indian squaws, munching and mumbling for use an apronful of her morning's gatherings in the fields, used to talk at intervals very *sensibly* of her art. "Ough, then, my dear sowl" (said she one evening), "what would the poor Irishers have done in owld times but for their colloughs? Such brutes as you," continued she (looking at Butler, the farrier of the family, who was seated fast asleep on a bench at the opposite end of the hearth); "'tis you, and the likes of you—a curse on

you root and branch—that starved the colloughs by giving your poisons to both cows and quality! Sure it's the farriers' and pothecaries' drugs that kills all the people; ay, and the horses and cattle too!" And she shook her claw-like fist at the unconscious farrier.

"Jug Coyle," said I, "why are you so angry?"

Jug: "Sure it's not for myself, it's for my calling," said she. "A thousand years before the round towers were built (and nobody can tell *that* time) the colloughs were greater nor any lady in the country. We had plenty of charms in those days, Master Jonah, till the farriers came—bad luck to the race! Ough! may the curse of Crummell light on yees all, breed, seed, and generation, Larry Butler! not forgetting Ned Morrisy of Clapook, the villanous cow-doctor, that takes the good from the colloughs likewise, and all"——

Here Jug Coyle stopped short, as the farrier opened his eyes, and she knew well that if Larry Butler had a sup in, he would as soon beat an old woman as anybody else. She therefore resumed munching her herbs, but was totally silenced.

Larry Butler was one of the oldest and most indispensable *attachés* of our family. Though nobody remembered him a *boy*, he was as handy, as fresh, and as *rational*—perhaps more so—than half-a-century before. Short, broad, and bow-legged, bone and muscle kept his body together, for flesh was absent. His face, once extremely handsome, still retained its youthful colouring, though broken and divided; his sharp eye began to exhibit the dimness of age; the long white hair had deserted his high forehead, but fell, in no scanty locks, down each side of his animated countenance. He is before my eye at this moment; too interesting, and at the same time odd a figure, ever to be forgotten.

I had a great respect for old Butler; he was very passionate, but universally licensed. He could walk any distance, and always carried in his hand a massive firing-iron. I have thus particularly described the old man, as being one of the most curious characters of his class I ever met in Ireland.

Larry soon showed signs of relapsing into slumber; but Jug, fearing it was a *fox's sleep* (an old trick of his), did not recommence her philippic on the farriers, but went on in her simple praise of the collough practice. "Sure," said she, "God never sent any disorder into a country that he did not likewise send something to cure it with."

"Why, certainly, Jug," said I, "it would be rather bad treatment if we had no cures in the country."

"Ough! that saying is like your dear father," said she, "and your grandfather before you, and your great-grandfather who was before him agin. Moreover," pursued Jug, "God planted our cures in the fields because there was no pothecaries."

"Very true, Jug," said I.

"Well, then, Master Jonah," resumed she, "if God or the Virgin, and I'm sure I can't say which of them planted the cures, sure they must have made people who knew how to pick them up in the fields, or what good is their growing there?"

"There's no gainsaying that, Jug," gravely observed I.

"Well then, it was to the colloughs, sure enough, God gave the knowledge of picking the cures up, because he knew well that they were owld and helpless, and that it would be a charity to employ them. When once they learned the herbs, they were welcome everywhere; and there was not *one* man died in his bed (the people say) in old times for *twenty* now-a-days."

"Of that there is no doubt, Jug," said I, "though there may be other reasons for it."

"Ough! God bless you agin, avourneen! any how," said Jug. "Well, then, they say it was Crummell and his troopers, bad luck to their sowls, the murdering villains! that brought the first farriers (and no better luck to *them!*) to Ireland, and the colloughs were kilt with the hunger. The craters, as the owld people tell, ate grass like the beasts when the cows were all kilt by the troopers and farriers—avourneen, avourneen!"

Modern practitioners will perceive, by these two specimens of our ancient *doctors*, that the state of medicine in Ireland was totally different from that in Italy. Surgery being likewise a

branch of the healing art, no doubt also differed in the two countries in a similar degree. I shall therefore give a few *instances* of both medico-surgical and surgico-medical practice fifty years ago in Ireland; and if my talented friend Lady Morgan will be so good as to inquire, she will find that, though she has left medicine so entirely to her lord, she may get an admirable *doctor* or two to introduce into her next Irish *imaginations*—which I hope will be soon forthcoming—certainly not sooner than agreeable and welcome.

I must here notice a revolution—namely, that of late, since farriers have got a "step in the peerage," and are made commissioned officers in the army, they think it proper to refine their pharmacopœia so as to render it more congenial to their new rank and station, and some horses are now not only theoretically but practically placed on more than a level with the persons who mount them.

The practice of horse-medicine is indeed so completely revolutionised, that gas, steam, and the chemistry of Sir Humphrey Davy, are resorted to for the morbid affections of that animal in common with those of a nobleman. The horse, now, regularly takes his hot-bath like my lord and lady, James's powders, refined liquorice, musk, calomel, and laudanum, with the most "elegant extracts" and delicate infusions. As if *Gulliver* were a prophet, he literally described, in the reign of Queen Anne, both the *English horse* and the *Irish peasant* as they exist at the present moment. If the lodging, clothing, cleaning, food, medicine, and attendance of the modern Hoynhymm, be contrasted with the pig-sty, rags, filth, neglect, and hunger of the Yahoo, it must convince any honest neutral that Swift (that greatest of Irishmen) did not overcharge his satire. The sum lavished upon the care of one Hoynhymm for *a single day*, with little or nothing to do, is more (exclusive of the farrier) than is now paid to five Irish Yahoos for *twelve hours'* hard labour, with to feed, clothe, lodge, and nourish *themselves*, and probably five wives and twenty or thirty children, for the same period, into the bargain.

A few very curious cases may elucidate our ancient practice of cure—a practice, I believe, never even heard of in any other part of Europe. The bite of a mad dog was to the Irish peasantry of all things the most puzzling and terrific; and I am sure I can scarcely guess what Doctor Morgan will think of my veracity when I state the two modes by which that horrible mania was neutralised or finally put an end to.

When the bite of a dog took place, every effort was made to kill the beast, and if they succeeded, it was never inquired whether he actually *was*, or (as the colloughs used to say) *pretended to be*, mad. His liver was immediately taken out, dried by the fire till quite hard, then reduced to powder, and given in frequent dozes, with a draught of holy or blessed water, to the patient for seven days. If it happened that the saliva did not penetrate the sufferer's clothes, or if the dog was *not* actually mad, it was then considered that the patient was *cured* by drinking the dog's liver and holy water. And if it so happened that the bite set him barking, then the priest and farrier told them it was the will of God that he should bark, and they were contented either to let him die at his leisure, or send him to heaven a little sooner than was absolutely necessary.

The herbs of the colloughs were sometimes successfully resorted to. Whether accidental or actual preventives or antidotes, it is not easy to determine. But when I detail the ulterior remedy to cure the hydrophobia in Ireland, or at least to render it *perfectly innoxious*, I am well aware that I shall stand a good chance of being honoured by the periodicals with the appellation of a "bouncer," as on occasion of the former volumes; but the ensuing case, as I can personally vouch for the fact, I may surely give with tolerable confidence.

KILLING WITH KINDNESS.

SUCH a dread had the Irish of the bite of a mad dog, that they did not regard it as murder, but absolutely as a legal and meritorious act, to smother any person who had arrived at an advanced stage of hydrophobia. If he made a noise similar to barking, his hour of suffocation was seldom protracted.

In this mode of administering the *remedy*, it was sometimes difficult to procure proper instruments; for they conceived that *by law* the patient should be smothered between two *feather*-beds—one being laid cleverly over him, and a sufficient number of the neighbours lying on it till he was "out of danger."

The only instance I am able to state from my own knowledge occurred about the year 1781. Thomas Palmer of Rushhall, in Queen's County, was then my father's land-agent, and at the same time a very active and intelligent magistrate of that county. He was, *gratis*, an oracle, lawyer, poet; horse, cow, dog, and man doctor; farmer, architect, brewer, surveyor, and magistrate of all work. He was friendly and good-natured, and possessed one of those remarkable figures now so rarely to be seen in society. I feel I am, as usual, digressing; however, be the digression what it may, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of depicting my old friend, and endeavouring to render him as palpable to the vision of my reader as he is at this moment to my own.

Palmer was one of that race of giants for which the rich and extensive barony of Ossory, in Queen's County, now the estate of the Duke of Buckingham, was then and had long been celebrated. His height was esteemed the *middle* height in that

county—namely, about six feet two inches; he was bulky without being fat, and strong, though not very muscular. He was, like many other giants, *split up* too much, and his long dangling limbs appeared still longer from their clothing, which was invariably the same:—a pair of strong buckskin breeches, never *very* greasy, but never free from grease; half jack-boots; massive long silver spurs, either of his own or of somebody's grandfather's; a scarlet waistcoat with long skirts; and a coat with "*all the cloth* in it." These habiliments rendered him altogether a singular but not other than respectable figure. His visage made amends for both his *outré* boots and breeches; it was as well calculated as could be for a kind-hearted, good-humoured, convivial old man. His queue wig, with a curl at each side, had his grizzle hair combed smoothly over the front of it; and he seldom troubled the powder-puff, but when he had got the "skins whitened," in order to "dine in good company." He was the *hardest-goer* either at kettle or screw (except Squire Flood of Roundwood) of the whole grand-jury, for whose use he made a new song every summer assize; and it was from him I heard the very unanswerable argument, "that if a man fills the bottom of his glass, there can be no good reason why he should not also fill the top of it; and if he empties the top of his glass, he certainly ought in common civility to pay the bottom the same compliment;"—no man ever more invariably exemplified his own theorem.

Thomas Palmer was hale and healthy; his fifty-seventh year had handed him over safe and sound to its next neighbour; his property was just sufficient (and no more) to gallop side by side with his hospitality. When at home, his boiler was seldom found bubbling without a corned round withinside it; and a gander or cock turkey frequently danced at the end of a string before the long turf fire. Ducks, hares, chickens, or smoked ham often adorned the sides of his table; whilst apple-dumplings in the centre and potatoes at cross corners completed a light snack for five or six seven-feet Ossoronians, who left no just reason to the old cook and a couple of ruddy ploughmen

(who attended as *butlers*) to congratulate themselves upon the *dainty* appetites of their masters, or the balance of nourishment left to liquidate the demand of their own stomachs. But, alas! those pleasurable specimens of solid fare have passed away for ever! As age advances, nature diminishes her weights and measures in our *consumption*, and our early *pounds* and Scotch *pints* (*two bottles*) are at length reduced to the miserable rations of *ounces* and *glassfuls*.

At this magistrate's *cottage*, which had as stout a roof to it as any mansion in the county, I once dined, about the year 1781, when the state of medicine in Ireland was exemplified in a way that neither Cullen, Darwin, Perceval, James, or any other learned doctor ever contemplated, and which I am convinced—had it been the practice in Italy—Doctor Morgan would not have passed over in total silence.

We had scarcely finished such a meal as I have particularised, and "got into the punch," when a crowd of men, women, and children came up to the door in great confusion, but respectfully took off their hats and bonnets, and asked humbly to speak to his worship.

Tom Palmer seemed to anticipate their business, and inquired at once "if Dan Dempsey of the Pike (turnpike) was in the same way still?"

"Ough! please your worship," cried out twenty voices together, "worse, your worship, worse nor ever; death's crawling upon him—he can't *stop*, and what's the use in leaving the poor boy in his pains any longer, your worship? We have got two good feather-beds at the Pike, and we want your worship's leave to smother Dan Dempsey, if your worship pleases."

"Ough, avourneen! he growls and barks like any mastiff dog, please your worship," cried a tremulous old woman, who seemed quite in terror.

"You lie, Nancy Bergin," said her older husband; "Dan Dempsey does *not* bark like a *mastiff*; it's for all the world like your worship's white lurcher, when she's after the rabbits, so it is!"

"He snapped three times at myself this morning," said another humane lady, "and the neighbours said it were all as one, almost, as biting me."

"Hush! hush!" said the magistrate, waving his hand; "any of you who can read and write come in here."

"Ough! there's plenty of that sort, please your worship," said Maurice Dowling, the old schoolmaster. "Sure it's not ignorance I'd be teaching my scholards every day these forty years, except Sundays and holidays, at the Pike. There's plenty of swearing scholards here any how, your worship."

"Come in, any three of you, then, who can clearly swear Dan Dempsey barks like a dog—no matter whether like a mastiff or a lurcher—and attempts to bite."

The selection was accordingly made, and the affidavit sworn, to the effect that Dan Dempsey had been bit by a mad dog; that he went mad himself, barked like any greyhound, and had no objection to bite whatever Christian came near him. Squire Palmer then directed them to go back to the Pike, and said they might smother Dan Dempsey if he barked any more in the morning; but told them to wait till then.

"Ah, then, at what hour, please your worship?" said Nan Bergin, accompanied by several other female voices, whose owners seemed rather impatient.

"Three hours after daybreak," said the magistrate; "but take care to send to Mr. Calcut, the coroner, to come and hold his inquest after Dan's smothered. Take care of that, at your peril."

"Never fear, please your worship;" said Ned Bergin.

They then gathered into a sort of consultation before the door, and bowing with the same respect as when they came, all set off to smother Dan Dempsey of Rushhall Turnpike.

The magistrate's instructions were accurately obeyed. Daniel barked, and was duly smothered between two feather-beds three hours after daybreak next morning, by the school-master's watch. Mr. Calcut came and held his coroner's inquest, who brought in their verdict that the said "Daniel Dempsey died *in consequence of a mad dog!*"

The matter was not at that day considered the least extraordinary, and was, in fact, never mentioned except in the course of common conversation, and as the subject of a paragraph in the *Leinster Journal.*

It is a singular circumstance that the termination of poor Palmer's life resulted from his consistency in strictly keeping his own aphorism which I have before mentioned. He dined at my father's lodge at Cullenagh; and having taken his *quantum sufficit,* as people who dined there generally did, became obstinate, which is frequently the consequence of being pot-valiant, and insisted on riding home twelve or thirteen miles in a dark night. He said he had a couple of songs to write for the high-sheriff, which Mr. Boyce from Waterford had promised to sing at the assizes, and that he always wrote best with a full stomach. It was thought that he fell asleep, and that his horse, supposing he had as much right to drink freely as his master, had quietly paid a visit to his accustomed watering-place, when, on the animal's stooping to drink, poor Palmer pitched over his head into the pond, wherein he was found next morning quite dead, though scarcely covered with water, and grasping the long branch of a tree as if he had been instinctively endeavouring to save himself, but had not strength, owing to the overpowering effect of the liquor. His horse had not stirred from his side. His loss was, to my father's affairs, irreparable.

It is very singular that nearly a similar death occurred to an attorney, who dined at my father's about a month afterward—old Allen Kelly of Portarlington, one of the most keen though cross-grained attorneys in all Europe. He came to Cullenagh to insist upon a settlement for some bills of costs he had dotted up against my father to the tune of fifty pounds. It being generally in those times more convenient to country gentlemen to pay by bond than by ready money, and always more agreeable to the attorney, because he was pretty sure of doubling his costs before the judgment was satisfied, Allen Kelly said that out of *friendship,* he'd take a *bond and warrant of attorney* for his fifty pounds, though it was not taxed, which he declared would only *increase*

it wonderfully. The bond and warrant, which he had ready filled up in his pocket, were duly executed, and both parties were pleased, my father to get rid of Allen Kelly, and Allen Kelly to get fifty pounds for the worth of ten. Of course he stayed to dine, put the bond carefully into his breeches-pocket, drank plenty of port and hot punch to keep him warm on his journey, mounted his nag, reached Portarlington, where he watered his nag (and *himself* into the bargain). Hot punch, however, is a bad balance-master, and so Allen fell over the nag's head, and the poor beast trotted home quite lonesome for want of his master. Next day Allen was found well bloated with the Barrow water; indeed, swollen to full double his usual circumference. In his pockets were found divers documents, which *had been* bonds, notes, and other securities, and which he had been collecting through the country; but, unfortunately for his administrators, the Barrow had taken pity on the debtors, and whilst Allen was reposing himself in the bed of that beautiful river, her naiads were employed in picking his pocket, and there was scarcely a bill, bond, note, or any acknowledgment, where the fresh ink had not yielded up its colouring; and neither the names, sums, dates, nor other written matters, of one out of ten, could be by any means deciphered. In truth, few of the debtors were very desirous on this occasion of turning *decipherers*, and my father's bond (among others) was from that day never even suggested to him by any representative of Allen Kelly, the famous attorney of Portarlington.

SKINNING A BLACK CHILD.

ANOTHER, and a not unpleasant, because not fatal, incident may serve to illustrate the "state of medicine and surgery," between forty and fifty years ago, in Ireland. It occurred near my brother's house at Castlewood, and the same Lieutenant Palmer of Dureen was a very interested party in it. The thing created great merriment among all the gossiping, tattling old folks, male and female, throughout the district.

The lieutenant, having been in America, had brought home a black lad as a servant, who resided in the house of Dureen with the family. It is one of the mysteries of nature, that infants sometimes come into this world marked and spotted in divers fantastical ways and places, a circumstance which the faculty, so far as they know anything about it, consider as the sympathetic effect either of external touch or ardent imagination; or, if neither of these be held for the cause, then they regard it as a sort of *lusus* with which Dame Nature occasionally surprises, and then (I suppose) laughs at the world, for marvelling at her capriciousness—a quality which she has, as satirists pretend, plentifully bestowed on the fairest part of the creation. Be this as it may, the incident I am about to mention is, in its way, unique; and whether the occasion of it proceeded from sympathy, fancy, or touch, or exhibited a regular *lusus naturæ*, never has been, and now never can be, unequivocally decided.

A sister of the lieutenant, successively a very good maiden, woman, and wife, had been married to one Mr. George Washington, of the neighbourhood, who, from his name, was supposed to be some distant blood-relation to the celebrated General Washington; and, as that distinguished individual had no children, all the old women and other wiseacres of Durrow, Ballyragget,

Ballyspellen, and Ballynakill, made up their minds that his Excellency, when dying, would leave a capital legacy in America to his blood-relation, Mr. George Washington of Dureen, in Ireland, who was accordingly advised—and, with the aid of the Rev. Mr. Hoskinson, clergyman of Durrow (father to the present Vice-Provost of Dublin University), he took the advice—to write a dignified letter to his Excellency, General George Washington of Virginia, President, etc. etc. etc., stating himself to have the honour of entertaining hopes that he should be enabled to show his Excellency, by an undeniable pedigree (when he could procure it), that he had a portion of the same blood as his Excellency's running in his humble veins. The letter went on to state that he had espoused the sister of a British officer who had the honour of being taken prisoner in America, and that he, the writer, having reasonable expectation of shortly fathering a young Mr. Washington, his Excellency's permission was humbly requested for the child to be named his god-son; till the receipt of which permission, the christening should be kept open by his most faithful servant and distant relation, etc.

This epistle was duly despatched to his Excellency, at Mount Vernon, in Virginia, and Mrs. George Washington, of Dureen, lost no time in performing her husband's promise. No joy ever exceeded that which seized on Mr. Washington when it was announced that his beloved wife had been taken ill, and was in excessive torture. The entire household, master included, were just seated at a comfortable and plentiful dinner; the first slices off the round or turkey were cut and tasted; some respectable old dames of the neighbourhood had just stepped in to congratulate the family on what would occur, and hear all that was going forward at this critical, cheerful, and happy moment of anticipation, when Mrs. Gregory (the *lady's doctor*), who was, in her own way, a very shrewd, humorous kind of body, and to whom most people in that country under thirty-five years of age had owed their existence, entered the apartment to announce the happy arrival of as fine a healthy little boy as could be, and that Mrs. Washington was as well, or indeed rather better, than might be

expected *under the circumstances.* A general cheer by the whole company followed, and bumpers of hot punch were drunk, with enthusiasm, to the success and future glory of the *young* General Washington.

Mrs. Gregory at length beckoned old Mrs. Palmer to the window with a mysterious air, and whispered something in her ear; on hearing which, Mrs. Palmer immediately fell flat on the floor, as if dead, the old dames hobbled off to her assistance, and Mrs. Gregory affected to feel strongly herself about something—ejaculating, loud enough to be generally heard, and with that sort of emphasis people use when they wish to persuade us they are praying in downright earnest, "God's will be done!"

"What about?" said the lieutenant, bristling up: "I suppose my mother has taken a glass too much; it is not the first time. She'll soon come round again, never fear. Don't be alarmed, my friends."

"God's will be done!" again exclaimed the oracular Mrs. Gregory.

"What's the matter? What is all this about?" grumbled the men. "Lord bless us! what can it be?" squalled the women.

"There cannot be a finer or stronger little boy in the 'varsal world," said Mrs. Gregory; "but, Lord help us!" continued she, unable longer to contain her overcharged grief, "it's—it's not so—so *white* as it should be!"

"Not white?" exclaimed every one of the company simultaneously.

"No—O Lord, no!" answered Mrs. Gregory, looking mournfully up to the ceiling in search of heaven. Then casting her eyes wistfully around the company, she added, "God's will be done! but the dear little boy is—is—quite *black!*"

"*Black! black!*" echoed from every quarter of the apartment.

"As black as your hat, if not *blacker,*" replied Mrs. Gregory.

"Oh! oh—h!" groaned Mr. Washington.

"Oh! oh—h!" responded Mrs. Gregory.

"Blood and ouns!" said the lieutenant.

"See how I am shaking," said the midwife, taking up a large glass of potteen and drinking it off to settle her nerves.

What passed afterward on that evening may be easily surmised; but the next day Mrs. Gregory, the *sage femme*, came into Castle Durrow to "prevent *mistakes*," and tell the affair to the neighbours in her own way; that is, partly in whispers, partly aloud, and partly by nods and winks, such as old ladies frequently use when they wish to divulge more than they like to speak openly.

Sufficient could be gathered, however, to demonstrate that young Master Washington had not one white, or even *grey* spot on his entire body, and that some *frizzled* hair was already beginning to show itself on his little pate; but that no nurse could be found who would give him a drop of nourishment, even were he famishing, all the women verily believing that, as Mrs. Washington was herself an unexceptionable wife, it must be a son of the devil by a dream, and nothing else than an imp. However, Mr. Hoskinson, the clergyman, soon contradicted this report by assuring the Protestants that the day for that sort of miracle had been for some centuries over, and that the infant was as fine, healthy, natural, and sprightly a little negro as ever came from the coast of Guinea.

Never was there such a buzz and hubbub in any neighbourhood as now took place in and about the town of Castle Durrow. Everybody began to *compute periods* and form conjectures; and though it was universally known that red wine, etc. etc., cast on the mamma often leaves marks upon children, yet censorious and incredulous people persisted in asserting that such marks only came in spots or splashes, when the person of a lady happened to be actually touched by the colouring matter; but that no child could be black, and *all* black, unless in a *natural* way. Among the lower orders, however, the thing was settled at once in the most plausible and popular manner, and sat down as downright witchcraft and nothing else; and

suspicion fell on old Betty Hogan of the Seven Sisters, near Ballyspellen, who was *known* to be a witch, and able to raise the devil at Hallow Eve, to turn smocks, and tell fortunes; and she was verily seen by more than one to go into the Cave of Dunmore with a coal-black cur dog (without tail or ears) after her the very night and minute Mrs. Washington was delivered of the devil; and nobody ever saw the cur dog before or since.

Mr. Washington and the lieutenant were, however, by no means at ease upon the subject of this freak of Nature, and were well warranted in their dissatisfaction, as at length all the old women agreed in believing that the black lad from America was nothing else but the devil disguised, who had followed the lieutenant as a servant-boy to gain over the family, and particularly Mrs. Washington, as Satan did Eve; and that he ought to be smothered by the priests, or at least transported out of the country, before he did any more mischief, or there would not be a white child in the whole barony the next season.

Lieutenant Palmer was of course high in blood for the honour of his sister, and Mr. Washington cock-a-hoop for the character of his wife; and so great was their ire, that it was really believed the black boy would have been put down a draw-well, as the people threatened, that being the approved method of getting rid of a devil whenever he showed his face in that part of the country. But as possibly Betty Hogan might be a better judge of him than themselves, they suspended the execution till they should bring the old witch and confront her and *the devil* together, when of course he would show his cloven foot, and they might both be put into the well, if they did not take every *taste* of the black off *Master Washington.*

The father and uncle decided more calmly and properly to lay the whole affair before a consultation of doctors, to know if it was not a regular *imagination mark,* whether a child might not be marked by mere fancy, without the marking material (such as grapes, currants, or the like) touching the mother; and lastly, why, as children in general are only partially marked,

this child was not *spotted* like others, but as black as ebony every inch of it.

All the doctors in the neighbourhood were called in to the consultation. Old Butler, the farrier (heretofore mentioned), came with all expedition to Dureen, and begged leave to give his opinion and offer his services, wishing to see Master Washington before the doctors arrived, as he had a secret for turning any skin ever so brown as white as milk!

On seeing Master Washington, however, he declared he was *too* black *entirely* for his medicines, or anybody else's. "The devil so black a crethur," says he, "ever I saw, except Cornet French's *Black and all Black*, that beat the Pandreen mare for the King's hundred at the races of Gort; the devil a white hair had *he* from muzzle to tail, good, bad, or indifferent. By my sowl! it's a neat crust poor George Washington has got to mumble anyhow! I never saw luck or grace come of the negers, bad luck to them all!"

The day for the consultation being fixed, several apothecaries and bone-setters attended at the house of Mr. George Bathron of Dureen, grocer, wine-merchant, surgeon, apothecary, druggist, and physician.

The first point stated and unanimously agreed on was, "that the child was black." The reasons for that colour being universal on the young gentleman were not quite so clear. At length Dr. Bathron, finding he had the lead, and having been some years at school when a boy, and likewise apprenticed to a grocer and apothecary at Ballyragget, where he learned several technical words in the Latin tongue; finding, besides, that he had an excellent opportunity to prove his learning to those less educated—declared with great gravity that he had read many authors upon the subject of *marks*, and could take upon himself positively to assert that the child was (according to all authority on such matters) a *casus omissus*. The others, not being exactly sure either of the shape, size, or colour, of a *casus omissus*, thought it better to *accede* to what they did not *comprehend*, and all subscribed to the opinion that the child was a *casus omissus*.

It was immediately circulated outside the house that all the doctors found the child to be a *casus omissus;* and old Skelton, who had been a trooper in Germany, declared that a doctor there told him that was the true surname of a devil incarnate. And the prevailing notion then was, that the black lad, old Betty Hogan the witch, and Master Washington, should all be put down the draw-well together, to save the other married women of the country from bearing devils instead of children.

The *doctors,* however, having given their opinion, were extremely ticklish in taking any step with a *casus omissus;* and not wishing to pitch themselves against any infernal personification, left future proceedings to the entire management of Dr. Bathron.

Doctor Bathron was a smart, squat, ruddy, jovial apothecary, and he was also a professed poet, who had made some celebrated odes on the birthday of Miss Flower, Lord Ashbrooke's sister, when she visited Castle Durrow; and on this occasion he required a fortnight to make up his mind as to the best proceedings to bring the skin to its proper colour. Having, by search of old book-stalls in Dublin (whither he went for the purpose), found an ancient treatise, translated from the work of the high German Doctor Cratorious (who flourished in the fourteenth century), on *skinning* certain parts of the body to change the colour or complexion, or effectually to disguise criminals who had escaped from prison; by which means, likewise, disfiguring marks, freckles, moles, etc., might be removed; Dr. Bathron decided, that if this could be done partially, why not on the entire body, by little and little, and not skinning one spot till the last should be healed? He therefore stated to Mr. Washington, and all the good family of Dureen, that he would take upon himself to *whiten* the child—as he was perfectly satisfied the black skin was merely the outside, or scarf-skin, and that the real skin and flesh underneath were the same as everybody else's.

The mode of operating was now the subject of difficulty. It was suggested, and agreed on, to call in Mr. Knaggs, the doctor of Mount Mellick, who, though he had injured his character as a

practitioner of judgment by attempting to cut off the head of Sam Doxy of the Derrys, as hereinafter mentioned, had at the same time proved himself a skilful operator, having gashed boldly into the nape of Mr. Doxy's neck without touching the spinal marrow, which a bungler needs must have done. He had also acquired the reputation of science by writing a treatise on the Spa of Ballyspellen, which the innkeeper *there* had employed him to compose, in order to bring customers to his house to drink the waters as "a specific for numerous disorders, when mixed in due proportion with excellent wines, which might be had very reasonable at the sign of the Fox and Piper, at Ballyspellen," etc.

This man, in fine, together with Doctor Bathron, undertook to bring Master Washington to a proper hue by detaching the exterior black *pelt* which was so disagreeable to the family, and letting the natural white skin, which they had no doubt was concealed under it, come to light—thereby restoring the boy, as he ought to be, to his happy parents.

"You'll gain immortal honour," said the grandmother; "I am sure they will all be bound to pray for you!"

The state of practice in Ireland suggested but two ways of performing this notable operation—one purely surgical, the other surgico-medical—namely, either by gradually flaying with the knife, or by blisters.

It was at length settled to begin the operation the ensuing week, previously preparing the heir-at-law by medicine to prevent inflammation; the first attempt was to be on a small scale, and the operation to be performed in Doctor Bathron's own surgery;—and he, being still undecided whether the scalpel and forceps, or Spanish flies, would be the most eligible mode of skinning Master Washington, determined to try both ways at once, one on each arm, and to act in future according as he saw the skin yield easiest.

Most people conceived that, as a blister always raises the skin, it would be the readiest agent in loosening and carrying off the black one that had created so much uneasiness in the

present instance:—the doctor's doubts as to which, were, that the blister alone might not rise regularly, but operate at one place better than at another—in which case the child might be *piebald*, which would make him far worse than before.

The operation at length proceeded, and Lieutenant Palmer himself recounted to me every part of the incident. A strong blister, two inches by three, was placed on the child's right arm, and being properly covered, remained there without inflicting any torture for above an hour. The left arm was reserved for the scalpel and forceps, and the operator entertained no doubt whatever of complete success.

The mode he pursued was very scientific; he made two parallel slashes as deep as he could in reason, about three inches down the upper part of the arm, and a cross one, to introduce the forceps and strip the loose black skin off, when he could snip it away at the bottom, and leave the white or rather red flesh underneath, to generate a new skin, and show the proper colouring for a god-child of General Washington.

All eyes were now riveted to the spot. The women cried in an under key to Master George, who roared. "Hush, hush, my dear," said the Doctor; "you don't know what's good for you, my little innocent!" whilst he applied the forceps, to strip off the skin like a *surtout*. The skin was tight, and would not come away cleverly with the first tug, as the doctor had expected; nor did anything *white* appear, though a sufficiency of red blood manifested itself.

The doctor was greatly surprised. "I see," said he, "it is somewhat deeper than we had conceived. We have not got deep enough." Another gash on each side; but the second gash had no better success. Doctor Bathron seemed desperate; but conceiving that in so young a subject one short cut—be it ever so deep—could do no harm, his hand shook, and he gave the scalpel its full force, till he found it touch the bone. The experiment was now complete; he opened the wound, and starting back, affected to be struck with horror, threw down his knife, stamped and swore the child was in fact either the devil or a *lusus*

naturæ, for that he could see the very bone, and the child was actually coal-black *to* the bone, and the bone black also, and that he would not have taken a thousand guineas to have given a single gash to a thing which was clearly supernatural—actually dyed in grain. He appeared distracted. However, the child's arm was bound up, a good poultice put over it, the blister hastily removed from the other arm, and the young gentleman, fortunately for Doctor Bathron, recovered from the scarification, and lived with an old dry-nurse for four or five years. He was then killed by a cow of his father's horning him, and died with the full reputation of having been a devil in reality, which was fully corroborated by a white sister of his, and his mother (as I heard), departing about the very same time, if not on the next day. It was said he took their souls away with him, to make his peace with his master for staying so long.

Doctor George Bathron, who was the pleasantest united grocer and surgeon in the county, at length found it the best policy to tell this story himself, and by that means neutralise the ridicule of it. He often told it to me, whilst in company with Mr. Palmer; and by hearing both versions, I obtained full information about the circumstance, which I relate as a very striking example of the mode in which we managed a *lusus naturæ* when we caught one in Ireland five-and-forty years ago.

THE FARRIER AND WHIPPER-IN.

TOM WHITE, a whipper-in at my father's at Blandsfort, had his back crushed by leaping his horse into a gravel-pit, to pull off the scut of a hare. The horse broke his neck, the hare was killed, and the whipper-in, to all appearance, little better; and when we rode up, there lay three carcases "all in a row." However (as deaths generally confer an advantage upon some survivor), two of the *corpses* afforded good cheer next day:—we ate the hare, the hounds ate the horse, and the worms would certainly have made a meal of Tom White, had not old Butler, the farrier, taken his cure in hand, after Doctor Ned Stapleton, of Maryborough, the genuine bone-setter of that county, had given him up as broken-backed and past all skill. As has been already seen, our practice of pharmacy, medicine, and surgery in Ireland, fifty years ago, did not correspond with modern usages; and though our old operations might have had a trifle more of *torture* in them—either from bluntness of knives or the mode of *slashing* a patient; yet, in the end, I conceive that few more lives are saved by hacking, hewing, and thrusting, *scientifically*, according to modern practice, than there were by the old trooper-like fashion.

I was in Blandsfort House when Mr. Jemmy Butler, our hereditary farrier, who had equal skill—according to the old school—in the treatment of dogs, cows, and horses, as well as in rat-catching, began and concluded his medico-surgical cure of Tom White: I can therefore recount with tolerable fidelity the successful course adopted toward that courageous sportsman.

Tom's first state of insensibility soon gave way; and incontrovertible proofs of his existence followed, in sundry deep groans, and now and then a roaring asseveration that his back was broke.

He entreated us to send off for his *clergy* without any delay, or the reverend father would not find him in this world. However, Mr. Butler, who had no great belief in any world either above or below the Queen's County, declared, "that if the clergy came, he'd leave Tom White to die, as he well knew Tom was a thief; and if any clergy botheration was made about his sowl, it would only tend to irritate and inflame his hurt." But he undertook to give him a better *greasing* than all the priests in the barony, if they should be seven years anointing him with the best salvation-oil ever invented.

Tom acquiesced; and, in fear of death, acknowledged "he was a great thief, sure enough, but if he recovered, he would *take up*, and tell all he had done, without a word of a lie, to Father Cahill of Stradbally, who was always a friend to the poor sarvants."

Mr. Butler now commenced his cure, at the performance of which every male in the house, high and low, was called on to be present. The farrier first stripped Tom to his shirt, and then placed him flat on the great kitchen-table, with his face downward; and having (after being impeded by much roaring and kicking) tied a limb fast to each leg of it, so as to make a St. Andrew's cross of him, he drew a strong tablecloth over the lower part of the sufferer's body; and tying the corners underneath the table, had the pleasure of seeing Tom White as snug and fast as he could wish, to undergo any degree of torture without being able to shift a quarter of an inch.

Mr. Butler then walked round in a sort of triumph, every now and then giving the knots a pull, to tighten them, and saying, "Mighty well—mighty good! Now *stand fast*, Tom."

Tom's back being thus duly bared, the *doctor* ran his immense thumb from top to bottom along the spine, with no slight degree of pressure; and whenever the whipper-in roared loudest, Mr. Butler marked the spot he was touching with a lump of chalk. Having, in that way, ascertained the tender parts, he pressed them with all his force, as if he were kneading dough—just, as he said, to *settle the joints* quite even. No bull in the midst of

five or six bull-dogs tearing him piecemeal could, even in his greatest agonies, amuse the baiters better, or divert them with more tremendous roars, than the whipper-in did during the greatest part of this operation.

The operator, having concluded his *reconnoitring*, proceeded to real action. He drew parallel lines with chalk down Tom's back—one on each side the back-bone ; at particular points he made a cross stroke, and at the *tender parts* a *double* one ; so that Tom had a complete ladder delineated on his back, as if the doctor intended that something should mount by it from his waistband to his cravat.

The preliminaries being thus gone through, and Mr. Butler furnished with a couple of red-hot irons, such as maimed horses are fired with, he began, in a most deliberate and skilful manner, to fire Tom according to the rules and practice of the *ars veterinaria*. The poor fellow's bellowing, while under the actual cautery, all the people said, they verily believed was the loudest ever heard in that country since the massacre of Mullymart.* This part of the operation, indeed, was by no means superficially performed, as Mr. Butler *mended* the lines and made them all of a uniform depth and colour, much as the writing-master mends the letters and strokes in a child's copybook ; and as they were very straight and regular, and too well *broiled*, to suffer any effusion of red blood, Tom's back did not look much the worse for the tattooing. In truth, if my readers recollect the excellent mode of making a cut down each side of a saddle of mutton, just to elicit the brown gravy, they will have a good idea of the longitudinal cauteries in question. On three or four of the tender places before mentioned Mr. Butler drew his transverse cross bars, which quite took off the uniform appearance, and gave a sort of *garnished* look to the whole drawing, which seemed very much to gratify the operator, who again walked

* A massacre of the Irish at a place called Mullymart, in the county of Kildare, which is spoken of by Casaubon in his *Britannia* as a thing prophesied : the prophesy did actually take effect ; and it is altogether one of the most remarkable traditionary tales of that country.—(*Author's note.*)

round and round *the body* several times with a red-hot iron in his hand, surveying, and here and there retouching the ragged or uneven parts. This *finishing* rendered the whipper-in rather *hoarse*, and his first roars were now changed to softer notes—somewhat as an opera-singer occasionally breaks into his falsetto.

"Howld your bother," said Mr. Butler, to whom Tom's incessant shrieking had become very disagreeable: "howld your *music*, I say, or I'll put a touch on your nose as tight as yourself did on Brown Jack, when I was firing the ring-bone out of him: you're a greater beast yourself nor ever Brown Jack was."

Mr. Butler having partly silenced the whipper-in through fear of the *touch*, the second part of the process was undertaken —namely, depositing what is termed by farriers the cold charge on the back of Tom White. However, on this occasion the regular *practice* was somewhat varied, and the *cold* charge was nearly boiling hot when placed upon the raw *ladder* on the whipper-in's back. I saw the *torture* boiled in a large iron ladle, and will mention the ingredients, just to show that they were rather more exciting than our milk-and-water charges of the present day:—viz. "Burgundy pitch, black pitch, diaculum, yellow wax, white wax, mustard, black resin, white resin, sal ammoniac, bruised hemlock, camphor, Spanish flies, and oil of origanum, boiled up with spirits of turpentine, onion-juice, and a glass of whisky; it was kept simmering till it became of a proper consistence for application, and was then *laid on* with a painter's brush, in the same way they caulk a pleasure-boat. Four coats of this savoury substance did the farrier successively apply, each one as the former began to cool. But, on the first application, even the dread of the touch could not restrain Tom White's vociferation. After this had settled itself in the chinks, he seemed to be quite stupid, and tired of roaring, and lay completely passive, or rather insensible, while Mr. Butler *finished* to his taste; dotting it over with short lamb's-wool as thick as it would stick, and then another coat of the unction, with an addition of wool; so that, when completed by several layers of charge and lamb's-wool, Tom's back might very well have been

mistaken for a saddle of Southdown before it was skinned. A thin ash-board was now neatly fitted to it down Tom's spine by the carpenter, and made fast with a few short nails driven into the charge. I believe none of them touched the quick, as the charge appeared above an inch and a half thick, and it was only at the blows of the hammer that the patient seemed to feel extra sensibility. Tom was now untied and helped to rise: his woolly carcase was bandaged all round with long strips of a blanket, which being done, the operation was declared to be completed in less than three-quarters of an hour.

The other servants now began to make merry with Tom White. One asked him how he liked purgatory?—another, if he'd "stop thieving," after that *judgment* on him?—a third, what more could Father Cahill do for him? *Doctor* Butler said but little: he assumed great gravity, and directed "that the whipper-in should sit up stiff for seven days and nights, by which time the *juices would be dried on him;* after that he might lay down if he *could.*"

This indeed was a very useless permission, as the patient's tortures were now only in their infancy. So soon as the charge got cold and stiff in the niches and fancy figures upon his back, he nearly went mad; so that for a few days they were obliged to strap him with girths to the head of his bed to make him "stay easy;" and sometimes to gag him, that his roars might not disturb the company in the dining parlour. Wallace the piper said that Tom's roarings put him quite *out;* and an elderly gentleman who was on a visit with us, and who had not been long married to a young wife, said his bride was so shocked and alarmed at the groans and "pullaloes" of Tom White, that she could think of nothing else.

When the poor fellow's pains had altogether subsided, and the swathing was off, he cut one of the most curious figures ever seen: he looked as if he had a stake driven through his body; and it was not till the end of four months that Mr. Butler began to pour sweet oil down his neck, between his back and the charge, which he continued to do daily for about another month,

till the charge gradually detached itself, and broken-backed Tom was declared cured: in truth, I believe he never felt any inconvenience from his fall afterward.

This mode of cauterising the people was then much practised by the old farriers, often with success; and I never recollect any fatal effects happening in consequence.

The farrier's rowelling also was sometimes had recourse to, to prevent swellings from coming to a head; and I only heard of two fatalities arising herefrom—one, in the case of a half-mounted gentleman at Castle Comber, who died of a locked jaw; and another, in that of a shopkeeper at Borris, in Ossory, who expired from mortification occasioned by a tow and turpentine rowel being used to carry off an inflammation.

THE RIVAL PRACTITIONERS.

In addition to my preceding illustrations of the former state of medicine and surgery in Ireland, I cannot omit a couple of convincing proofs of the *intuitive knowledge* possessed by Irish practitioners in my early days. They present scenes at which I was myself present, and one of which was the most distressing I had witnessed, while the other was more amusing at its conclusion than any operation I ever saw performed by any either of the farriers or colloughs of Ireland.

Doctor Knaggs, the hero of the second incident, was a tall, raw-boned, rough, dirty apothecary; but he suited the neighbours, as they said he had "the skill in him," and was "mighty successful." Sam Doxy, his patient, was, on the contrary, a broad, strong, plethoric, half-mounted gentleman. He had his lodge, as he called it, in the midst of a *derry* (a bog), drank his gallon of hot punch to keep out the damp, and devoured numerous cock-turkeys and cows that were past *child-bearing*, to keep down the potteen. Every neighbour that could get to him was welcome, and *the road* was seldom *in a fit state* to permit their going away again quickly.

The first of these anecdotes I still relate with some pain, though forty-five years and more have of course blunted the feeling I experienced on its occurrence; and as I shall soon be in the same situation myself as the parties now are, I can, comparatively speaking, look lightly on an event which, in youth, health, and high blood, was quite chilling to my contemplation.

The father of the late Judge Fletcher of the Common Pleas was an *actual* physician at Mount Mellick, about seven miles from my father's. He was a smart, intelligent, and very

humorous, but remarkably diminutive doctor. He attended my father in his last moments, in conjunction with the family practitioner, Doctor Dennis Mulhall, whose appearance exactly corresponded with that of Doctor Slop, save that his paunch was doubly capacious, and his legs, in true symmetry with his carcass, helped to *waddle* him into a room. He was a matter-of-fact doctor, and despised *anatomy*. His features had been so confused and entangled together by that unbeautifying disorder the small-pox (which I have so often alluded to), that it almost required a chart to find their respective stations.

These two learned gentlemen attended my poor father with the greatest assiduity, and daily prescribed for him a certain portion of every drug the Stradbally apothecary could supply; but these were not very numerous; and as everything loses its vigour by age, so the Stradbally drugs, having been some years waiting for customers (like the landlord of the Red Cow in "John Bull"), of course fell off in their efficacy, till at length they each became what the two doctors ultimately turned my poor father into—a *caput mortuum*. Notwithstanding the drugs and the doctors, indeed, my father held out nearly ten days; but finally, as a matter of course, departed this world. I was deeply and sincerely grieved. I loved him affectionately, and never after could reconcile myself to either of his medical attendants. I had overheard their last consultation, and from that time to this am of opinion that one doctor is as good as, if not better than, five hundred. I shall never forget the dialogue. After discussing the weather and prevalence of diseases in the county, they began to *consult*. "What do you say to the *pulveres Jacobi?*" said Dr. Mulhall (the family physician).

"We are three days too late," smirked Doctor Fletcher.

"What think you then of cataplasmus, or the *flies*—Eh! Doctor—eh! the flies?" said Mulhall.

"The flies won't rise in time," replied Doctor Fletcher; "too late again!"

"I fear so," said Mulhall.

"'Tis a pity, Doctor Mulhall, you did not suggest blistering

breast and spine sooner; you know it was not my business, as I was only *called in*—I could not duly *suggest*."

"Why," replied Doctor Mulhall, "I thought of it certainly, but I was unwilling to *alarm the family* by so definitive an application, unless *in extremis*."

"We're *in extremis* now," said Doctor Fletcher—"he! he!"

"Very true—very true," rejoined Doctor Mulhall; "but Nature is too strong for art; she takes her way in spite of us!"

"Unless, like a wife, she's kept down at first," said Fletcher —"he! he! he!"

"Perhaps I was rather too discreet and delicate, doctor; but if the colonel can still get down the *pulveres Jacobi*—" said Mulhall.

"He can't!" said Fletcher.

"Then we can do no more for the patient," replied Mulhall.

"Nothing *more*," said Fletcher; "so you had better break your '*give-over*' to the family as tenderly as possible. That's your business, you know—there is no use in my staying." And so, as the sun rose, Doctor Fletcher jumped into his little cabriolet, and I heard him say in parting, "This is no jest, I fear, to his family."

The next day I lost my father; and never did grief show itself more strong or general than on that mournful occasion. There was not a dry eye amongst his tenantry. My mother was distracted. For more than thirty years that they had been united a single difference of opinion was never expressed between them. His sons loved him as a brother, and the attachment was mutual. His person was prepossessing—his manners those of a man of rank—his feelings such as became a man of honour. He had the mien of a gentleman, and the heart of a philanthropist; but he was careless of his concerns, and had too rustic an education. He left large landed estates, with large incumbrances to overwhelm them; and thirteen children survived to lament his departure.

After I was called to the bar, Counsellor Fletcher, the doctor's son, mentioned before, was in the best of practice. On

my first circuit I did not know him, and of course wished to make acquaintance with my seniors. Lord Norbury went circuit as judge at the time I went first as barrister; he therefore can be no *juvenile* at this time of day.

Fletcher was, as has already been mentioned, of very uncertain humour, and, when not pleased, extremely repulsive. The first day I was on circuit he came into the bar-room, perhaps tired, or—what was far worse to him—hungry, for nothing ruffled Fletcher so much as waiting for dinner. Wishing to lose no time in making acquaintance with any countryman and brother barrister, and supposing he was endowed with the same degree of urbanity as other people, I addressed him in my own civil, but perhaps over-vivacious, manner. He looked gruff, and answered my first question by some monosyllable. I renewed my address with one of the standing interrogatories resorted to by a man who wishes to fall into conversation. Another monosyllable.

I was touched. "You don't know me, perhaps, Counsellor Fletcher?" said I.

"Not as yet, sir," said Fletcher.

I was angry. "Then I'll refresh your memory," said I. "Your father *killed* mine."

The barristers present laughed aloud.

"I hope you don't mean to revenge the circumstance on *me*, sir?" said Fletcher, with a sardonic smile.

"That," said I, "depends entirely on your making me an apology for your father's ignorance. I forgive *your own*."

He seemed surprised at the person he had to deal with, but no increase of ire was apparent. He looked, however, rather at a loss. The laugh was now entirely against him, when Warden Flood (my predecessor in the Admiralty), who was then father of the circuit-bar, happened to come in, and formally introduced me as a new member.

After that time Fletcher and I grew very intimate. He had several good qualities, and these induced me to put up with many of his humours. He was a very clever man, possessing

good legal information ; had a clear and independent mind, and never truckled to anyone because he was great. He often wrangled, but never quarrelled with me, and I believe I was one of the few who maintained a sincere regard for him. He was intimate with Judge Moore, who now sits in his place, and was the most familiar friend I had at Temple. I have alluded to Judge Fletcher incidentally, as a public character who could not be bribed to support the Union, and was appointed a judge by the Duke of Bedford during his short viceroyalty.

I have introduced Doctor Fletcher's medical practice in my glance at the Irish *faculty*, the more particularly, because I was present at another consultation held with him, which was (as I hinted at the commencement of this sketch) connected with as droll an incident as any could be, little short of terminating fatally.

I rode with Mr. Flood of Roundwood to the meeting of a turnpike-board, held at Mount Rath, a few miles from my father's house. One of the half-mounted gentlemen already described, Sam Doxy of the Derrys, being on his way to the same meeting, just at the entrance of the town his horse stumbled over a heap of earth, and, rolling over and over (like the somerset of a rope-dancer), broke the neck of his rider. The body was immediately, as usual when country gentlemen were slain in fox-hunting, riding home drunk at nights, or the like, brought on a door, and laid upon a bed spread on the floor at the next inn. Mr. Knaggs, the universal prescriber, etc., for the town and vicinity, was sent for to inspect *the corpse*, and Doctor Fletcher, being also by chance in the place, was called into the room to consult as to the *dead man*, and vouch that the breath was out of the body of Mr. Samuel Doxy of the Derrys.

The two practitioners found he had no pulse, not even a single *thump in his arteries*, as Doctor Knaggs emphatically expressed it. They therefore both shook their heads. His hands, being felt, were found to be cold. They shook their heads again. The doctors now retired to the window, and gravely consulted : first, as to the danger of stumbling horses ;

and second, as to the probability of the deceased having been sober. They then walked back, and both declared it was "all over" with Mr. Doxy of the Derrys. His neck was broken, otherwise dislocated; his marrow-bones (according to Dr. Knaggs) were disjointed; and his death had of course been instantaneous. On this decisive opinion being promulgated to the turnpike-board, Dr. Fletcher mounted his pony, and left the town to *cure* some other patient.

The coroner, Mr. Calcut, was sent for to hold his inquest before Sam's body could be "forwarded" home to the Derrys; and Mr. Knaggs, the apothecary, remained in the room to see if any *fee* might be stirring when his relations should come to carry away the dead carcass, when all of a sudden an exclamation of "by J—s!" burst forth from Mr. Jerry Palmer (already mentioned) of Dureen, near Castle Durrow, an intimate acquaintance of Sam Doxy; "I don't think he's dead at all. My father often made him twice *deader* at Dureen with Dan Brennan's double-proof, and he was as well and hearty again as any dunghill cock early in the morning."

"Not dead!" said Knaggs with surprise and anger. "Is not dead, you say?—Lieutenant Jer Palmer, you don't mean to disparage my skill, or injure my business in the town, I hope? There is no more life left in Sam Doxy than in the leg of that table."

The lieutenant bristled up at the doctor's contradiction. "I don't care a d—n, Pothecary Knaggs, either for your skill, your business, or yourself; but I say Sam Doxy is *not* dead, and I repeat that I have seen him *twice as dead* at Dureen, and likewise, by the same token, on the day Squire Pool's tenants of Ballyfair had a great dinner in Andrew Harlem's big room at Maryborough."

"Pothecary Knaggs" was now much chagrined. "Did you ever hear the like, gentlemen of the turnpike-board?" said he. "Is it because the lieutenant was in the American wars that he thinks he knows a corpse as well as I do?"

"No, I don't do that same," said Palmer; "for they say here that you have *made* as many dead bodies yourself as would serve for a couple of battles, and a few skirmishes into the bargain. But I say *Sam* is not dead, by J—s!"

"Well now, gentlemen," said Knaggs, appealing to public candour from the rough treatment of the lieutenant, "you shall soon see, gentlemen, with all your eyes, that I am no *ignoramus*, as the lieutenant seems to say." Then opening his case of instruments, and strapping a large operation knife on the palm of his fist, "Now, gentlemen of the turnpike-board," pursued he, "I'll convince you all that Sam Doxy is as dead as Ballaghlanagh.* It's a burning shame for you, Lieutenant Jer Palmer, to be after running down a well-known practitioner in this manner in his own town. Gentlemen, look here, now; I'll show you that Sam is dead. Living, indeed! Oh, that's a fine story!"

We all conceived that Doctor Knaggs only intended to *try* to bleed him; and with this impression flocked round the body. Doctor Knaggs turned *the corpse* on one side, took off the cravat, and the neck appeared to have somewhat of a bluish look on one side. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "here's the spot (pressing it with his finger): the spinal marrow is injured, perhaps in more places than one, or two either; the bones are dislocated, and the gristle between them is knocked out of its place. The formation of a gentleman's neck is just the same as that of a horse's tail; and as most of you have either yourselves docked and nicked, or being present at the docking and nicking of the tail of a hunter, you'll understand precisely the structure of Sam Doxy's vertebræ. Now, gentlemen—all this time placing Sam's head in a convenient position to make an incision, or, had the

* Ballaghlanagh was the name of an old Irish bard (by tradition), whose ghost used to come the night before to people who were to be killed fighting in battle on the morning; and as a *ghost* offers the most convincing proof that the mortal it represents is no longer living, the term *Ballaghlanagh*, came, figuratively, to signify a "dead man." I learned this explanation from the old colloughs, who all joined exactly in the same tradition.—(*Author's note.*)

coroner been present, to *cut the head off*, for clearer demonstration—see, now, I'll just make a slight longitudinal gash along the back joints of the neck, and by withdrawing the skin and the covering of fat on either side, I'll show as clear as his nose the fatal fracture of the spinal cord."

Every person in company now began instinctively to feel the nape of his own neck for the spinal cord which the doctor was speaking of. "No man," resumed Doctor Knaggs, "ever recovered when this cord was fairly cracked, and that's the real secret of hanging, I assure you; and it has been remarked that no culprit at Maryborough has ever given a kick after he was duly strung and the shelf fell, for these three last years since I humanely taught the hangman the proper way. The *jerk* is the thing, gentlemen; and whether the spine is broken by its being pulled up from a man's shoulders by a cord, or thrust down into his shoulders by a fall on the head, makes no sort of difference. Not dead!" resumed he, with a sneer at the lieutenant: "Gentlemen (everybody came close), now, you see, the gristle which we call cartilage lies between those two bones, and the cord runs over and within also. When cut through, then, the head, gentlemen, having no support, bobs forward, and the dislocation will appear quite plain. See, now," and as he spoke he gave a pretty smart gash from the nape of Sam's neck downward toward his shoulders; and proceeding to draw back the skin and fat on each side, to get a view of the bones, to the surprise of the turnpike-board, the amazement of Doctor Knaggs himself, and the triumph of Lieutenant Jer Palmer, a stream of warm red blood instantly issued from the gash, and a motion appeared in one eyelid of the corpse.

"By J—s!" shouted the lieutenant, "I told you the man was not dead—not a taste of it. Oh! you diabolical pothecary, if you attempt to give another slash, I'll cut your own wezand; and if the poor fellow dies *now* of this cutting, which I think he may, I'll prosecute you for the murder of Sam Doxy of the Derrys—a fair honest man, and a friend of my father's!"

Doctor Knaggs stood petrified and motionless.

"Gentlemen," continued Jer Palmer, "lend me your cravats." An immense jug of hot punch was smoking on the hearth ready made for the proposed dinner. "I know well enough what to do," said the lieutenant: "my father's own neck was broken two years ago, coming home drunk one night from Ballyspellen Spa, at the widow Maher's house-warming: his horse tumbled over at the Seven Sisters; but Dr. Jacob soon brought him to again. I recollect now all about it. Here, gentlemen, stir, give me your *cravats;* you have no *handkerchiefs* I suppose."

They all obeyed the lieutenant, who immediately plunged the cravats into the hot punch, and lapped one of them round the *dead man's* neck, then another over that, and another still, and kept dropping the hot punch on them, whereat the blood flowed freely. He then, putting his knees to the dead man's shoulder, gave his head two or three no very gentle lugs, accompanying them in the manner of a view holloa, with "Ough! Hurra! Hurra! By J—s he's alive and kicking! Oh! you murdering thief of a pothecary, get off, or I'll cut your throat!"

The poor apothecary stood motionless at the window; for Palmer (whom, in his paroxysm, he durst not go near) was between him and the door; but he wished himself a hundred miles off. The lieutenant then put a spoonful of the punch into Sam Doxy's mouth, and down it went, to the surprise of the turnpike-board. In a short time a glassful was patiently received the same way. A groan and a heavy sigh now proved the fallibility of Pothecary Knaggs; and the lieutenant's superior treatment was extolled by the whole board. The dead man at length opened one eye, then the other; in about half-an-hour he could speak; and in the course of an hour more the broken-necked Doxy was able to sit up. They then got some mulled wine and spices for him, and he was quite recovered, with the exception of a pain in his head and neck; but he could bear no motion, so they fixed him in an upright position in an arm-chair, and Palmer remained with him to perfect his miraculous cure. We dined in another room.

Mr. Flood and myself called on Doxy next day, and brought him and Lieutenant Palmer home to Roundwood; and poor Dr. Knaggs' wanting to cut off the head of Mr. Sam Doxy of the Derrys became a standing jest, with a hundred embellishments, till both have been forgotten. I know not if Knaggs is living. Sam Doxy was at last choked by the drumstick of a turkey sticking in his throat whilst he was picking it.

TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD.

It has been generally observed that our fellow-subjects who sojourn long on the Continent often lose many of their national traits, and imbibe those of other countries. The Irish, however, present an exception to this rule. I have scarce ever met a thorough-paced Irishman whose oddities totally deserted him; the humorous idiom of his language, and the rich flavour of his dialect, are intrinsic, and adhere as steadily to his tongue as *fancy* does to his brain and eccentricity to his actions.

An Irishman is *toujours* an Irishman, and wheresoever he "puts up" seldom fails to find one inveterate enemy—"himself." This observation is not confined to the lower or middle classes of Hibernians, but occasionally includes the superior orders. Like the swine when the demon got into them, Irishmen on the Continent keep frisking, pirouetting, galloping, and puffing away, till they lose their footing; and there is scarcely a more entertaining spectacle than that afforded by the schemes, devices, and humours of a true son of Erin, under these circumstances.

I was greatly amused by an incident which took place at Paris some time since; it possesses as much of the Irish *flavour* as any bagatelle anecdote I recollect to have met with; and as the parties are above the medium class, well known, all alive, and still on the same *pavé* in perfect harmony, the thing is rendered more entertaining.

An Irish baronet of very ancient family (an honour which he never suffered any person to be ignorant of after twenty minutes' conversation), proprietor of a large Galway territory, garnished with the usual dilapidated château, brogueless tenantry, managing attorneys, and mismanaging agents, having sufficiently squeezed his estate to get (as he terms) the *juice* out of it, deter-

mined to serve a few campaigns about St. James's Street, etc., and try if he could *retrench* at the several club-houses and "hells" to be met with amidst what is called "high life" in our economical metropolis.

After having enacted with *éclat* all the parts in the various scenes usually performed on that great theatre, he at length found that the place was not much *cheaper* than *sweet* Glinsk, or any old principality of his own dear country. He therefore resolved to change the scene for a more diverting and cheerful one; and by way of a *finish*, came over to Paris, where any species of ruin may be completed with a taste, ease, and despatch unknown in our boorish country.

The baronet brought over three or four thousand pounds in his fob, just (as he told me) to try, by way of comparison, how long that quantity of *the dross* would last in Paris*—on which point his curiosity was promptly satisfied: "Frascati" and the "Salon des Etrangers," by a due application of spotted bones, coloured pasteboard, and painted whirligigs, under the superintendence of the Marquis de Livere, informed him at the termination of a short novitiate that nearly the last of his "Empereurs" had been securely vested in the custody of the said Marquis de Livere.

Though this seemed, *primâ facie*, rather *inconvenient*, yet the baronet's dashing establishment did not immediately suffer diminution, until his valet's repeated answer, *pas chez lui*, began to alarm the crew of grooms, goddesses, led captains, etc.

Misfortune—and he began to fancy this was very like one—seldom delays long to fill up the place of ready money when that quits a gentleman's service; and it now seemed disposed to attach itself to the baronet in another way. Madam Pandora's box appeared to fly open, and a host of bodily ills beset Sir

* Last year the son of a very great man in England came over to Paris with a considerable sum in his pocket for the very same purpose. The first thing he did was gravely to ask his banker (an excellent and sensible man), "How long six thousand pounds would last him in Paris?" The reply was a true and correct one, "If you play, three days; if you don't, six weeks."—(*Author's note.*)

John, who, having but indifferent nerves, was quite thrown on his back.

Such was the hapless situation of Sir John Burke, while exercising his portion of the virtue of patience, in *waiting for remittances*—a period of suspense particularly disagreeable to travellers abroad—every post-day being pretty certain to carry off the *appetite;* which circumstance, to be sure, may be sometimes considered *convenient* enough.

Families from the interior of Hibernia are peculiarly subject to that suspense; and where their Irish agent happens to be an old *confidential solicitor*, or a *very dear friend*, or a near relation of the *family*, the attack is frequently acute. An instance, indeed, occurred lately, wherein the *miscarriage* of an Irish letter actually caused the very same accident to a new-married lady!

The baronet, however, bore up well; and being extremely good-humoured, the surliest *créanciers* in Paris could not find in their hearts for some time to be angry with him; and so most unreasonably left him to be angry with himself, which is a thousand times more tormenting to a man, because *sans* intermission.

At length, some of his most *pressing* friends, who a short time before had considered it their highest honour to enjoy the *pratique* of Monsieur le Chevalier, began to show symptoms of losing temper;—as smoke generally forebodes the generation of fire, something like a blaze seemed likely to burst forth; and as the baronet most emphatically said to me—"The d—d duns, like a flock of jack snipes, were eternally thrusting their *long bills* into me, as if I was a piece of *bog!*"

Complaisance and smooth words very rarely fail to conciliate a Frenchman; and, after all, the baronet never experienced more civil or kinder friends in Paris than some of these very *snipes* who stuck their long bills into him. But "remittances" from the county of Galway have been, time immemorial, celebrated for the extreme slowness of their movements; and though in general very *light*, they travel more deliberately than a broad-wheel waggon. Hence, Sir John Burke's "corporal ills" were both perpetuated and heightened by his mental uneasiness.

Doctors were called in, in hopes that one or other of them might *by chance* hit upon a remedy; and Sir John submitted to their prescriptions (to use his own words), like a lamb going to the slaughter. "I knew very well," said he, "that one *banker* could do me more good, by a single dose, than all the *doctors* in Paris put together;—but as my friends Messrs. . . . . had declined to administer any more *metallic* prescriptions, I really feared that my *catastrophe* was not very distant."

And, indeed, the doctors, neither jointly nor severally agreeing as to the nature of his symptoms, nor to the necessary mode of treatment, after several *consultations* respecting the *weather* and the *war* (as customary), gave Sir John's case up as desperate: and having showed the palms of their hands without any favourable result, shook their heads, made each three low and lingering bows, and left the baronet to settle affairs himself with Madam Pandora as well as he could.

One of these medical gentlemen, however—a fair, square, straightforward, skilful nosologist—could not bring himself so easily to give up the baronet: he returned; and by dint of medicamenta, phlebotomy, blistering, leeching, cupping, smothering in vapour, etc. etc. (the pains of the patient's mind, meanwhile, being overcome by the pains of his body), the doctor at last got him *through the thing* (as they say in Ireland). He was not, however, quite free from the danger of a relapse; and an unlucky flask *extraordinary* of "Epernay sec" (taken to celebrate his recovery) set Sir John's solids and fluids again fermenting, knocked down his convalescence, which Dr. T—— had so indefatigably re-established, and introduced a certain inflammatory gentleman called fever.

The clergy were now summoned, and attended with an extra quantity of oil and water to lighten and prepare the baronet's soul for speedy transportation; some souls, they said, and I believe truly, being much easier put into dying order than others. The skill of Doctor T——, however, once more preserved his patient for further adventures, and both physician and baronet agreed that, as the priests had done his body none, and his soul

no *perceptible* service, and as holy men were of course above all lust of lucre, there was no necessity for cashing *them;* so that the contemplated fees for masses should in strict justice be transferred to prescriptions. A few more bleedings were therefore substituted for extreme unction. With the aid of a sound natural constitution, Sir John once more found himself on his legs; and having but little flesh, and no fat, his shanks had not much difficulty in carrying his body moderate distances.

At the last bleeding, the incident occurred to which the foregoing is but matter of induction. The blood which the doctor had just extracted from the baronet was about twenty ounces of genuine ruby Galway gore, discharged unadulterated from the veins of a high-crested, aboriginal Irishman. It lay proudly basking and coagulating before the sun in china basins, at the chamber-window. Sir John seeming still rather weak, the physician determined to bring all his skill into a focus, discover the latent source of indisposition, and if possible at once root it out of the baronet's constitution, thereby gaining the double advantage of increasing professional fame and the amount of his fees. Now, at precisely the same point of time, the baronet was inventing an apology for *not paying* the doctor.

After musing some time, as every physician in the world does, whether he is thinking of the patient or not, Dr. T—— said, "Pray, let me see your tongue, Sir John."

"My *tongue!*" exclaimed the baronet, "ah! you might be greatly disappointed by *that* organ; there's no depending on *tongues* now-a-days, doctor!"

"Yet the tongue is very symptomatic, I can assure you, Sir John," pursued the doctor gravely.

"Possibly, in *your* part of the world," replied the baronet. "But I do assure you, we place very little reliance on tongues in my country."

"You know best," said the doctor coolly: "then, pray let me feel your pulse, Sir John," looking steadfastly on his stop-watch, counting the seconds and the throbs of the Milesian artery. "Heyday! why, your pulse is not only irregular, but *intermits!*"

"I wish my remittances did not," remarked Sir John, mournfully, and thinking he had got an excellent opportunity of apologising to the doctor.

The latter, however, had no idea of any roundabout *apologies* (never having been in Ireland), and resumed: "Your remittances! ah, ah, Sir John! But seriously, your pulse is all astray; pray, do you feel a pain anywhere?"

"Why, doctor," said Sir John (sticking in like manner to *his* point), "whenever I put my hand into my breeches-pocket, I feel a confounded twitch, which gives me very considerable uneasiness, I assure you."

"Hah!" said the doctor, conceiving he had now discovered some new symptom about the femoral artery—"are you sure there's nothing *in* your pocket that hurts you, Sir John? Perhaps some"——

"O no, doctor," said the baronet rather impatiently; "there's *nothing at all* in my pocket, Dr. T——."

"Then the twitch may be rather serious," and the doctor looked *knowing*, although he was still *at fault* concerning the *éclaircissement*. "It is a singular symptom. Do you feel your head at all heavy, Sir John—a sensation of weight?"

"Not at all," replied the other: "my head is (except my *purse*) the lightest thing I possess at present."

The disciple of Galen still supposed Sir John was jesting as to his purse, inasmuch as the plum-coloured vis-à-vis, with arms, crests, and mantlings to match—with groom, geldings, and the baronet's white Arabian, still remained at the Hôtel de Wagram, Rue de la Paix.

"Ha! ha! Sir John," cried he, "I am glad to see you in such spirits."

Nothing, however, either as to the malady or the fees being fully explained, it at length flashed across the doctor's comprehension that the baronet might *possibly* be in downright *earnest* as to his *remittances*. Such a thought must, under the circumstances, have a most disheartening effect on the contour of any medical man in Europe. On the first blush of this fatal suspi-

cion the doctor's features began to droop—his eyebrows descended, and a sort of *in utrumque paratus* look, that many of my readers must have borne when expecting a money letter, but not quite sure it may not be an *apology*, overspread his countenance, while his nasal muscles puckering up (as in the tic douloureux), seemed to quaver between a smile and a sardonic grin.

Sir John could scarcely contain himself at the doctor's ludicrous embarrassment. "By Jove," said he, "I am serious!"

"Serious! as to what, Sir John?" stammered the physician, getting out of conceit both with his patient and himself.

"The fact," said Sir John, "is this: your long and indefatigable attention merits all my confidence, and you shall have it."

"Confidence!" exclaimed the doctor, bowing, "you do me honour; but"——

"Yes, doctor, I now tell you (*confidentially*) that certain papers and matters called in Ireland *custodiums*,* have bothered both me and my brother Joseph, notwithstanding all his exertions for me, as agent, receiver, remitter, attorney, banker, auditor, and arranger-general; which said custodiums have given up all my lands, in spite of Joe, to the king, as trustee for a set of horse-jockeys, Jews, mortgagees, gamblers, solicitors, and annuity-

* A *custodium* is a law proceeding in Ireland, not practised much anywhere else, and is vastly worse than even an "extent in aid." By one fiction the debtor is supposed to owe money to the king:—by another "fiction," the king demands his money:—and the debtor, by a third "fiction," is declared a rebel, because he does not pay the king. A commission of rebellion then issues in the name of the king against the debtor; and, by a fourth "fiction," he is declared an outlaw, and all his estates are seized and sequestered to pay *his majesty*. A receiver of every shilling belonging to the debtor is then appointed by the king's chief baron of the exchequer; every tenant on the estates is served with the "fictions," as well as the landlord; and a *debt of one hundred pounds* has been frequently ornamented with a bill of costs to the amount of *three thousand* in the name of his majesty, who does not know the least circumstance of the matter.

There was scarcely a gentleman in the county of Galway, formerly, but was as great an *outlaw* as Robin Hood; with this difference, that Robin Hood might be *hanged*, and his majesty could only *starve* the gentleman.—(*Author's note.*)

boys—who have been tearing me to pieces for twenty years past without my having the slightest suspicion of their misdemeanours; and now, doctor, they have finally, by divers law fictions, got *his majesty* to patronise them."

"But, sir, sir!" interrupted the doctor.

"I assure you, however," continued Sir John, placidly, "that my brother Joe (whose Christian name—between you and me, doctor—ought to have been Ulick, after Ulick the Milesian, if my mother had done him common justice at his christening) is a long-headed fellow, and will promptly bring those infernal custodium impostors into proper order."

"But, sir, sir!" repeated the doctor.

"One fellow," pursued the baronet, "hearing that Joe intended to *call him out* for laying on his papers, has stopped all law proceedings already, and made a proper apology. The very name of Burke of Glinsk, doctor, is as sounding as *Waterloo*, in the county of Galway."

"Pardon me, Sir John," said Doctor T——, "but what can all this have to do with"——

"Never mind," again interrupted the baronet, catching hold of one of the doctor's coat-buttons,* "never mind; I give you my word, Joe is a steady, good, clever fellow, and looks two ways at everything before he does it—I don't allude to the cast in his eye: a horse with a wall-eye, you know, doctor, is the very lad for hard work!—ha! ha! ha!"

The doctor could stand this no longer, and said, "I know nothing about wall-eyed horses, Sir John." Indeed, being now hopeless, he made the second of the three bows he had determined to depart with; but he found his button still in custody between Sir John's fingers, and was necessitated to suspend his exit, or leave it behind him.

* How admirably does Horace describe the grievance of a *bore* catching hold of your button, and making the proprietor a prisoner till his speech is expended! Dr. T—— told me that the satire came into his head whilst Sir John had him in hold, and that in his hurry to emancipate himself, he made a large cut in a new surtout, and quite spoiled its beauty.—(*Author's note.*)

"A plan has occurred to me, doctor," said the baronet, thoughtfully, "which may not only liquidate my just and honourable debt to you for attendance and operations, but must, if you are as skilful as I think you are, eventually realise you a pretty fortune."

This, in a moment, changed the countenance of the doctor, as a smouldering fire, when it gets a blast of the bellows, instantly blazes up and begins to generate its hydrogen. "And pray, sir," asked the impatient physician, "what plan may this be? what new *bank* are you thinking of?"

"'Tis no *bank*," said Sir John; "it's a much better thing than any bank, for the more you *draw* the richer you'll be."

The doctor's eyelids opened wide; his eyebrows became elevated, and he drew his ear close to the proposer, that he might not lose a single word of so precious an *exposé*.

"You know," said Sir John, "though you are a Sarnion (Guernsey-man) by birth, you *must* know, as *all the world* knows, that the name of the Burkes or O'Bourkes (Irlandois), and their castle of Glinsk, have been established and celebrated in Ireland some dozen centuries."

"I have heard the name, sir," said the doctor, rather peevishly.

"Be assured 'tis the very first cognomen in Ireland," said Sir John.

"Possibly," said the doctor.

"Nay, *positively*," rejoined the baronet; "far more ancient than the O'Neils, O'Briens, O'Flahertys, who, indeed, are comparatively *moderns*. We were native princes and kings several centuries before even the term *anno Domini* was used."

"I will not dispute it, sir."

"Nay, I can prove it. I had six-and-twenty quarters on my shield without a blot upon either—save by one marriage with a d—d *Bodkin* out of the twelve tribes of Galway, about a hundred and eighty years ago. We never got over that!"

"For Heaven's sake, sir," said Doctor T——, "do come to the point."

"Pardon me," said Sir John, "I am on the point itself."

"As how?" inquired the other.

"Come here," said Sir John, "and I will soon satisfy you on that head:" and as he spoke he led him to the window, where three china cups full of the baronet's gore lay in regular order. "See! that's the genuine crimson stuff for you, doctor! eighteen ounces at least of it; the richest in Europe! and as to colour—what's carmine to it?"

The doctor was bewildered; but so passive, he stood quite motionless.

"Now," continued Sir John, "we are bringing the matter to the point. You can *guarantee* this gore to be genuine Glinsk blood: it gushed beautifully after your lancet, doctor, eh! didn't it?"

"What of that, sir?" said Doctor T——: "really, Sir John, I can stay no longer."

"You have much ordinary professional practice," said the baronet—"I mean exclusive of your noble patients in Rue Rivoli, etc.—visits, for instance, to the Boulevard St. Martin, St. Antoine, Place de Bastile, De Bourse, etc., which you know are principally peopled by brokers with aspiring families; rich *négocians*, with ambitious daughters, etc., who, if they were to give five hundred thousand francs, can't get into one fashionable *soirée* for want of a touch of gentility—not even within smell of sweet little Berry's* under nursery-maids. Now," said Sir John, pausing a moment, "we're at the point."

"So much the better," said the man of medicine.

"I understand that there is a member of the faculty in Paris who undertakes the *transfusion of blood* with miraculous success, and has not only demonstrated its practicability, but insists that it may by improvement be rendered sufficiently operative to harmonise and amalgamate the different qualities of different

* Sir John is the greatest eulogist of the Duchess of Berry, and has got the Legion of Honour for having given up his bed, blankets, and all, to the Duke of Berry, somewhere on the road, when they were both running away from Napoleon Bonaparte.—(*Author's note.*)

species of animals. I am told he does not yet despair of seeing, by transfusion of blood, horses becoming the best mousers, cats setting partridges, and the vulgarest fellows upon earth metamorphosed into gentlemen."

"Pshaw! pshaw!" exclaimed Doctor T——.

"Now, I perceive no reason," resumed Sir John, "why any man should perform such an operation better than yourself: and if you advertise in the *Petit Avis* that you have a quantity of genuine Glinsk O'Bourke *gore* always at command, to transfuse into persons who wish to acquire the *gentilities* and the feelings of noblesse, without pain or patent, my blood, fresh from the veins, would bring you at least a *Nap* a spoonful: and in particular proportions would so refine and purify the vulgar puddle of the *bourgeois*, that they might soon be regarded (in conjunction with their money) as high at least as the half-starved *quatrième* nobility, who hobble down to their sugar and water at *soirées* in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, and go to bed in the dark to save candlelight."

The doctor felt hurt beyond all endurance: he blushed up to his very whiskers, sealed his lips hermetically—by a sardonic smile only disclosing one of his dog-teeth, and endeavoured to depart; but the button was still fast between Sir John's fingers, who begged of his victim not to spare his veins, saying, "that he would with pleasure stand as much phlebotomy as would make a fortune for any reasonable practitioner."

This was decisive: the doctor could stand it no longer; so snatching up the toilet scissors, he cut the button clean off his new surtout, and vanished without waiting ceremoniously to make the third bow, as had always previously been his custom.

However, the baronet, when Joe (who should have been Ulick) afterward sent him over some of the *dross*, made full metallic compensation to the doctor,—and within this last month I met them walking together in great harmony.

This incident, which I had known and noted long before, was then repeated by Sir John in the doctor's presence; and it affords the very strongest proof what a truly valuable liquid

genuine Irish gore is considered by the chiefs of County Galway.

There is not a baronet in the United Kingdom who (with the very essence of good humour) has afforded a greater opportunity for notes and anecdotes than Sir John Burke of Glinsk Castle and tilt-yard;—and no person ever will, or ever can, relate them so well as himself.

Sir John Burke is married to the sister of Mr. Ball, the present proprietor of Oatlands, commonly called the *Golden Ball*. I witnessed the courtship; negotiated with the brother; read over the skeleton of the marriage-settlement, and was present at the departure of the baronet and his new lady for Rome, to kiss the Pope's toe. I also had the pleasure of hailing them on their return, as *le Marquis* and *la Marquise de Bourke* of the Holy Roman empire. Sir John had the *promise* of a *principality* from the Papal See when he should be prepared to pay his Holiness the regulation price for it. At all events, he came back highly freighted with a papal bull, a nobleman's patent, holy relics, mock cameos, real lava, wax tapers, Roman paving-stones, etc. etc.; and after having been overset into the Po, and making the fortune of his courier, he returned in a few months to Paris to ascertain what fortune his wife had;—a circumstance which his anxiety to be married and kiss the Pope's toe had not given him sufficient time to investigate before. He found it very large, and calculated to bear a good deal of cutting and hacking ere it should quit his service—with no great probability of his ever coaxing it back again. Sir John's good temper, however, settles that matter with great facility by quoting Dean Swift's admirable eulogium upon poverty:—"Money's the devil, and God keeps it from us," said the dean. If this be orthodox, there will be more gentlemen's souls saved in Ireland than in any other part of his Britannic Majesty's dominions.*

Previous to Sir John's marriage, Miss Ball understood, or rather had formed a conception, that Glinsk Castle was placed

* The best thing in this thoroughly characteristic book. Jonah shines through every page.

in one of the most cultivated, beautiful, and romantic districts of romantic Ireland, in which happy island she had never been, and I dare say never will be. Burke, who seldom says anything without laughing heartily at his own remark, was questioned by her pretty closely as to the beauty of the demesne, and the architecture of the castle. "Now, Sir John," said she, "have you much dressed grounds upon the demesne of Glinsk?"

"Dressed, my love!" repeated Sir John, "why, my whole estate has been nearly *dressed up* these seven years past."

"That's very uncommon," said Miss Ball; "there must have been a great expenditure on it."

"Oh, very great," replied the baronet, "very great."

"The castle," said her future ladyship, "is, I suppose, in good order?"

"It ought to be," answered Sir John; "for (searching his pockets) I got a bill from my brother Joe of, I think, two hundred pounds, only for nails, iron cramps, and holdfasts, for a single winter."

The queries of Miss Ball innocently proceeded, and, I think, the replies were among the pleasantest and most adroit I ever heard. The lady seemed quite delighted, and nearly expressed a wish to go down to the castle as soon as possible. "As Sir John's rents may not come in instantly," said she, "I have, I fancy, a few thousand pounds in the bank just now, and that may take us down and new furnish at least a wing of the castle!"

This took poor Sir John dreadfully aback. Glinsk was, he told me, actually in a tumbling state Not a gravel walk within twenty miles of it; and as to timber, "How the devil," said he, "could I support both my trees and my establishment at the same time? Now," he pursued, "Barrington, my good friend, do just tell her what I told you about my aunt Margaret's ghost that looks out of the castle window on every anniversary of her own death and birthday, and on other periodical occasions. She'll be so frightened (for, thank God! she's afraid of

ghosts) that she'll no more think of going to Glinsk than to America."

"Tell her yourself, Sir John," said I; "nobody understands a romance better; and I'm sure, if this be not a *meritorious*, it is certainly an *innocent* one."

In fine, he got his groom to tell her maid all about *the ghost;* the maid told the mistress, with frightful exaggerations. Sir John, when appealed to, spoke mysteriously of the matter; and the purchase of Glinsk Castle could not have induced Miss Ball to put her foot in it afterwards. She is a particularly mild and gentlewomanly lady, and, I fancy, would scarcely have survived a visit to Glinsk, even if the ghost of Madam Margaret had not prevented her making the experiment.

SWEARING NO VICE.

THOUGH I have more than ordinary cause to be gratified by the reception the first two volumes of this work so unexpectedly met with, and am extremely grateful for that reception, yet I am well aware that certain starched moralists may conceive, and perhaps, *primâ facie*, with reason, that there is too much "imprecation," and what the fastidious of Bond Street call *vulgarity*, introduced into the Irish colloquies. I admit that a person who has never been in the interior of Ireland, or accustomed to the Irish people and their peculiarities, might naturally think so. I therefore feel it a duty to such critics to give them at least one or two reasons why they should not consider Irish oaths immoral, or Irish colloquy vulgar.

The outrageous blasphemy and indecency so copious in the *slang* of England, with neither wit, point, nor national humour to qualify it, might indeed disgust even the seven hundred imps whom the devil sent into this world to capture St. Chrysostom. The curses and imprecations of Ireland are of a nature totally different. They have no great variety; they are neither premeditated nor acquired through habits of dissipation. They are idiomatic, a part and parcel of the regular language of the country, and repeated in other countries as a necessary appendage to the humour of an Irish story, though they would be utterly unadapted to any other people. Walter Scott's delightful writings, with all the native simplicity and idiomatic dialect of the ancient Celtic, would be totally spoiled, for instance, had he mingled or introduced in them the oaths and idioms indispensable as a seasoning to Irish colloquy—an observation sufficiently illustrated by the absurd and stupid attempts to

imitate Irish phraseology made by English dramatic mimics and grimacers.

Here I am quite prepared for the most severe criticism. "Upon my word (the lank-haired puritan will say) this is a most dangerous and sinful writer, holding out that an anecdote, if it be Irish, would lose its relish if there were neither oaths nor imprecations tacked to it. No man can, in the opinion of that immoral writer, repeat an innocent Irish story, unless he at the same time calls down the wrath of Heaven upon himself; and, moreover, upon such of his auditors as take any pleasure in hearing him."

I know two very young ladies who told me that their mammas directed them to skim over any *improper* parts of the Sketches, and that they read every word to *find out* those improper parts. The book, they said, was extremely diverting; and as to the oaths, they never swore themselves, and never would, and therefore reading *that part* could do them no harm.

My own notions respecting this Irish habit of imprecation were illustrated many years ago by an actual dialogue with a man of low rank in that country; and as our conversation bore upon a subject of which scarce a day passes without reminding me, I have retained its import as if it had taken place yesterday; and though after an interval of more than forty-five years it is not to be expected I should repeat the exact *words* uttered, yet I really think my memory serves as to the precise *sentences.*

We had got accidentally upon the topic; and I expressed my opinion, as I have already stated it here, that these objectionable phrases were merely idiomatic and involuntary—betraying no radical or intentional vice. His notion went further; he apologised for the practice not only statistically, but said, with characteristic fervour, that the genuine Irish people could not "do without it." "Many," said he, "would not mind what was said to them unless there was a curse tacked on to the direction. For instance, old Ned Doran of Cherry Hill ordered all his children, male and female, neither to curse nor swear, as they regarded their father's orders, and the consequence was, the

people all said they were going to turn *swadlers*, and not a maid or a labourer would do a farthing's worth of work—for want of being *forced* to do it in the 'owld way.'"

The man I talked with was a character not very general in England, but frequently met with among the Irish commonalty, whose acuteness of intellect, naturally exceeding that of English labourers, is rather increased by the simplicity of their ideas. Self-taught, they turn anything they learn to all the purposes that their humble and depressed state can give room for.

Fortune had denied him the means of emerging from obscurity; and Michael Heney was for many years the faithful steward of my father, living with him to the period of his death. His station in life had been previously very low; his education was correspondent; but he had from Nature a degree of mental strength which operated in possessing him with a smattering of everything likely or proper to be understood by persons of his grade. He was altogether a singularity, and would not give up one iota of his opinions. To address him as a casuist was the greatest favour you could confer on Mick Heney; and the originality of his ideas and promptitude of his replies often amused me extremely.

But for the detail of our dialogue :—

"Is it not extraordinary, Michael," said I one day (as a great number of labourers were making up hay in one of the meadows, and Michael and myself were seated on a heap of it), "that those poor fellows can scarcely pronounce a sentence without some oath to confirm, or some deity to garnish it with?"

"Master Jonah (he never said 'please your honour' to anybody but his master), sure it's their *only* way of talking *English*. They can speak very good *Irish* without either swearing or cursing, because it's their own tongue. Besides, all their forefathers used to be cursing the English day and night for many a hundred years; so that they never used the Sassanagh tongue without mixing curses along with it, and now it's grown a custom, and they say that the devil himself could not break them of it—poor crethurs!"

"I should think the devil won't try, Mick Heney."

"It's no joke, Master Jonah."

"But," said I (desirous of drawing him out), "they never fail to take the name of J—s on every silly occasion. Sure there's no reason in *that?*"

"Yes, but there is, Master Jonah," said Heney: "in the owld time, when the English used to be cutting and hacking, starving and burning the poor Irish, and taking all their lands, cattle, and goods from them, the crethurs were always praying to Jesus and his holy Mother to save them from the Sassanaghs; and so, praying to Jesus grew so *pat*, that now they can't help it."

"But then, Michael," said I, "the commandments!"

"Poo-o! what have the crethurs to do with the commandments? Sure it's the Jews and not the poor Catholics that have to do with them; and sure the parliament men make many a law twice as strong as any commandments; and the very gentlemen that made those said laws don't observe their own enactments, except it suits their own purposes—though every 'sizes some of the *crethurs* are hanged for breaking one or two of them."

Heney was now waxing warm on the subject, and I followed him up as well as I could. "Why, Mick, I wonder, nevertheless, that your clergy don't put a stop to the practice: perpetually calling on the name of our Redeemer, without any substantial reason for so doing, is certainly bad."

"And what better name could they call on, Master Jonah?" said Heney. "Why should the clergy hinder them? It's only putting them in mind of the name they are to be saved by. Sure there's no other name could do them a pennyworth of good or grace. It's well for the crethurs they have that same name to use. As Father Doran says, pronouncing the glorified name puts them in mind every minute of the only friend any poor Irish boy can depend upon; and there can be no sin in reminding one of the place we must all go to, and the Holy Judge we'll be all judged by at the latter end. Sure it's not Sergeant Towler,* or the likes of him, you'd have the crethurs swearing

* Toler, now Lord Norbury, of whom the common people had a great dread.

by, Master Jonah. He makes them remember *him* plentifully when he comes to these parts."

"And even the schoolmasters don't punish young children for the same thing," remarked I.

"Why should they?" rejoined Michael Heney. "Sure Mr. Beal, though he's a Protestant, does not forbid it."

"How so?"

"Why, because he says if he did it would encourage disobedience to their parents, which is by all clergy forbidden as a great sin as well as shame."

"Disobedience!" said I, in wonder.

"Yes; the fathers and mothers of the *childer* generally curse and swear their own full share every day, at any rate; and if the master told the childer it was a great sin, they would consider their fathers and mothers wicked people, and so despise and fly in their faces!"

"But, surely, you are ordered not to take God's name in vain?"

"And sure," said Heney, "it's *not* in vain when it makes people believe the truth; and many would not believe a word a man said in this country unless he swore to it, Master Jonah."

"But cursing," persisted I, "is ill-natured as well as wicked."

"Sure there's no harm in cursing a *brute beast*," said Heney, "because there's no soul in *it;* and if one curses a *Christian* for doing a bad act, sure it's only telling him what he'll get a taste of on the day of judgment."

"Or perhaps *the day after*, Michael Heney," said I, laughing.

"The devil a priest in the county can tell that," said Heney; but (looking at his watch) you're playing your *pranks* on me, Master Jonah. The bells should have been rung for the mowers' dinner half-an-hour ago, and be d—d to them! The devil sweep them altogether, the idle crethurs!"

"Fie to yourself, Mr. Heney!" cried I. But he waited for no further argument, and I got out, I really think, the reasons

which they all believe justify the practice. The French law makes an abatement of fifteen years out of twenty at the galleys, if a man kills another without premeditation; and I think the same principle may apply to the involuntary assemblage of oaths which, it should seem, has been indigenous in Ireland for some centuries past.*

* The habit of swearing is still disgracefully remarkable in the south of Ireland and among the peasantry. All the gentlemen of the south has set a remarkable example of abstemiousness from all vulgar vices; and it is hoped their virtues will be followed in the humbler grades.

A BARRISTER BESIEGED.

THE late Mr. Curran was certainly one of the most distinguished of Irishmen, not only in wit and eloquence, but in eccentricity; of this quality in him one or two traits have been presented to the reader in the former part of this work; and the following incident will still further illustrate it.

The Reverend Mr. Thomas, whose *sobriquet* in his neighbourhood was "Long Thomas," he being nearly six feet and a half high, resided near Carlow, and once invited Curran and myself to spend a day, and sleep at his house, on our return from the assizes. We accepted the invitation with pleasure, as he was an old college companion of mine—a joyous, good-natured, hospitable, hard-going divine, as any in his county.

The Reverend Jack Read, a three-bottle parson of Carlow, with several other jolly neighbours, was invited to meet us, and to be treated with the wit and pleasantry of the celebrated Counsellor Curran, who was often extremely fond of shining in that class of society.

We all arrived in due time. Dinner was appointed for five *precisely*, as Curran always stipulated, whenever he could make so free, for the punctuality of the dinner-bell to a single minute. The very best cheer was provided by our host. At the proper time the dishes lay basking before the fire, in readiness to receive the several provisions all smoking, for the counsellor, etc. The clock, which, to render the cook more punctual, had been that that very noon regulated by the sun-dial, did not, on its part, vary one second. Its hammer and bell melodiously sounded *five*, and announced the happy signal for the banquet. All the guests assembled in the dining-room, which was, in honest Thomas's

house, that apartment which the fine people of our day would call a drawing-room.

Every guest of the reverend host having now decided on his chair, and turned down his plate, in order to be as near as possible to Counsellor Curran, proceeded to whet his knife against the edge of his neighbour's, to give it a due keenness for the most tempting side of the luscious sirloin, which, by anticipation, frizzed upon its pewter dish. Veal, mutton, turkey, ham, duck, and partridge, all "piping hot," were ready and willing to leap from their pots and spits into their respective dishes, and to take a warm bath each in its proper gravy. The cork-screw was busily employed, the wine-decanters ornamented the four corners of the well-dressed table, and the punch, jugged and bubbling hot upon the hearth-stone, perfumed the whole room with its aromatic potteen odour.

Everything bespoke a most joyous and protracted banquet; but, meanwhile, where was the great object of the feast—the wheedler of the petty juries, and the admonisher of the grand ones? Where was the great orator, in consequence of whose brilliant reputation such a company was collected? The fifth hour had long passed, and impatience became visible on every countenance. Each guest who had a watch gave his fob no tranquillity, and never were timekeepers kept on harder duty. The first half-hour surprised the company, the next quarter *astonished*, and the last *alarmed* it. The clock, by *six* solemn notes, set the whole party surmising, and the host appeared nearly in a state of stupefaction. Day had departed, and twilight was rapidly following its example, yet no tidings of the orator. Never had the like been known with regard to Curran, punctuality at dinner being a portion of his very nature. There are not more days in a leap year than there were different conjectures broached as to the cause of my friend's non-appearance. The people about the house were sent out on the several roads to reconnoitre. He had been seen certainly, in the garden, at four o'clock, but never after; yet every now and then a message came in to announce, that "an old man had seen *a counsellor*, as he

verily believed, walking very quick on the road to Carlow." Another reported that "a woman who was driving home her cow met one of the counsellors going leisurely towards Athy, and that he seemed very *melancholy;* that she had seen him at the 'sizes that blessed morning, and the people towld her it was the great law preacher that was in it. Another woman who was bringing home some turf from the bog declared before the Virgin and all the Saints that she saw "a little man in black, with a stick in his hand, going toward the Barrow;" and a collough, sitting at her own cabin-door feeding the *childer*, positively saw a "black gentleman going down to the river, and soon afterward heard a great splash of water at the said river; whereupon she went, *hot-foot*, to her son Ned Coyle, to send him thither to see if the gentleman was in the water; but that Ned said, sure enuff nothing natural would be after going at that time of the deep dusk to the place where poor Armstrong's corpse lay the night he was murthered; and he'd see all the gentlemen in the county to the devil (God bless them!) before he'd go to the said place till morning early."

The faithful clock now announced *seven*, and the matter became too serious to admit of any doubt as to poor Curran having met his catastrophe. I was greatly shocked; our only conjecture now being, not *whether*, but *how*, he had lost his life. As Curran was known every day to strip naked and wash himself all over with a sponge and cold water, I conjectured, as most rational, that he had, in lieu of his usual ablution, gone to the Barrow to bathe before dinner, and thus unfortunately perished. All agreed in my hypothesis, and hooks and a draw-net were sent for immediately to Carlow, to scour the river for his body. Nobody, whatever might have been their feelings, *said* a word about dinner. The beef, mutton, and veal, as if in grief, had either turned into broth, or dropped piecemeal from the spit; the poultry fell from their strings, and were seen broiling in the dripping-pan. The cook had forgotten her calling, and gone off to make inquiries. The stable-boy left his horses; indeed, all the domestics, with one accord, dispersed with lanterns to search

for Counsellor Curran in the Barrow. The Irish cry was let loose, and the neighbourhood soon collected; and the good-natured parson, our host, literally wept like an infant. I never saw so much confusion at any *dinner-table*. Such of the guests as were gifted by Nature with keen appetites suffered all the tortures of hunger, of which, nevertheless, they could not in humanity complain; but a stomachic sympathy of woe was very perceptible in their lamentations for the untimely fate of so great an orator.

It was at length suggested by our reverend host that his great Newfoundland dog, who was equally sagacious, if not more so, with many of the parishioners, and rivalled, in canine proportion, the magnitude of his master, was not unlikely, by diving in the Barrow, to discover where the body lay deposited, and thus direct the efforts of the nets and hookers from Carlow. This idea met with universal approbation; and everybody took up his hat, to go down to the river. Mary, a young damsel, the only domestic who remained in the house, was ordered to call Diver, the dog; but Diver was absent, and did not obey the summons. Everywhere resounded, "Diver! Diver!" but in vain.

New and multifarious conjectures now crossed the minds of the different persons assembled; the mystery thickened; all the old speculations went for nothing; it was clear that Curran and Diver had absconded together.

At length, a gentleman in company mentioned the circumstance of a friend of his having been drowned while bathing, whose dog never left his clothes, on the bank, till discovered nearly dead with hunger. The conjecture founded hereon was, however, but momentary, since it soon appeared that such *could not* be the case with Curran. I knew that he both feared and hated big dogs;* and besides, there was no *acquaintance* between

* Curran had told me, with infinite humour, of an adventure between him and a mastiff when he was a boy. He had heard somebody say, that any person throwing the skirts of his coat over his head, stooping low, holding out his arms and creeping along backward, might frighten the fiercest dog and put him to

him and the one in question. Diver had never seen the counsellor before that day, and therefore could have no personal fondness for him, not to say that those animals have a sort of instinctive knowledge as to who likes or dislikes them, and it was more probable that Diver, if either, would be an enemy instead of a friend to so great a stranger. But the creature's absence, at any rate, was unaccountable, and the more so, inasmuch as he never before had wandered from his master's residence.

Mary, the maid, was now desired to search *all* the rooms and offices for Diver, while we sat pensive and starving in the parlour. We were speedily alarmed by a loud shriek, immediately after which Mary rushed tottering into the room, just able to articulate—

O holy Virgin! holy Virgin! yes, gentlemen! the counsellor *is* dead, sure enough. And I'll die too, gentlemen! I'll never recover it!" and she crossed herself twenty times over in the way the priest had taught her.

We all now flocked round, and asked her simultaneously how she *knew* the counsellor was dead?

Crossing herself again, "I saw his *ghost*, please your reverence!" cried poor Mary, "and a frightful ghost it was! just out

flight. He accordingly made the attempt on a miller's animal in the neighbourhood, who *would never let* the boys *rob the orchard;* but found to his sorrow that he had a dog to deal with who did not care which end of a boy went foremost, so as he could get a good bite out of it. "I pursued the instructions," said Curran; "and, as I had no eyes save those in front, fancied the mastiff was in full retreat; but I was confoundedly mistaken, for at the very moment I thought myself victorious, the enemy attacked my rear, and having got a reasonably good mouthful out of it, was fully prepared to take another before I was rescued. Egad, I thought for a time the beast had devoured my entire *centre of gravity*, and that I never should go on a steady perpendicular again." "Upon my word, Curran," said I, "the mastiff may have left you your *centre*, but he could not have left much *gravity* behind him among the bystanders."

I had never recollected this story until the affair of Diver at Parson Thomas's, and I told it that night to the country gentlemen before Curran, and for a moment occasioned a hearty laugh against him; but he soon *floored* me in our social converse, which whiled away as convivial an evening as I ever experienced.—(*Author's note.*)

of the river, and not even *decent* itself. I'm willing to take my affidavy that I saw his ghost, quite *indecent*, straight forenent me."

"Where? where?" cried everybody, as if with one breath.

"In the double-bedded room next your reverence's," stammered the terrified girl.

We waited for no more to satisfy us either that she was mad, or that robbers were in the house; each person seized something by way of a weapon; one took a poker, another a candlestick, a third a knife or fire-shovel, and up stairs we rushed. Only one could go in conveniently abreast; and I was among the first who entered. The candles had been forgotten; but the moon was rising, and we certainly saw what, in the opinion of some present, corroborated the statement of Mary. Two or three instantly drew back in horror, and attempted to retreat, but others pressed behind; and lights being at length produced, an exhibition far more ludicrous than terrific presented itself. In a far corner of the room stood, erect and formal, and *stark naked* (as a *ghost* should be), John Philpot Curran, one of his majesty's counsel learned in the law, trembling as if in the ague, and scarce able to utter a syllable, through the combination of cold and terror. Three or four paces in his front lay Diver, from Newfoundland, stretching out his immense shaggy carcass, his long paws extended their full length, and his great head lying on them with his nose pointed toward *the ghost*, as true as the needle to the pole. His hind legs were gathered up like those of a wild beast ready to spring upon his prey. He took an angry notice of the first of us that came near him, growled, and seemed disposed to resent our intrusion; but the moment his master appeared his temper changed, he jumped up, wagged his tail, licked the parson's hand, cast a scowling look at Curran, and then a wistful one at his master, as much as to say, "I have done my duty, now do you yours;" he looked, indeed, as if he only waited for the word of command to seize the counsellor by the throttle.

A blanket was now considerately thrown over Curran by one

of the company, and he was *put to bed* with half-a-dozen more blankets heaped upon him; a tumbler of hot potteen punch was administered, and a second worked miracles; the natural heat began to circulate, and he was in a little time enabled to rise and tell us a story which no hermit even telling his last beads could avoid laughing at.

The fact was, that a little while previous to dinner-time, Curran, who had omitted his customary ablution in the morning, went to our allotted bed-chamber to perform that ceremony, and having stripped, had just begun to apply the sponge, when Diver, strolling about his master's premises to see if all was right, placed by chance his paw against the door, which not being fastened, it flew open, he entered unceremoniously, and observing what he conceived to be an extraordinary and suspicious figure, concluded it was somebody with no very honest intention, and stopped to reconnoitre. Curran, unaccustomed to so strange a valet, retreated, while Diver advanced, and very significantly showed an intention to seize him by the naked throat; which operation, if performed by Diver, whose tusks were a full inch in length, would no doubt have admitted an inconvenient quantity of atmospheric air into his œsophagus: He therefore crept as close into the corner as he could, and had the equivocal satisfaction of seeing his adversary advance and turn the meditated *assault* into a complete *blockade*—stretching himself out, and "maintaining his position" with scarcely the slightest motion, till the counsellor was rescued and the siege raised.

Curran had been in hopes that when Diver had satisfied his *curiosity* he would retire; and with this impression, spoke kindly to him, but was answered only by a growl. If Curran repeated his blandishments, Diver showed his long white tusks; if he moved his foot, the dog's hind legs were in motion. Once or twice Curran raised his hand; but Diver, considering that as a sort of challenge, rose instantly, and with a low growl looked significantly at Curran's windpipe. Curran, therefore, stood like a *model*, if not much like a marble divinity. In truth, though somewhat less comely, his features were more expressive than

those of the Apollo Belvidere. Had the circumstance occurred at Athens to Demosthenes, or in the days of Phidias, it is probable my friend Curran and Diver would have been at this moment exhibited in virgin marble at Florence or at the Vatican; and I am quite sure the *subject* would have been better and more amusing than that of "the dying gladiator."

GEORGE ROBERT FITZGERALD.

A VERY illustrative anecdote of the habits of former times is afforded by the celebrated rencontre between George Robert Fitzgerald of Turlow, member for Mayo, and Mr. Richard Martin of Connemara, member for Galway County, which occurred nearly half-a-century ago. Both were gentlemen of great public notoriety; both men of family and of fortune. But of all the *contrasts* that ever existed in human nature, theirs was in the superlative degree; for modern biography does not present a character more eminently vindictive and sanguinary than the one, or an individual more signalised by active humanity and benevolence than the other.

With the chief of Connemara I have now been nearly forty years in a state of uninterrupted friendship: failings he has—"let him who is faultless throw the first stone!" The character I should give of him may be summed up in a single sentence. "Urbanity toward women; benevolence toward men; and humanity toward the brute creation." I must observe, however, that he is one of those good fellows who would rather do anybody's business than his own; and durst look anything in the face rather than his own situation. As to his *charity*, I cannot say too much; as to his *politics*, I cannot say too little.

His unfortunate antagonist, Mr. Fitzgerald, has long since met his miserable fate. Mr. Martin still lives, and seems to defy, from the strength of his constitution, both time and the destroyer. If *ever* he should become defunct, there is not a bullock, calf, goose, or hack, but ought to *go into deep mourning* for him.

The virulent animosity and unfinished conflicts between these celebrated personages once formed a subject of very

general conversation. When the bullets of holster-pistols flatten against the ribs of a gentleman, there can be no great use in fighting any more with *him:* it is better to break fresh ground with some more vulnerable amateur; and as "fire-eating" was at the period I allude to in full taste and fashion, no person who felt a *penchant* for chivalry need wait a single hour for a thrust. Every gentleman then wore his sword or *couteau de chasse,* which there could be no trouble in drawing.

I was quite unacquainted with the true state of the quarrel between these parties, or the facts of their rencontres, and have begged my friend Martin to give me a circumstantial detail, lest I might mistake and be called a "bouncer." He was so obliging as to comply; and I conceive that his MS. statement is so perspicuous and fair, almost amounting to perfect impartiality—in that conversational style, too, best calculated for narrative—that I determine to give it in nearly the same words; and when it is combined with a few facts which I learned from another friend, I venture to think that a better outline of Mayo and Galway lords, commoners, judges, country gentlemen, and *fire-eaters,* cannot be found. As, however, there is nothing in it chivalrous in the *ladies'* way—the whole being about *hate,* with not one particle respecting *love,* I fear it will not be a favourite sketch with the gentler part of the creation. To make them amends, I'll search my old trunks, and find if possible some pretty sketch that has *nothing but love* or *marriage* in it, which they shall have as well dressed and garnished as they can reasonably expect from so old a *cuisinier;* and now, with their kind permission, we will proceed to County Mayo.

"George Robert Fitzgerald having a deadly hate to all the Brown family, but hating most Lord Altamont, rode up one morning from Turlow to Westport House, and asked to see the big wolf-dog called the 'Prime Sergeant.' When the animal appeared, he instantly shot it, and desired the servants to tell their master that 'until the noble peer became charitable to the wandering poor whose broken meat was devoured by hungry wolf-dogs, *he* would not allow any such to be kept.' He, how-

ever, left a note to say that he *permitted* Lady Anne, Lady Elizabeth, and Lady Charlotte Brown, each to keep one *lap-dog*.

"Proud of this exploit, he rode into Lord Sligo's town of Westport, and proclaimed in the market-place that he had just shot the *Prime Sergeant* dead. The whole town was alarmed; an uproar arose; but after some debate among the wisest or rather the *stoutest* people in the town, whether George Robert Fitzgerald ought not to be arrested if possible for this deliberate murder of Counsellor Brown, he quieted all by saying, 'I have shot a much worthier *animal*, the big watch-dog.'*

"I was at this time much attached to the family, and debating in my own mind how best to conduct myself toward my friends, I determined not to tell George Robert my opinion, as it would be in effect to declare that Lord Altamont wanted courage to defend his own honour. I therefore resolved on seeking some more plausible ground of quarrel, which soon presented itself; for at the summer assizes of Mayo, holden at Castlebar, Charles Lionel Fitzgerald prosecuted his elder brother George Robert for false imprisonment and savage conduct toward their father, upon whom George Robert had fastened a chain and dray!

"The affair came on before Lord Carleton, and I volunteered in the only cause I ever pleaded.†

"An affidavit was produced, stating that the father was *not* confined. I observed 'that Robert Fitzgerald had long notice of this cause coming on, and that the best answer would be the *attendance* of the father when he was called as one of the magistrates in the commission for the county of Mayo.'

* The Prime Sergeant of the Irish bar was then Lord Sligo's brother—a huge, fat, dull fellow; but the great *lawyer* of the family. Prime Sergeant Brown was considered as an oracle by the whole county of Mayo; yet there could scarcely be found a man less calculated to *tell fortunes*. The watch-dog was named after him.

† Mr. Richard Martin had been called to the Irish bar, as the eldest sons of the most respectable families of Ireland then were, not, as might be supposed, to practise for others, but with a supposition that they would thereby be better enabled to defend their own *territories* from judgments, mortgages, custodiums, etc. etc., and "to stave off" vulgar demands, which if too speedily conceded, might beget very serious inconveniences.—(*Author's note.*)

"Remesius Lennon, a battered old counsellor, on the other side, observed that the father was one of the worst men living, and that it would be unjust to censure any son for confining such a public nuisance.

"I opposed putting off the trial of George Robert, and concluded to this effect:—'Though believing that in course of a long life this wretched father had committed many crimes, yet the greatest crime against society and the greatest sin against Heaven that he ever perpetrated, was the having *begotten the traverser.*'

"On this, George Robert said, smiling, 'Martin, you look very healthy, you take good care of your *constitution;* but I tell you that you have this day taken very bad care of your *life.*'

"The trial went on; and it was *proved,* among a great number of other barbarities, that the father *was* chained by his son George Robert to a dray, and at times to a muzzled bear. A respectable jury found the traverser guilty, and Lord Carleton sentenced him to three years' imprisonment, and to pay a fine to the king of five hundred pounds.

"'Kissing' at this time went 'by favour;' and Mr. Conolly, the brother-in-law of George Robert, obtained from the late Duke of Buckingham, then Lord-Lieutenant, the pardon and release of Fitzgerald.

"Some months after, I happened to pass through Castlebar, and learned that Mr. Fitzgerald was in the town. I had heard of his denunciations, but my determination was neither to *avoid* nor *seek* my antagonist. Desirous of ascertaining what I had to expect, I requested a friend to call on him, and, after conversation on some ordinary subject, to say that *I* had been in the town.

"This was done, and George Robert answered, 'that he hoped, whenever we met, it would not be as *enemies.*'

"My friend reported this. But, on the whole, I thought it as well not to seek any occasion of meeting a person who, I apprehended, might, so soon after our dispute, be induced to depart from his pacific resolution. I therefore proceeded on my journey to Dublin."

"Mrs. Crawford, I found, had been engaged to play for a few nights at Crow Street Theatre, and I determined to see her *Belvidera*. I had not long taken my seat in the front row of the stage-box when I heard a noisy, precipitate step, and an order given in a commanding tone for the box to be opened. I turned and saw Mr. Fitzgerald, who took his place on the next row. His look indicated rage, and I therefore left my place in front and took my seat on the same row with him. He stared for a moment or two directly into my face, then turned away and laughed, on which I asked, 'Have you anything particular to say to *me*, Mr. Fitzgerald?'

"He answered, with a stern look of defiance, 'Only to tell you that I followed you from Castlebar to proclaim you the *bully* of the Altamonts.'

"'You have said enough, Mr. Fitzgerald. You no doubt expect to hear from me, and it shall be early in the morning.'

"'*I* shall hear from *you* to-morrow!' he repeated contemptuously, making, as he spoke, a blow at me, and adding, 'This will refresh your memory.' He then pulled back his body from behind the curtain of the box, and instantly retreated toward the lobby.

"My feet got entangled in the curtain when I rushed out to follow my antagonist, and I fell upon the floor. The present Lord Howden, then Major Craddock, kindly lifted me up. When on my feet I sprang into the lobby, which was crowded almost to an overflow. I uttered all that rage could dictate, accused Fitzgerald of cowardice, and told him he had created the present *scene* in order that we should be both bound over to the peace.

"'You have got a blow,' replied he. 'I desire to disgrace you; and when you are punished to my liking *that* way (and not before) you shall have the *satisfaction* of being shot, or run through the body.'

"Next day, I met the late Lord Donoughmore, and he most kindly said, if I required it, he would deliver a message to Fitzgerald. I said, 'No, I could not think of embroiling any

friend of mine with such a fellow—that I would wear my sword, and trust to my opportunities of meeting Fitzgerald.'

"I watched his house closely for several days, but he did not appear. At this critical moment a Mr. George Lyster called upon me, and said he would take my message to Fitzgerald.

"I answered, 'that of all things I most desired to meet him; that I found I could not unkennel the fox; and that I would thank whomsoever should succeed in putting us face to face.' I was, however, cautious of employing Lyster, knowing him to be Fitzgerald's cousin, and supposing it possible he might have been employed by Fitzgerald himself. This induced me to try him, and to say, 'As you have *offered* to go to this gentleman, I will thank you to appoint the *earliest moment* for a meeting.'

"Mr. Lyster drew not back, but went to his cousin's house, and was ushered by one of the servants into the drawing-room. Mr. Fitzgerald shortly entered, and as soon as Mr. Lyster hinted his business, our hero desired the footman to send one of the valets. When the latter entered, Fitzgerald said, 'Francis, bring my cudgel with the green riband.' When Fitzgerald got this weapon, he addressed his relative thus—'How dare you bring a *message* to me? Hold out your finger with the diamond ring upon it!' Poor Lyster obeyed, ignorant of his design, and with one blow Fitzgerald broke the finger and the band of the ring, which fell on the floor. 'Now,' proceeded he, 'I order you to take up the ring, and present it to me.' As if thunderstruck, Lyster obeyed. When Fitzgerald got possession of the ring, he put it into paper, and returned it to Lyster, saying, 'Young fellow, take care of the ring! put it up very safe, and don't swear I robbed you of a present from some fair one.'

"This dialogue (recounted to me by Lyster himself) was followed by several blows, which cut and battered the young man severely. At last he rushed to the window, drove his head through a pane of glass, and cried out for assistance. The police, hearing the cry, soon assembled; and not finding any of

the city magistrates, they having seized both parties, conducted them into the presence of Mr. Justice Robinson.

"The judge first heard Lyster, and seeing him severely bruised, and supposing his skull might be fractured, declared that the prisoner could not be bailed.

"Fitzgerald now, on the other hand, asked to have his examination entered against Lyster. He stated 'that Lyster was his relative, and protected by him, and that I had *influenced* the young man to deliver a message from me.' He said 'that Mr. Lyster *had* delivered such a *message.* That *he* had answered mildly that he would not fight Mr. Martin; whereon (says Fitzgerald) this young gentleman said, 'Then you must fight *me.*' My answer was that I would not fight *any man;* on which, continued George Robert, he made several blows of the cudgel I hold in my hand (his own) at me. I happened to be more dexterous than my assailant, and was fortunate enough to take the weapon out of his hands, and in my own defence was obliged to strike in turn, or I should have been murdered.'

"The old judge, believing every word of so plausible a statement, said, 'I have heard enough; I commit Lyster for trial, and bind over Mr. Fitzgerald to prosecute; and I do so, expressing my approbation of Mr. Fitzgerald's manly conduct in refusing to fight Mr. Martin, and thus appealing for redress to the laws of his country.'

"Shortly after this curious scene, I heard that Fitzgerald was at Castlebar, and had it intimated to him that I should be there. I travelled with Mr. H. Flood* in his carriage, and he kindly offered to be my friend, which I declined—fearing to have exposed him to some insult.

"I had sent my duelling pistols by a fellow who got drunk on the road, and forgot his errand;—so that I remained some hours at Lord Lucan's house, expecting in vain their arrival, during which period I heard that Mr. Fitzgerald was parading

* This was the celebrated Henry Flood, the antagonist of Grattan—certainly the ablest statesman of his day. He had himself fought more than once; and had killed Mr. Eager, the father of Lord Clifden of Gowran.—(*Author's note.*)

the town with a number of persons from Turlow, his own estate, famous for its mobs trained to every kind of outrage. I heard, too, that he said I waited for Lord Altamont's carriage, which, observed he significantly, *would not arrive.* Here I have to remark that I had written a note to Lord Altamont, to say that I would gladly compound for a slight wound in the expected affair, and that I requested his carriage might be in waiting for me at Castlebar, which is only eight miles from Westport. George Robert had heard this, and said to the mob, 'Mr. Martin expects Altamont's carriage, but he may wait long enough; for though the horse is a brave animal, I fancy Altamont's are like the owner, and will not stand the smell of powder.'

"These taunts reached me; and procuring a case of the common holster-pistols my servant rode with, I determined to use them; but they were so stiff in the trigger that I could hardly let them off. I fastened on my sword, and putting my hand under Doctor Merlin's arm, walked into the town, and soon saw Fitzgerald, followed by his mob. He too wore his sword, and I instantly told him to draw. He answered that he was lame, the pavement bad, and that he could not keep his footing; that I had Lord Lucan's mob on my side; and that, in short, he would not fight me.

"I then said, 'You will find me in the barrack-yard, where I shall remain.'

"'I shall be in no hurry, after having struck you for your pertness,' said he.

"On this I flung a switch into his face, walked to the barrack, and got sentries posted, with orders to keep out all persons but Mr. Fitzgerald and his friend, whilst we should be fighting. He and Mr. Fenton soon appeared: he had a good case of pistols in his hand, while I had the wretched tools I named.

"I stood against a projecting part of the barrack-wall, and desired Mr. Fitzgerald to come as close as he pleased. He said a cannon would not carry *so far.* I answered, 'I will soon cure that, for I will now march up until I lay my pistol to your face.'

I accordingly advanced, until our pistols touched. We both fired: he missed me, but I hit him full in the breast, and he fell back, supporting himself by a projection of rock, and exclaiming, 'Honour, Martin, honour!'

"I said,—'If you are not disabled, I will wait as long as you choose!'

"At this moment, he couched treacherously like a cat, presented, fired, and hit me. I returned the fire, and hit him; he again recovered, came up, begged my pardon, asked to shake hands, and said, 'Altamont has caused all this, and now would not send you his carriage;—let us both kick him!'

"Flood met me at the gate, and I leaned on him. I was taken to Doctor Lendser's to have the wound dressed, but on the way desired my servant to go with my compliments and inquire how Mr. Fitzgerald felt. Mr. Flood said, 'On no account make any inquiry, or, if he lives, you will have a second fight.' I was foolish, as will appear, and sent.

"I had not been many moments in bed when my hero entered the room with a careful, timid step. He said, 'Doctor, how do you find Mr. Martin?' I was quite surprised, but said, 'I am very well, and hope you are not badly hurt.'

"He then addressed me, and observed, 'Doctor Merlin insulted me, and I consider him a bully, and instrument of yours, and as such I will make *you* accountable.'

"I answered, 'If I account with you, on a mutual understanding that Doctor Merlin is beneath your notice, I shall have to fight him also for such an imputation:—so put your renewed quarrel on some other ground. If you say you did not ask my pardon, I will fight you again; or if you say you are fond of such an *amusement*, I will fight 'until my eyelids can no longer wag.'

"'Shall you be at Sligo?' was Mr. Fitzgerald's *reply*.

"I said, 'It was not my present purpose; but, if he *wished* it, I would be there, and that immediately.'

"He named the day, to which I assented. It was *reported*, but I cannot vouch for the fact, that a party was sent to inter-

cept and murder me. Shortly after I reached Sligo my opponent sent Sir M. Crafton to say, that 'Mr. Fitzgerald did not require any further renewal of the quarrel;' and thus the affair ended. My surprise at Fitzgerald's being alive and well, after having received two shots from *horse-pistols* full upon him, was soon cleared up—he had *plated his body*, so as to make it completely bullet-proof. On receiving my fire he fell from the force of the balls striking him direct, and touching his concealed armour. My wound was in the body.

"The elegant and gentlemanly appearance of this man, as contrasted with the savage treachery of his actions, was extremely curious, and without any parallel of which I am aware."

RECRUITING AT CASTLEBAR.

THERE were few men who flourished in my early days that excited more general or stronger interest than Mr. George Robert Fitzgerald of Turlow, the principal object of the preceding sketch. He was born to an ample fortune, educated in the best society, had read much, travelled, and been distinguished at foreign courts; he was closely allied to one of the most popular, and also to one of the most eminent, personages of his own country, being brother-in-law to Mr. Thomas Conolly of Castletown, and nephew to the splendid, learned, and ambitious Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry; yet, so powerfully did some demon seize upon his mind, and, let us hope, disorder his intellect, that, though its starting was thus brilliant, his life presented one continuous series of outrage, and his death was a death of ignominy.

I have neither space nor inclination to become his general biographer—in truth, he has never, to my knowledge, had any true one.* Both his friends and enemies are now all nearly *hors de combat.* I know but two contemporaries capable of drawing his portrait; and in the words of one of these I have recited an anecdote not unworthy of being recorded. I always conceive that a writer, characterising the nearly exhausted generation of which he has been a contemporary, resembles a general who dates despatches from the field of battle, wherein he details the actions and merits of his friends or enemies, while the subjects

* I have read, in biographical books, George Robert Fitzgerald described as a great, coarse, violent Irishman, of ferocious appearance and savage manners. His person and manners were totally the reverse of this—a more polished and elegant gentleman was not to be met with. His person was very slight and juvenile, his countenance extremely mild and insinuating; and, knowing that he had a *turn* for single combat, I always fancied him too *genteel* to kill any man except with the *small*-sword.—(*Author's note.*)

of the bulletin lie gasping or quite dead before him, and he himself only awaiting the fatal bullet which, even while he writes, may send him to his comrades. This is my own case!

The singular life and miserable death of Mr. Fitzgerald form an historic episode which the plan and character of this work will neither admit of my detailing nor altogether passing over. The consideration of his career and catastrophe arouses in the memory acts and incidents long since erased from ordinary recollection, and thus, like a mirror, reflects the manners of the age wherein he lived.

While George Robert Fitzgerald was undergoing a part of his sentence in Newgate, Dublin,* his brother, Charles Lionel, got possession of the house and demesne of Turlow, near Castlebar, County Mayo, one of the most lawless places then in Ireland. George Robert, as hinted in the former sketch, had armed and organised a band of desperadoes, who knew no will but his, and had no desire but his pleasure. All men were in awe of them, and the regular army alone was then held sufficient to curb their outrages. When their leader was convicted and imprisoned their spirit was somewhat depressed; but idleness and vice were by habit so deeply engrafted in their minds, that peaceable or honest means of livelihood were scouted by them. They were at length proclaimed outlaws; the military chased them; and ultimately a sort of treaty took place, which, like our modern diplomatic negotiations, exhibited only one party endeavouring to outwit the other. The desperadoes agreed to give up all their wild courses on a promise of pardon; a great proportion declared they would "take on" for a musket; and, as the army had no objection to receive robbers and murderers to fight for their king, country, and religion, their offer was accepted.

About this time my military propensities were not totally

* Having been tried and convicted of a most *unparalleled* series of assaults upon, and imprisonment of, his own father, he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment; but, as we have before stated, was pardoned in six months, to the disgrace of the government.—(*Author's note.*)

extinguished, but susceptible of being rekindled by proper stimuli, and Dean Coote, brother to Sir Eyre Coote, then commander-in-chief in India, sent to my father, and made him what my family considered a magnificent offer—namely, that one of his sons should forthwith receive a captain's commission in the East India Company's service, on recruiting a hundred men for that service, and for each of which recruits, if the number were completed, twenty guineas should be paid on their being handed over to the depôt in Dublin.

In acknowledgment of this flattering offer my father immediately nominated me. I now almost fancied myself a nabob, or something better, helping to plunder and dethrone a few of the native princes, then quite plentiful, and considered fair game by the Honourable Company's servants, civil and military. I with joy accepted the proposition, fully expecting in four or five years to return loaded with lacs of rupees, and carats of diamonds, and enabled to realise all my visions of ulterior happiness. The Dean also sent me the "beating order" and instructions, with a letter of introduction, and a strong recommendation to Mr. Lionel Fitzgerald, then residing at Turlow, requesting he would aid me in enlisting his brother's outlaws for the Company's service, of whom above eighty had promised to accept the king's money on terms of pardon. All now went on prosperously; the tenants of Cullenagh brought in every shilling they could rap or run, to set the young captain a-spinning; and in a week I was on my road, through frost and snow, to the county of Mayo. My father's old huntsman, Matthew Querns, was selected to attend me as being most *sensible*, at least among the domestics of the family.

Matthew was attired in his best field-clothing—namely, a green plush coat, scarlet laced waistcoat of old times, buckskin breeches, and a black leather hunting-cap. He carried my portmanteau, with my volunteer broadsword buckled to it, behind him, and his own hunting-horn was strapped by a belt about his middle. This he sounded at every inn-door, as he said, to make us *respectable*.

I was mounted on a large *white* horse called Friday, after Robinson Crusoe's *black* boy. A case of huge holster-pistols jogged before me, and my cavalry coat-case behind, containing my toilet, flints, a bullet-mould, my flute, my beating order; with, to amuse leisure-hours, a song-book, and the Sentimental Journey (then in high vogue, being totally new both in style and subject). Thus caparisoned and equipped the late Matthew Querns and the present Sir Jonah Barrington set out, fifty years ago, for the purpose of enlisting robbers and outlaws in Mayo to plunder Gentoos in the Carnatic, and establish the Christian religion on the plains of Hindostan.

At that period of my life cold or fatigue was nothing when I had an object in view, and at the end of the third day's trotting we arrived, through deep snow, bog-roads, and after some tumbles (miserably tired), at a little cabin at Hallymount, near the plains of Kilcommon, where many a bloody battle had been fought in former times; and, as the ground was too rocky to dig graves, thousands of human skeletons had been covered up with stones, of which there is no scarcity in any, particularly that part of Ireland. Our reception was curious; and, as affording an excellent idea of the species of inns and innkeepers then prevalent in Ireland, I shall sketch one of the oddest imaginable places of "entertainment for man and horse," which notification was written in large letters over the door; and the house certainly did not belie it.

The landlord was a fat, red-nosed, pot-bellied, jovial fellow, the very emblem of good nature and hospitality. He greeted me cordially before he knew anything about me, and said I should have the best his house afforded, together with a hearty welcome (the welcome of an innkeeper indeed is generally very sincere). He also told Matthew that he never suffered his bin of oats in the stable to be closed, always leaving it to gentlemen's beasts to eat at their own discretion, as he'd engage they would stop of themselves when they had got enough; and the more they ate at one meal, the less they would eat the next; so he should be no loser.

The inn consisted of cabins on the ground-floor only, and a very good hard dry floor it certainly was. The furniture was in character; but my bed (if I were to judge from its bulk and softness) had the best feathers of five hundred geese at least in it; the curtains had obviously once been the property of some greater personage than an innkeeper, as the marks of embroidery remained (on crimson silk), which had been carefully picked out, I suppose, to sell the silver. My host begged I would not trouble myself as to dinner, as he knew what was good for me after so bad a journey. He protested that, so far as poultry, game, and lobsters went, no man in Mayo could beat him; and that he had a vessel of Powldoody oysters which was sent him by Squire Francis Macnamara, of Doolan, for old acquaintance sake.

I promptly asked for a bottle of his best wine; but he told me he never sold a *single* bottle to a gentleman, and hoped I would have no objection to two. Of course I acquiesced, though intending to dine alone, and only to drink the half of one. I was therefore surprised to see shortly a spruce young maid-servant lay out the table for six persons, with everything in good order; and, on dinner coming in, my landlord introduced his old wife, two smart pretty daughters, and his son, by no means a "promising boy." He uncorked both bottles at once, and no persons ever fared more sumptuously. The wine, he said, was the finest old claret, of the "real smuggling" by Sir Neil O'Donnel's own cutter called Paddy Whack, from the Isle of Man; and Sir Neil (a baronet of Newport) never sent a bad hogshead to any of his *customers*. His honour's brandy, likewise, was not a jot worse than his claret, and always tasted best of a cold morning.

We had got deep into our second bottle, of which the ladies took a glass each, while the young gentleman drank a bumper of brandy, when my host, who knew everybody and everything local, gave me the life, adventures, and character, of almost each person of note in that county, including numerous anecdotes of George Robert, which originated in and were confined to the neighbourhood. He laughed so heartily at his own stories, that

it was impossible not to join him. Tea and hot-cakes followed. A roast goose, brandy-punch, and old ale, made the supper, and I retired to bed hearty and careless.

Next morning I was roused rather early by a very unexpected guest—namely a hen, which, having got into my room, layed a couple of eggs at once on my coat, which lay beside me; and then, as hens accustom themselves to do (and it is no bad practice), she gave as loud and protracted a notice of her *accouchement* as her voice could furnish.

I immediately rose, brought out my two eggs to our breakfast-table, and was expressing my surprise at the circumstance, when Miss Betty Jennings winked, and whispered me that it was a standing joke of her father's. The breakfast was nearly as good as the dinner had been the previous day; and on procuring my bill, I found I was charged eighteen pence for dinner, eighteen pence for claret, tenpence for my horses, sixpence for my breakfast, and nothing for the rest, though Matthew Querns had got dead drunk, my horses were nearly bursting, and I was little better myself. My host told me, when a guest who would drink with him had a bottle of claret, he always indulged in one himself; and that if I had drunk two, he should have thought it mighty uncivil if he had not done the same. I left his house with an impression that he was the most extraordinary innkeeper I had ever met with, and really bade adieu to himself and his daughters with regret.*

Arriving in the course of the day at Turlow, I found that the whole family were at Castle Magarret; but Mr. Fitzgerald had got a letter about me, and all was ready for my reception. I

* Both Mr. Jennings' daughters were pretty and pleasant girls. I observed Miss Betty mending silk stockings, which was rather odd at the plains of Kilcommon. I told her I fancied she was kind-hearted, and had an uncommon degree of sense for her years, and she firmly believed me. I made her a present of the "Sentimental Journey," which I had in my coat-case. I construed the French for her (except two words); and on my return she told me it had taught her what *sentiment* was; that she found she had a great deal of sentiment herself, but did not know the name of it before; and that she would always keep the book in kind remembrance of the donor.—(*Author's note.*)

found I was left to the care of one Hughy Hearn, who had been a serjeant of the band, but had changed sides and come over to Mr. Lionel at Turlow, after losing one of his arms in some skirmish for George Robert. I did not know who Hughy was at the time, or I should have kept aloof from him.

"Mr. Hearn," said I, next day, "have you a gun in the house? I should like to go out."

"I have, captain," said he.

"Have you powder and shot?" said I.

"No powder," said Hughy. I fired all I had left of it last night at a man whom I saw skulking about the road after nightfall."

"Did you hit him?" asked I, rather alarmed.

"I can't say," replied Hughy: "there was only one bullet *in it*, and it's not so easy to shoot a man with a single bullet when the night is very dark—and I'm hard set to aim with one arm, though I dare say I all as one as *scratcht* him, for he cried out, 'Oh! bad luck to you, Hughy!' and ran down the cross lane before I could get the other double to slap after him."

I immediately set about recruiting the outlaws with the utmost activity and success. I appointed Hughy Hearn, who had but one arm, my drill-serjeant, and a monstrous athletic ruffian of the name of O'Mealy, my corporal, major, and inspector of recruits. I found no difficulty whatsoever in prevailing on them to take my money, clap up my cockade, get drunk, beat the town's people, and swear "true allegiance to King George, Sir Eyre Coote, and myself." This was the oath I administered to them, as they all seemed zealous to come with me; but I took care not to tell them *where*.

The kindness and hospitality I meanwhile received at Turlow, from Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, were extremely gratifying; nobody could be more interesting than the latter. There I met two remarkable persons of that country—George Lyster, whose finger was broken by George Robert Fitzgerald, as previously mentioned, and a little, decrepid, sharp-witted dog, called George Elliston, who afterward challenged me, and threatened Councel-

lor Saurin, because we did not succeed in a bad cause of his in the King's Bench, wherein we had taken his briefs without fees, as a matter of kindness to a pretended sufferer.

In less than a fortnight I had enlisted between fifty and sixty able, good-looking outlaws ; and as my money was running low, I determined to march off my first batch of fifty men, three serjeants, and three corporals, for Dublin, and having placed them in depôt there, to return and make up my number with a replenished purse.

To give my march the greater éclat, I chose a market-day of Castlebar whereon to parade and address my company. There happened to be also a fair of linen-yarn, and the street was crowded with cars laden with hanks of yarn of different sizes and colours. Having drawn up my men, I ordered each one to get a bumper of whisky ; after which, taking off their hats, they gave three cheers for King George, Sir Eyre Coote, and Captain Barrington. I then made them a speech from the top of a car. I told them we were going to a place where the halfpennies were made of gold ; where plunder was permitted by the Honourable Company, and the officers taught their men how to avail themselves of this permission ; where robbery and murder were not hanging matters, as in Ireland ; where women were married at nine years old, and every soldier had as many wives as he could keep from starving, with a right to rob the rich, in order to support a barrack full of them.

In short I expatiated on all the pleasures and comforts I purposed for them ; and received in return three more cheers—though neither so long nor loud as I could have wished ; and I perceived a good deal of whispering among my soldiers which I could not account for, save by the pain they might feel in taking leave of their fellow-robbers, as was natural enough. I was, however, soon undeceived, when, on ordering them to march, one said aloud, as if he spoke for the rest, "March *is it?* march, then, *for fat?*"

Observing their reluctance to quit Castlebar, I felt my young, slight, and giddy self swell with all the pride and importance of

a martinet; I almost fancied myself a giant, and my big recruits mere pigmies. "Here, serjeant," said I arrogantly to Hughy Hearn, "draw up those *mutineers:* fall in—fall in!" but nobody fell in, and Serjeant Hearn himself fell *back.* "Serjeant," pursued I, "this moment arrest Corporal O'Mealy, he's the ringleader."

"He won't *let* me, captain," replied Serjeant Hearn.

"'Tis your captain's command!" exclaimed I.

"He says your honour's no captain at all," said Hughy Hearn; "only a slip of a *crimp,* nothing else but a gaoler's son, that wants to sell the boys like *negers,* all as one as Hart and the green linnets in Dublin city."

My choler could no longer be restrained:—I drew my broadsword, and vowed I would divide the head of the first man that refused to march. "I'll teach these mutineers to obey his majesty's commission and officer," said I.

Corporal O'Mealy and two others then took off their hats, and coming up to me, said with great good-humour and civility, "Well, captain dear, you'll forgive and forget a joke from your own boys, so you will. Sure 'twas nothin else but a parting joke for the fair, your honour! Arrah! put up that sliver of yours: sure it looks nasty in the fair, to be drawing your falchion on your own recruits, captain."

I had no suspicion; and the hanger was scarce secure in its scabbard, when some of my soldiers came behind me, and others in front, and I was completely surrounded. "I'll show you all that I am a captain, and a true captain," continued I. "Here, serjeant! bring me my beating orders."

"*Beating*—Ough! is *that* what you'd be at?" said Corporal O'Mealy, who now assumed the command. "Ough! if it's 'beating' you want, by my sowl you'll be easily satisfied without Hughy Hearn's orders."

I could stand it no longer: I could not run away if I wished; a crowd was collecting around me, and so I sprang at the smallest of the recruits, whom I thought I could master, and seized him by the throat; but a smart crack given with a hank

of linen-yarn by some hand behind soon made me quit my prey; another crack from another quarter quickly followed. I turned round to see my executioners, when I was suddenly wheeled back by the application of a third hank. This *cracking*, like a *feu de joie*, increased every moment, and was accompanied with vociferous laughs. In short, they pounded me almost to a jelly with hanks of linen yarn, which lay ready to their hands on all the cars around us. At length, stooping down between two cars, I had the pleasure of seeing the whole of my recruits, drawn up by O'Mealy—for it appeared he was their *real captain*—march regularly by me, every fellow in turn saluting any part of me he thought proper with a hank of yarn;—and with a shout I still remember of "A George! a George! long life to our colonel!" they quitted the fair—as I learned, to take forcible possession of a house and farm from which one of them had been ejected—which feat I afterward heard they regularly performed that very night, with the addition of *roasting* the new proprietor in his own kitchen.

Though I had no bones broken, some of my flesh took pretty much the colour and consistence of what cooks call aspic jelly. I was placed on a low garron, and returned to Turlow at night, sick, sore, and sorry. There I pretended I was only *fatigued*, and had taken cold; and after experiencing the kind hospitality of Mrs. Fitzgerald—then a most interesting young lady—on the fourth day, at an early hour of a frosty morning, old Matthew Querns and I mounted our horses, without my having obtained anything more for my trouble, and money spent in the recruiting service, than a sound beating. A return carriage of Lord Altamont's having overtaken me on the road, I entered it, and was set down at the little inn at Hallymount, where I remained some days with Mr. Jennings and family, recovering from my bruises, and sighing over the wreck of my fondly anticipated glories as a renowned colonel at the head of my regiment, plundering a pagoda and picking precious stones out of an idol. But, alas! having lost all the remaining cash out of my pocket during the scuffle at Castlebar, instead of a *lac* of *rupees*, I found myself

labouring under a complete *lack* of *guineas*, and was compelled to borrow sufficient from Candy, the innkeeper at Ballynasloe, to carry me home by easy stages. Thus did my military ardour receive its definitive cooling! no ice-house ever chilled champagne more effectually. I, however, got quite enough of hospitality at Turlow, and quite enough of thrashing at Castlebar, to engraft the whole circumstances on my memory.

This journey gave me an opportunity of inspecting all the scenes of Mr. George Robert Fitzgerald's exploits. The cave in which he confined his father, shown to me by Hughy Hearn, was concealed by bushes, and wrought under one of the old Danish moats, peculiar, I believe to Ireland. Yet, in the perpetration of that act of brutality, almost of parricide, he kept up the singular inconsistency of his character. Over the entrance to the subterraneous prison of his parent a specimen of classic elegance is exhibited by this inscription graven on a stone—

Intus aquæ dulces vivoque sedilia saxo
Nympharumque domus.

A NIGHT JOURNEY.

MR. T——, a reputable solicitor in Dublin, had been selected by George Robert Fitzgerald to transact all his law and other business, as his attorney and agent.

The choice was extremely judicious:—Fitzgerald had made a secret vow, that while he existed, he never would encourage such a nest of *tricksters* and *extortioners* as attorneys, by paying *any* bill of cost, right or wrong, long or short; and to carry this pious vow into full execution, so far as regarded *one* attorney, he could not have made a better selection than that above stated.

There are few qualities of the human mind more capricious than courage; and I have known many instances in my passage through life, wherein men have been as courageous as a lion on one occasion, and as timorous as a little girl on others. I knew an English general who had never failed to signalise himself by intrepidity and contempt for death or fracture when engaged with the enemy, and was yet the most fearful being in the world lest he should be overset in a mail-coach. I have known men ready to fight anything by daylight, run like hares in the night-time from the very same object. The capriciousness of courage is, indeed, so unaccountable, that it has ever been to me a source of amusing reflection. Not being myself of a very timorous disposition, and though I cannot say I ever experienced great fear of actual death in any proper reasonable way by the hands of a Christian—nay, even should it be a doctor—I always felt the greatest dread of getting a bite from the teeth of a mastiff, and never passed the heels of a horse without experiencing strong symptoms of cowardice. I always felt much stouter by daylight too than in the night-time.

I have ever observed that the courage of *sailors* is, of all

other species, the most perfect. I scarce ever met a common sailor that had *any* sense of danger; the two most tremendous elements, fire and water, they totally disregard, and defy hurricanes and cannon, as if they were no more than *Zephyrs* or *Catherine-wheels*. They have not the same chance of getting away with soldiers from their combats:—a sailor cannot rest one second from fighting till the battle is ended; and a few years' experience of burning, sinking, bombarding, blasting, and blowing up—of thunder, lightning, and shipwreck—ossifies the *nerves*, or rather changes them into *muscles*, and renders habit second nature. The sailor, therefore, acquires a constitutional contempt for danger in all its ramifications; while the soldiers' battles are *comparatively* quiet, regular transactions, and their generals take themselves carefully out of the fray if they imagine they are getting the worst of it.

I have always, in fact, conceived that the noblest fighting ever invented was a sea-battle, and the most intrepid animal in the creation a British sailor. How far the new lights, in changing their natural *rum* into *hot water*, their *grog* into *bohea tea*, and their *naval dialect* into *methodistical canting*, may increase their courage, which was already ample, is for the projectors to determine. Our naval victories over the whole world proved that no change of liquids was necessary. When anything cannot be *improved*, alteration is injurious; and I cannot help thinking that one sailor sending his compliments by a cabin-boy to a brother tar, requesting the "honour of his company to take a dish of *tea* with him after *prayers*," is perfectly ridiculous. God send it may not be worse than ridiculous! You may man your fleet with *saints*; but remember, it was the old *sinners* that gained your victories.

But to recover from one of my usual digressions, I must now advert, though in a very different point of view, to the bravery of *attorneys*, and exemplify the species of capriciousness I allude to in the person of Mr. T——. There was not another solicitor or practitioner in the four courts of Dublin, who showed more fortitude or downright bravery on all *law* proceedings.

He never was known to flinch at anything of the kind; would contest a *nisi prius* from morning till night without sense of danger; and even after a defeat, would sit down at his desk to draw out his bill of costs, with as much *sang froid* as a French general, in Napoleon's time, would write despatches upon a drum-head in the midst of action.

Yet, with all this fortitude, he presented a singular example of the anomaly I have alluded to. Nature had given him a set of nerves as strong as chain cables, when used in mooring his clients' concerns; and it seemed as if he had another and totally different set (of the nature of packthread) for his own purposes. His first set would have answered a sailor, his last a *young lady*—in plain English, he would sooner lose a good bill of costs, than run a risk of provoking any irritable country gentleman to *action*. In such cases he was the most mild, bland, and humble antagonist that a debtor could look for. Such (and, I repeat, most judiciously chosen) was the attorney of George Robert Fitzgerald. In person he was under the middle proportion, and generally buttoned up in a black single-breasted coat, with what was then called a flaxen Beresford bob-wig, and everything to match. I remember him well, and a neat, smug, sharp, *half-century* man he was.

This gentleman had been newly engaged by Mr. Fitzgerald to prepare numerous leases for his desperadoes; to serve ejectments on half his reputable tenantry; to do various other acts according to law, with a high hand, in the county of Galway; and to go down with him to Turlow, to see that all was duly executed. The several preparations for these things were of a very expensive description, and therefore the attorney would fain have had a little *advance* towards stamps, office-fees, etc.; but on remotely hinting this, Mr. Fitzgerald replied (with one of those mild, engaging modes of muzzling people in which he was so great a proficient), "Surely, Mr. T——, you don't doubt my honour and punctuality:" which kind expression he accompanied by such a look as that wherewith the serpent is said to fascinate its prey.

This expressive glance brought down Mr. T—— to the exclamation—"O Lord, Mr. Fitzgerald, doubt your honour! Oh, not at all, sir. I only, Mr. Fitzgerald, only"——

Here George Robert, with a bland smile and graceful motion of the hand, told him, "that he need say *no more*," and desired him to make out his bill of costs in full, to have it ready receipted, and so soon as they arrived among Mr. Fitzgerald's tenantry at Turlow, Mr. T—— might be assured he'd pay him off entirely *without taxing*.

Mr. T—— was quite charmed, expressed his satisfaction, and declared his readiness to accompany his client to Turlow, after a few days' preparation in engrossing leases, having one thousand five hundred ejectments filled up, and other preliminaries. "And be so good," said Mr. Fitzgerald, "to include in your bill, this time, all the expenses of your former journey to Turlow (where I fear you were badly accommodated), as well as what may be due upon every other account. I intend to settle all at once."

Mr. T—— was still more delighted; all matters were prepared, the bills of costs reckoned, with a full acquittance and discharge for the whole (except the date) at the conclusion, to prevent delay or cavil; all the leases, ejectments, etc., were duly packed in a trunk, and the day fixed for setting out for Turlow; when Mr. Fitzgerald sent for the attorney, and told him, that if his going down was previously known, there were several of the tenants and others, under the adverse influence of his father and brother, who would probably abscond; and that therefore, since spies were watching him perpetually, to give notice in the county of his every movement, it was expedient that he should set out two or three hours before daybreak, so as to have the start of them; that his own travelling-carriage should be ready near the gate of the Phœnix Park, to take up Mr. T——, who might bring his trunk of papers with him thither in a hack carriage, so that there may be no suspicion.

All this was both reasonable and proper, and accordingly done. Mr. Fitzgerald's carriage was on the spot named, near

the wall of the Phœnix Park. The attorney was punctual; the night pitch-dark; and the trunk of papers put into the boot; the windows were all drawn up; Mr. T—— stepped into the carriage with as great satisfaction as ever he had felt in his whole lifetime, and away they drove cheerily, at a good round pace, for the county of Galway.

Mr. T—— had no idea that anybody else was coming with them—Mr. Fitzgerald not having at all mentioned such a thing. He found, however, a third gentleman in a travelling cloak sitting between himself and his client, who was dozing in the far corner. This stranger, too, he found not over-courteous; for though the carriage was not very roomy, and the gentleman was bulky, he showed no disposition whatever to accommodate the attorney, who begged him, with great suavity and politeness, to "move a little." To this he received no reply, but a snoring both from the strange traveller and Mr. Fitzgerald. Mr. T—— now felt himself much crowded and pressed, and again earnestly requested "the gentleman" to allow him, if possible, a little more room: but he still only received a snore in return. He now concluded that his companion was a low, vulgar fellow. His nerves became rather lax: he got alarmed, without well knowing why; he began to twitter—the twitter turned into a shake; and, as is generally the case, the shake ended with a cold sweat, and Mr. T—— found himself in a state of mind and body far more disagreeable than he had ever before experienced. The closeness and pressure had elicited a hot perspiration on the one side; while his fears produced a cold perspiration on the other: so that (quite unlike the ague he had not long recovered from) he had hot and cold fits at the same moment. All his apprehensions were now awakened: his memory opened her stores, and he began to recollect dreadful anecdotes of Mr. Fitzgerald, which he never before had credited, or indeed had any occasion to remember. The ruffians of Turlow passed as the ghosts in Macbeth before his imagination. Mr. Fitzgerald, he supposed, was in a fox's sleep, and his *bravo* in another,—who, instead of receding at all, on the contrary squeezed the attorney closer and closer.

His respiration now grew impeded, and every fresh idea exaggerated his horror; his surmises were of the most frightful description; his *untaxed costs*, he anticipated, would prove his certain death, and that a cruel one! neither of his companions would answer him a single question, the one replying only by a rude snore, and the other by a still ruder.

"Now," thought Mr. T——, "my fate is consummated. I have often heard how Mr. Fitzgerald cut a Jew's throat in Italy, and slaughtered numerous creditors while on the grand tour of Europe. God help me! unfortunate solicitor that I am! my last day, or rather night, is come!"

He thought to let down the window, and admit a little fresh air, but it was quite fast. The whole situation was insupportable; and at length he addressed Mr. Fitzgerald, most pathetically, thus: "Mr. Fitzgerald, I'll *date the receipt* the moment you choose; and whenever it's your *convenience*, I have no doubt you'll pay it most honourably; no doubt, no doubt, Mr. Fitzgerald! but not necessary at all till perfectly *convenient*—or *never*, if more agreeable to you, and *this other gentleman*."

Fitzgerald could now contain himself no longer, but said, quite in good humour, "Oh, very well, Mr. T——, very well: quite time enough; make yourself easy on that head."

The carriage now arrived at Maynooth, where the horses were instantly changed, and they proceeded rapidly on their journey—Mr. Fitzgerald declaring he would not alight till he reached Turlow, for fear of pursuit.

The attorney now took courage, and very truly surmising that the other gentleman was a *foreigner*, ventured to beg of Mr. Fitzgerald to ask "his friend" to sit *over* a little, as he was quite *crushed*.

Mr. Fitzgerald replied, "That the party in question did not speak English;—but when they arrived at Killcock, the matter should be better arranged."

The attorney was now compelled, for some time longer, to suffer the *hot-press*, inflicted with as little compunction as if he were only a sheet of paper; but on arriving at the inn at Kill-

cock, dawn just appeared; and Mr. Fitzgerald, letting down a window, desired his servant, who was riding with a pair of large horse-pistols before him, to rouse the people at the inn, and get some cold provisions and a bottle of wine brought to the carriage: "And, Thomas," said he, "get five or six pounds of raw meat, if you can—no matter of what kind—for this *foreign gentleman*."

The attorney was now petrified:—a little twilight glanced into the carriage, and nearly turned him into stone. The stranger was wrapped up in a blue travelling cloak with a scarlet cape, and had a great white cloth tied round his head and under his chin;—but when Mr. Solicitor saw the *face* of his companion, he uttered a piteous cry, and involuntarily ejaculated "Murder! murder!" On hearing this cry, the servant rode back to the carriage-window and pointed to his pistols. Mr. T—— now offered his soul up to God, the stranger grumbled, and Mr. Fitzgerald, leaning across, put his hand to the attorney's mouth, and said, he should direct his servant to give him *reason* for that cry, if he attempted to alarm the people in the house. Thomas went into the inn, and immediately returned with a bottle of wine and some bread, but reported that there was no raw meat to be had—on hearing which, Mr. Fitzgerald ordered him to seek some at another house. The attorney now exclaimed again, "God protect me!" Streaming with perspiration, his eye every now and then glancing toward his mysterious companion, and then starting aside with horror, he at length shook as if he were relapsing into his old ague; and the stranger, finding so much unusual motion beside him, turned his countenance upon the attorney. Their cheeks came in contact, and the reader must imagine—because it is impossible adequately to describe—the scene that followed. The stranger's profile was of uncommon prominence; his mouth stretched from ear to ear; he had enormous grinders, with a small twinkling eye; and his visage was all bewhiskered and mustachoed, more even than Count Platoff's of the Cossacks.

Mr. T——'s optic nerves were paralysed, as he gazed instinctively at his horrid companion; in whom, when he re-

covered his sense of vision sufficiently to scrutinise him, he could trace no similitude to any being on earth save a *bear !*

And the attorney was quite correct in this comparison ; it was actually a Russian bear, which Mr. Fitzgerald had *educated* from a cub, and which generally accompanied his master on his travels. He now gave Bruin a rap upon the nose with a stick which he carried, and desired him to hold up his head. The brute obeyed. Fitzgerald then ordered him to *kiss* his *neighbour*, and the beast did as he was told, but accompanied his salute with such a tremendous roar as roused the attorney (then almost swooning) to a full sense of his danger. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and at once gives courage, and suggests devices. On this occasion every other kind of law—civil, criminal, or equitable—was set aside by the attorney. All his ideas, if any he had, were centered in one word—"escape ;" and as a weasel, it is said, will attack a man if driven to desperation, so did the attorney spurn the menaces of Mr. Fitzgerald, who endeavoured to hold and detain him. The struggle was violent, but brief ; Bruin roared loud, but interfered not. Horror strengthened the solicitor ; dashing against the carriage-door, he burst it open ; and tumbling out reeled into the public-house,—then rushing through a back door, and up a narrow lane that led to the village of Summerhill (Mr. Roly's demesne), about two miles distant, he stumbled over hillocks, tore through hedges and ditches, and never stopped till he came breathless to the little alehouse, completely covered with mud, and his clothes in rags. He there told so incoherent a story, that the people all took him for a man either bitten by a mad dog or broken loose from his keepers ; and considered it their duty to *tie* him, to prevent his *biting* or other mischief. In that manner they led him to Squire Roly's, at the great house, where the hapless attorney was pinioned and confined in a stable for some hours till the squire got up. They put plenty of milk, bread, butter, and cheese into the *manger*, from the cock-loft above, to prevent accidents as they said.

Thus situated, Mr. T—— had leisure to come somewhat to

his recollection, so as to be able to tell the story rather rationally to Mr. Roly, when he came to examine him—being held fast by four men while under interrogation; the result of which nearly killed old Roly with laughter. The attorney was now released, invited into the house to clean himself, and supplied with a surtout coat and hat; and after offering as many thanksgivings as could be expected from a solicitor of those days, for his providential escape, he had a comfortable breakfast provided; and at his earnest desire, Mr. Roly sent one of his carriages, and two armed servants, with him to his own house in Dublin, where he safely arrived in due season.

This adventure was circulated throughout Dublin with rapidity (as everything comical then was), but with many variations and additions; and I remember it a standing story in every company that relished a joke.

It was some months before Mr. T—— wholly recovered from his terror; and several clients, who lost their causes, attributed their failures to the bear having turned the brain and injured the legal capacity and intellect of their lawyer. However, as a proof of the old adage, that "whatever is, is right," this very adventure in all probability saved Mr. T—— from being hanged and quartered (as will immediately appear). So terrific did the very idea of George Robert Fitzgerald appear to him afterward, that he never ventured to ask him for the amount of his bill of costs, and *gave* him (in a negative way) all the leases, ejectments, and papers—together with his wardrobe, and a trifle of cash contained in his trunk which was left in the carriage.

Mr. Fitzgerald, having long had a design to put one Mr. M'Donnell, of his county, *hors de combat*, for some old grudge, determined to seek an opportunity of doing it under the colour of M'Donnell's illegal resistance to a law process, which process Mr. T—— had (innocently) executed; in which case the attorney would, of course, as sportsmen say, "be in at the death."

After the affair of the bear, no attorney or other legal man would entrust himself at Turlow; it was, therefore, some time before Mr. Fitzgerald could carry the above purpose into execu-

tion; when, at length, he found an old lawyer, who, with the aid of Mr. T——'s said ejectments, leases, etc., struck out a legal pretence for *shooting* Mr. M'Donnell, which would probably have been fathered upon poor Mr. T—— if the bear had not stood his friend and packed him off to Summerhill instead of Turlow. As it was, this man (whose name was Brecknock), who acted for Fitzgerald as agent, adviser, attorney, etc., was hanged for his pains, as an accessory before the fact, in giving Mr. Fitzgerald a *legal* opinion; and Mr. Fitzgerald himself was hanged for the murder, solely on the evidence of his own groom, Scotch Andrew, the man who really *committed* it, by firing the fatal blunderbuss.

There can be no doubt he deserved the death he met; but there is also no doubt he was not legally convicted; and old Judge Robinson, then accounted the best lawyer on the bench, sarcastically remarked that "the murderer was murdered."

This incident had escaped both my notes and memory, when it was fully revived by the affair between my good old friend Richard Martin of Connemara and Mr. Fitzgerald, described in a preceding sketch, and originating in the latter yoking his own father in a dray by the side of that very bear.

MARTIAL LAW.

THE administration of the law among gentlemen in Ireland fifty years back is curiously illustrated by the following little narrative, the circumstances whereof have been communicated to me from such a quarter as not to admit of their being doubted.

Our laws, in their most regular course (as everybody knows who has had the honour and happiness of being much involved in them), are neither so fleet as a race-horse nor so cheap as water-cresses. They indisputably require eloquent advocates and keen attorneys, who expound, complicate, unriddle, or confuse, the respective statutes, points, precedents, and practice of that simple science, which too frequently, like a burning-glass, consumes both sides of what it shines upon.

Some prudent and sensible gentlemen, therefore, principally in the country parts of Ireland (who probably had bit upon the bridle), began to conceive that justice ought to be neither so dear nor so tardy; and when they reflected that what were called their "barking-irons" brought all ordinary disputes to a speedy termination; why, thought they, should not these be equally applicable to matters of law, property, and so forth, as to matters of honour? At all events, such an application would be incalculably *cheaper* than any taxed bill of costs, even of the most conscientious solicitor.

This idea became very popular in some counties, and, indeed, it had sundry old precedents in its favour—the writ of right and trial by battle having been originally the law of the land, and traditionally considered as far the most honourable way of terminating a suit. They considered, therefore, that what was lawful one day could not be justly deemed unlawful another, and that by shortening the process of distributing justice they

should assist in extending it. The old jokers said, and said truly, that many a cause had been decided to a *dead* certainty in a few minutes by simply touching a trigger, upon which attorneys, barristers, judges, jurors, witnesses, and sometimes all the peers of the realm, spiritual and temporal, had been working and fumbling for a series of years without bringing it even to an *un*satisfactory issue.

My old and worthy friend "Squire Martin" afforded a most excellent illustration of this practice; and as all the parties were "gentlemen to the backbone," the anecdote may be deemed a *respectable* one. I have often heard the case quoted in different companies, as a beneficial mode of ensuring a compromise. But the report of my friend makes it anything but a *compromise* on his part. The retrograding was no doubt on the part of *the enemy*, and equally unequivocal as Moreau's through the Black Forest, or that of the ten thousand Greeks, though neither so brave nor so bloody as either of them.

I name place, parties, cause, proceedings, and final judgment, just as I received these particulars from the defendant himself; and I consider the case as forming a very *valuable precedent* for corresponding ones.

Eustace Stowell, Esq., challenger.

Richard Martin, Esq., acceptor.

Operater for the challenger, D. Blake, Esq.

Operator for the acceptor, Right Honourable St. George Daly, late judge of the King's Bench, Ireland.

Case as reported by Defendant.

Eustace Stowell lent me a sum of money on interest, which interest I had not paid *very* regularly. Mistaking my means, I promised to pay him at a certain time, but failed. He then called on me, and said I had broken my word. I answered, "Yes, I have, but I could not help it. I am very sorry, but in a few days will satisfy the demand." Accordingly, my worthy friend the late Earl of Mountjoy accepted my bills at three and six months for the whole amount.*

* Never was paid.

Having arranged the business thus, I enclosed the bills to Mr. Eustace Stowell, who immediately returned them, saying, that as I had broken my word, he would accept of no payment but hard money.

I replied that I had no hard money, nor was there much of it afloat in my part of the country, upon which Mr. Eustace Stowell immediately sent his friend to me, requiring me either to give him cash or *personal satisfaction;* and in the latter event, to appoint time and place. My answer was, that I did not want to shoot him unless he *insisted* upon it; but that as to *cash,* though Solomon was a wise man, and Samson a strong one, neither of them could pay ready money if they had it not. So I prepared to engage him. My friend the Right Honourable St. George Daly, since judge of the King's Bench, assisted in arranging preliminaries to our mutual satisfaction, and pretty early next morning we met to *fight out* the debt in that part of the Phœnix Park called the Fifteen Acres.

Everything proceeded regularly as usual. Our pistols were loaded, and the distance measured—eight yards from muzzle to muzzle. I stepped on my ground, he on his. I was just presenting my pistol at his body, when, having, I suppose, a presentiment that he should go somewhere out of this world if I let fly at him, he instantly dropped his weapon, crying out —"Mr. Martin! Mr. Martin! a pretty sort of *payment* this! You'd shoot me for my interest-money, would you?"

"If it's your *pleasure,* Mr. Eustace Stowell," said I, "I certainly will; but it was not my desire to come here, or to shoot you. You insisted on it yourself; so go on, if you please, now we are here."

"What security will you give me, Mr. Martin," said he, "for my interest-money?"

"What I have offered you already," said I.

"And what's that?" demanded Mr. Stowell.

"I offered you Lord Mountjoy's bills at three and six months," said I. Before I had time to finish the last words Mr. Stowell cried out, "Nothing can be better or more reason-

able, Mr. Martin ; I accept the offer with pleasure. No better payment can be. It is singular you did not make this offer *before*."

"I think," said I, "you had better take your ground again, Mr. Eustace Stowell, for I tell you I *did* make this offer before, and maybe you don't like so plump a contradiction. If not, I'm at your service. Here is a letter under your own hand, returning the bills and declining to receive them. See, read that!" continued I, handing it him.

"Bless me!" said he, "there must be some great misunderstanding in this business. All's right and honourable. I hope the whole will be forgotten, Mr. Martin."

"Certainly, Mr. Stowell," replied I ; "but I trust you'll not be so hard to please about your interest-money in future, when it's not convenient to a gentleman to pay it."

He laughed, and we all four stepped into the same carriage, returned the best friends possible, and I never heard anything irritating about his interest-money afterward.

This case, however, was only a simple one on the *money counts*—a mere matter of *assumpsit*, in which all the gross and ungentlemanly legal expressions used in law declarations on *assumpsits* were totally avoided—such as "intending thereby to deceive and defraud;" language which, though *legal*, a Galway gentleman would as soon eat his horse as put up with from his equal, though he would bear it from a shopkeeper with sovereign indifference. When such a one, therefore, was sued in *assumpsit* for a horse or so by a gentleman, the attorney never let his client read the law declaration—the result of which would be injurious to two of the parties at least, as one of the litigants would probably lose his life, and the attorney the litigation. The foregoing cause was conducted with as much politeness and decorum as could possibly be expected between four high, well-bred persons, who, not having "the fear of God before their eyes," but, as law indictments very properly set forth, "being

moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil," had congregated for the avowed purpose of committing or aiding in one or more wilful and deliberate murders.

I must here observe that, in addition to the other advantages this mode of proceeding between gentlemen had over that of courts of justice, a certain principle of equity was understood to be connected with it. After a gentleman was regularly called out, and had duly fought the challenger respecting any sum of money, whether the trial ended in death or not, after a single shot the demand was extinguished and annulled for ever—no man can be sued twice for the same debt. Thus the challenger in a money case stood in rather an unpleasant situation, as, exclusive of the chance of getting a *crack*, the money was for ever gone, whether his adversary lived or died—unless, indeed, the acceptor, being a "gentleman *every inch of him*," might feel disposed to waive his "privilege."

But this short, cheap, and decisive mode of terminating causes was not confined to simple money counts; it extended to all actions at law and proceedings in equity. The grand old procrastinators of Irish courts, *demurrers* and *injunctions*, were thus dissolved or obviated by a *trigger*, in a shorter time than the judges took to put on their wigs and robes. Actions also of trover, assault, trespass, detenu, replevin, covenant, etc. etc., were occasionally referred to this laudable branch of jurisprudence with great success, seldom failing of being finally decided by seven o'clock in the morning.

The system was also resorted to by betters at cock-fights, horse-races, or hurlings; as well as on account of breaches of marriage-contracts with sisters, nieces, or cousins; or of distraining cattle, beating other gentlemen's servants, etc. etc.: but none were more subject to the *trigger process* than high-sheriffs when their year was over, if they had permitted their *subs* to *lay on* such things as executions, *fieri facias*, or *scire facias*, *haberes*, etc.; or to molest the person, property, or blood relations, of any *real* and spirited gentleman in his own bailiwick, or *out of it*.

The high-sheriff being thus, by the laws of custom, honour, and the country gentlemen of Ireland, subject to be either shot or horsewhipped, or forced to commit a breach of public duty, very fortunately discovered an antidote to this poison in the person of his sub-sheriff, an officer generally selected from the breed of country attorneys. Now, it was an invariable engagement of the *sub* that he should keep, guarantee, and preserve his *high* from all manner of injury and annoyances. But, as it was by common accord decided that a sub-sheriff could not possibly be considered a *gentleman*, none such would do him the honour of fighting him. Yet, being necessitated to adopt some mode of keeping the *high* out of the fangs of fire-eaters, and himself from a fracture by the *butt-end* of a loaded whip, or the welts of a cutting one, or of having his "seat of honour" treated as if it were a foot-ball, the *sub* struck out a plan of preventing any catastrophe of the kind; which plan, by the aid of a little smart affidavit, generally succeeded extremely well in the superior courts.

When the sub-sheriff received a writ or process calculated to annoy any gentleman, he generally sent his bailiff at night to inform the gentleman that he had such a writ or process, hoping the squire would have no objection to send him the little fees on it with a small *douceur*, and he would pledge his word and honour that the squire should hear no more about the matter for that year. If the gentleman had not by him the amount of the fees (as was generally the case), he faithfully *promised* them, which being considered a debt of *honour*, was always, like a gambling debt, entitled to be earliest paid. Upon this the sub, as soon as he was forced to make a return to such writs, did make a very sweeping one — namely, that the defendant had neither "body nor goods." This was, if required, confirmed by the little smart affidavit; and if still doubted by the court, the *sub* never wanted plenty of *respectable* corroborating bailiffs to kiss *their thumbs*, and rescue the *high* out of any trifling dilemma that "his honour might get into through the Dublin people, bad luck to them all! root and branch, dead or alive," as the country *bums* usually expressed themselves.

Of the general application of this decisive mode of adjudicating cases of warranty and guarantee, I can give a tolerably clear example in my own proper person. When very young, I was spending a day at a cottage belonging to Mr. Reddy Long of Moat, near Ballyragget, a fire-eater, when one Mr. Charley White sold me a horse for ten guineas, which he warranted sound, and which seemed well worth the money. Next day, when the seller had departed, the beast appeared to my host (not to me) to limp somewhat, and the dealing had thereby the appearance of jockeyship and false warranty, which occurring in the house of a fire-eater, rendered the *injury* an *insult*, and was accounted totally unpardonable. I knew that if the beast were really lame, I could oblige the seller to return the money, and accordingly told my host that if it turned out unsound, I'd get John Humphreys, the attorney, to write to Charley White to *refund*.

"An *attorney* write to a *gentleman!*" said Reddy Long, starting and staring at me with a frown. "Are you out of your wits, my neat lad? Why, if you sent an attorney in an affair of horse-flesh, you'd be damned in all society—you'd be out of our list, by—"

"Certainly," said I; "it's rather a small matter to go to law about" (mistaking his meaning).

"Law! law!" exclaimed Reddy. "Why, thunder and ouns! *jockeying* one is a personal insult all the world over, when it's a *gentleman* that resorts to it, and in the house of another gentleman. No, no; you must make him give up the *shiners*, and *no questions asked*, or I'll have him out ready for you to shoot at in the meadows of Ahaboe by seven in the morning. See here!" said he, opening his ornamented mahogany pistol-case, "see, the boys are as bright as silver; and I'm sure if the poor things could speak, they'd thank you for getting them their liberty: they have not been out of their own house these three months."

"Why, Reddy Long," said I, "I vow to God I do not want to *fight;* there's no reason for my quarrelling about it. Charley White will return my money when I ask him for it."

"That won't do," said Reddy: "if the horse limps, the insult is complete; we must have no bad precedents in this county. One gentleman warranting a *limper* to another in *private* is a gross affront, and a hole in his skin will be indispensable. At fairs, hunts, and horse-races, indeed, it's 'catch as catch can;' there's no great dishonour as to beasts in the open air. That's the rule all the world over. Law, indeed! no, no, my boy, ten guineas or death — no sort of alternative! Tom Nolan," continued he, looking out of the window, "saddle the pony; I'll be with Charley White of Ballybrophy before he gets home, as sure as Ben Burton!"

"I tell you, Mr. Long," said I, rather displeased, "I tell you I don't want to fight, and I won't fight. I feel no insult yet at least, and I desire you not to deliver any such message from me."

"You do!" said Reddy Long, "you do!" strutting up and looking me fiercely in the face. "Then, if you won't fight *him*, you'll fight *me*, I suppose?"

"Why so?" said I.

"What's that to you?" said he; but in a moment he softened, and added, taking me by the hand, "My good lad, I know you are a mere boy, and not up to *the ways* yet; but your father would be angry if I did not make you do yourself justice; so come, get ready, my buck, to canter off to Denny Cuff's, where we'll be more handy for to-morrow."

I persisted in desiring him not to deliver any hostile message; but in vain. "If," said he, as he mounted his pony, "you won't fight, I must fight him myself, as the thing occurred in my house. I'll engage that, if you did not call out Charley, all the bullock-feeders from Ossory, and that double-tongued dog from Ballybrophy at the head of them, would *post* you at the races at Roscrea."

Before I could expostulate further, Mr. Reddy Long galloped off with a *view holloa*, to deliver a challenge for me against my will* to Mr. Charley White, who had given me no provocation.

* I had made an unbending rule, for which I was dreadfully teased in the country, never to fight or quarrel about horse-flesh.—(*Author's note.*)

I felt very uneasy; however, off I rode to Cuffsborough, where I made my complaint to old Denny Cuff, whose daughter was married to Reddy Long, and whose son afterwards married my sister.

Old Cuff laughed heartily at me, and said, "You know Charley White?"

"To be sure I do," said I; "a civil and inoffensive man as any in Ossory."

"That's the very reason Reddy will deliver a challenge to him," said Cuff.

"'Tis an odd reason enough," answered I.

"But a right good one too, rejoined old Cuff. "Reddy knew that Charley would rather give *fifty* yellow boys than stand *half* a shot, let alone a *couple*. I'll answer for it Reddy knows what he is about:" and so it proved.

My self-elected second returned that evening with Charley White's groom to take back the horse, and he brought me my ten guineas. On my thanking him, and holding out my hand to receive them, after a moment's hesitation, he said, "You don't want them for a day or two, do you?"

Taken completely by surprise, I answered involuntarily, "No."

"Well, then," said my friend Reddy, "I am going to the races of Roscrea, and I won't give you *the ten* till I come back. It's all one to you, you know?" added he, begging the question.

It was *not* all one to me: however, I was too proud or rather silly to gainsay him, and he put the pieces into his purse with a number of similar companions, and went to the races of Roscrea, where he was soon disburdened of them all, and contracted sundry obligations into the bargain. I was necessitated to go home, and never saw him after. He died very soon, and bequeathed me an excellent chestnut hunter called Spred, with Otter, a water-dog of singular talents. I was well pleased when I heard of this; but, on inquiry, found they were *lapsed legacies*, as the horse had died of the glanders a year before, and the dog had run mad, and was hanged long ere the departure of his master. I suppose when death was torturing poor Reddy—for he died of the gout in his head—he forgot that the horse had been then skinned more than a twelvemonth.

BULLETIN EXTRAORDINARY.

AFTER fifteen days of one of the hottest election-contests I had ever witnessed, I accompanied my friend, Counsellor Moore, to his aunt's, Mrs. Burke of Rock House, Castlebar, where plenty, hospitality, and the kindest attentions, would have soon made amends for our past misfortunes. But ill-luck would not remit so suddenly. We had both got a Mayo *chill* on us, from the effects whereof not even abundance of good claret and hot punch could protect us.

We had retired to rest after a most joyous festivity, when Moore, who had not been two hours in bed, was roused by the excruciating tortures of an inflammation of the stomach; and in less than half-an-hour after I heard his first groan I found my own breath rapidly forsaking me; pins and needles seemed to be darting across my chest in all directions, and it was quite clear that another *inflammation* had taken a fancy to *my lungs* without giving the slightest notice. I could scarcely articulate, though my pains were not so very great as those of my poor friend; but I lost half the power of respiring, and had not even the consolation of being able to moan so loud as he. This was truly mortifying; but I contrived to thump strongly against the wainscot, which, being hollow, proved an excellent *conductor*. The family took for granted that the house was on fire, or that some thief or ghost had appeared, and, roused up by different conjectures, its members of each sex, age, and rank, quickly rushed into our room, screeching and jostling each other, as they followed the old man-servant, who, with a hatchet in his hand, came on most valiantly. None waited for the ceremony of the toilet, but approached just as they had quitted their couches, not even a "blanket" being "in the alarm of fear caught up."

The first follower of the old footman was a fat cook of Mrs. Burke's, Honor O'Maily, who, on learning the cause of the uproar, immediately commenced clearing herself from any suspicion of *poisoning;* and cursing herself, without any reservation as to saints and devils, if the victuals, as she dressed them, were not sweet, good, and right wholesome. Her pepper and salt, she vowed, had been in the house a fortnight before, and both the fritters and pancakes were fried in *her own drippings!*

Honor's exculpatory harangue being with some difficulty silenced, a hundred antidotes were immediately suggested. Mrs. Burke, an excellent woman, soon found a receipt at the end of her cookery-book for curing all manner of poisons (for they actually deemed us poisoned) either in man or beast; and the administration of this recipé was approved by one Mr. Dennis Shee, another family domestic, who said "he had been *pysoned* himself with some love-powders by a young woman who wanted to marry him, and was cured by the very same stuff the mistress was going to make up for the counsellors; but that anyhow he would run off for the doctor, who, to be sure, knew best about the matter."

It was now fully agreed that some of Denis Brown's voters had got the poison from a witch at Braefield,* out of spite, and all the servants cried out that there was no luck or grace for any real gentleman in that quarter from the time George Robert was hanged.

Poor Mrs. Burke was miserable on every account, since the story of "two counsellors being poisoned at Rock House" would be such a stain on the family.

Being raised up in my bed against pillows, I began to think

* In old times, Braefield, near Turlow, had been noted for witches, several of whom had been burned or drowned for poisoning cattle, giving love-powders to people's *childer* ere they came to years of maturity, and bestowing the shaking ague on everybody who was not kind to them. When I was at Turlow they showed me, near Braefield, five high granite stones stuck up in the midst of a green field, which they called "the Witches of Braefield." They said there was a witch under every one of these, buried a hundred feet deep.—(*Author's note.*)

my complaint rather *spasmodic* than *inflammatory*, as I breathed better apace, and felt myself almost amused by the strange scenes going on around. Mrs. Burke had now prepared her antidote. Oil, salt, soapsuds, honey, vinegar, and whisky, were the principal ingredients. Of these, well shaken up in a quart-bottle, she poured part down her nephew's throat (he not being able to drink it out of a bowl), much as farriers drench a horse; and as soon as the first gulp was down, she asked poor Moore if he felt any easier. He answered her question only by pushing back the antidote, another drop of which he absolutely refused to touch. She made a second effort to *drench* him, lest it might be *too late;* but ere anything more could be done, the doctor, or rather apothecary and man-midwife, arrived, when bleeding, blistering, etc. etc., were had recourse to, and on the third day I was totally recovered; my poor friend got better but slowly, and after two dangerous relapses.

The incidents which had taken place in Castlebar during the French invasion, three years before, were too entertaining not to be pried into (now I was upon the spot) with all my zeal and perseverance. The most curious of battles, which was fought there, had always excited my curiosity. I was anxious to discover what really caused so whimsical a defeat. But so extremely did the several narratives I heard vary—from the official bulletin to the tale of the private soldier—that I found no possible means of deciding on the truth but by hearing every story, and *striking an average* respecting their veracity, which plan, together with the estimate of *probabilities*, might perhaps bring me pretty near the true state of the affair. There had certainly been a battle and flight more humorous in their nature and result than any that had ever before been fought or accomplished by a British army. Neither powder, ball, nor bayonet had fair claim to the victory; but to a single true *blunder* was attributable that curious defeat of our pampered army—horse, foot, and artillery—in half-an-hour, by a handful of half-starved Frenchmen. So promptly (as I heard) was it effected, that the occurrence was immediately named—and I

suppose it still retains the appellation—"The *races* of Castlebar." I cannot vouch for any single piece of information I acquired; but I can repeat some of the best of it, and my readers may strike the average as I do, and form their own conclusions on the subject. At all events, the relation may amuse them; and, as far as the detail of such an event can possibly do, afford a glance at French and Irish, civil and military, high and low, aristocracy and plebeians, undoubtedly proving that, after a battle is over, it suggests the simile of a lady after her baby is born—what was a cause of great uneasiness soon becomes a source of great amusement.

To attain this, my laudable object, the first thing I had to do was, as far as practicable, to fancy myself a general; and in that capacity to ascertain the errors by which the battle was lost, and the conduct of the enemy after their victory. *Experientia docet;* and by these means I might obviate the same disaster on any future occasion. In pursuance of this fanciful hypothesis, my primary step was, of course, to reconnoitre the position occupied by our troops and those of the enemy on that engagement; and in order to do this with effect, I took with me a *very clever* man, a serjeant of the Kilkenny militia, who had been trampled over by Chapman's heavy horse in their hurry to get off, and left, with half his bones broken, to recover as well as he could. He afterward returned to Castlebar, where he married, and continued to reside. An old surgeon was likewise of our party, who had been with the army, and had (as he informed me) made a most deliberate retreat when he saw the rout begin. He described the whole affair to me, being now and then interrupted and "*put in,*" as the corporal called it, when he was running out of the course, or drawing the long-bow. Three or four country fellows (who, it proved, had been rebels), wondering what brought us three together, joined the group; and, on the whole, I was extremely amused.

The position shown me, as originally held by the defeated, seemed, to my poor *civil* understanding, one of the most difficult in the world to be routed out of. Our army was drawn up on a

declivity of steep, rugged ground, with a narrow lake at its foot, at the right whereof was a sort of sludge-bog, too thick to swim in, and too thin to walk upon—snipes alone, as they said, having any fixed residence in or lawful claim to it. On the other side of the lake, in front of our position, was a hill covered with underwood, and having a winding road down its side. In our rear was the town of Castlebar, and divers stone walls terminated and covered our left. None of my informants could agree either as to the number of our troops or cannon; they all differed even to the extent of thousands of men, and from four to twenty pieces of cannon. Every one of the parties, too, gave his own account in his own way. One of the rebels swore, that "though he had nothing but 'this same little switch' (a thick cudgel) in his fist, he knocked four or five troopers off their beasts, as they were galloping over himself, till the French gentlemen came up and *skivered* them; and when they were once down, the 'devil a much life' was long left in them."

"Were you frightened, Mr. O'Donnell?" said I (he told me that was his name).

"By my sowl!" replied O'Donnell, who seemed a decent sort of farmer, "if you had been in it that same day, your honour would have had no great objections to be out of it agin."

"Now," said I, "pray, Serjeant Butler, how came the Kilkenny to run away that day so soon and with so little reason?"

"Becaize we were *ordered* to run away," answered the serjeant.

"How can you say that, serjeant?" said the doctor. "I was myself standing bolt upright at the left of the Kilkenny when they ran without any order."

"O yes, indeed! to be sure, doctor!" said Serjeant Butler; "but were you where I was when Captain Millar the *aidycam* ordered us off in no time?"

"He did not," replied the doctor.

"Why, then, since you make me curse, by my sowl he *did;* becaize the officers afterward all said, that when he ordered us off, he forgot half what he had to say to us."

"And pray, what was the other half, serjeant?" inquired I.

"Ah, then, I'll tell you that, counsellor," replied Butler. "That same *aidycam* was a fat, bloated gentleman, and they said he was rather thick-winded, like a beast, when his mind was not easy: so he comes up (my lord was looking at the fight, and did not mind him), and he kept puffing and blowing away while he was ordering us, till he came to the words, 'you'll get off,' or 'you'll advance backwards,' or some words of the same kind, I can't exactly say what;—but it seems, when he desired us to make off, he forgot to say 'thirty yards,' as the officers told us at Tuam was the general's word of command:—and as he desired us to *make off*, but didn't order us when to *stop*, by my sowl some of us never stopped or stayed for thirty good *miles*, and long miles too, only to get a drink of water or half-a-noggin of whisky, if there was any in the alehouse. And sorry enough we were, and sore likewise! Then there was that Chapman and his heavy horse; troth I believe every horse in the place cantered over us as if we were sods of turf. They had no mercy on us; many a poor Kilkenny lad couldn't get out of their way while *they* were making off, and so they tumbled over the Kilkenny themselves, and all were tumbling and rolling together, and the French were coming on to stick us; and we were trampled and flattened in the dust, so that you'd hardly know a corpse from a sheet of brown paper, only for the red coat upon it."

The doctor now attempted to tell the story in *his* way, when the Kilkenny serjeant, being at length a little provoked at the other's numerous interruptions and contradictions, exclaimed, "Arrah! doctor, be *asy;* it's I can tell the counsellor, for it's I that was *in it*, and almost *kilt* too; and that's more than you were, barring with the *fright!*"

The doctor gave him a look of sovereign contempt, and me a significant wink, as much as to say, "The fellow is mad, and drunk into the bargain."

However, the serjeant conquered all opposition, and proceeded to give me the full narrative in his own dialect. "Counsellor," said he, "do you know that Chapman—so I think they called him—is as tall as any May-pole?"

"Very well," said I.

"Well," said the serjeant, "on the spot near the bog, where the devil could not get at us without drying it first and foremost —there we were drawn up at first, all so neat and tight on the ridge there, one would think us like iron rails, every lad of us. Very well; being firm and fast as aforesaid on the ridge, with a shaking bog by the side of *the Chapmans*—bad cess to them, man and beast! Oh! it was not most agreeable when the French let fly at us without giving us the least notice in life; and by my sowl, they hit some of the boys of our regiment, and that same set them a roaring and calling for a drink of water and the doctor! but the devil a doctor was *in it* (can you deny that same?); and his honour, Lord Ormond, our colonel, grew red in the face with anger, or something or other, when he heard the boys bawling for *water*, and good reason they had; for by my sowl they were *kilt* sure enuff. So we leathered at the French across the water, and the French leathered at us likewise. Devil such a *cracking* ever you heard, counsellor, as on that day; and by the same token it would make a dog laugh to see how Captain Shortall with his cannons let fly at the French out of the bushes; and by my sowl, *they* were not idle either! So we were all fighting mighty well, as I heard General Lake say in the rear of us; and as I looked round and took off my cap to hurrah, I heard the devils roar at my elbow, and saw my poor comrade, Ned Dougherty, staggering back for all the world just as if he was drunk, and the devil a nose on his face any more than on the back of my hand, counsellor, the present minute; and on a second glance at poor Ned I saw one of his eyes not a whit better off than his nose; so I called as loud as I could for a doctor, but the devil a one showed."

The doctor could stand the imputation no longer, and immediately gave the retort not courteous to the serjeant.

"Why, then, do you hear that?" said the serjeant quite coolly. "Arrah! now, how can you say you were *in it?* When Ned Dougherty was *kilt*, you know you were sitting *behind* the cannon; and the devil a bit of you would have been seen while

the powder was going, if the nose was off the *general*, let alone Ned Dougherty."

I feared much that my whole inquiries would be frustrated by the increase of this dispute, when one of the country fellows who was by said, "You're right enuff, serjeant. It was myself and two boys more, after yees all ran away, that pulled the doctor from under a cart; but we let him go, becaize he towld us he had ten *childer* and a wife, who would crack her heart if she thought he was slaughtered; and that's the truth, and nothing else — though never a wife or child ever ye had, doctor."

I now winked at the doctor not to mind the fellows, and requested the serjeant to go on with *the battle*.

"And welcome, counsellor," said he; "stay, where did I leave off? O! ay, at Ned Dougherty's nose; very well, poor Ned wasn't kilt *dead;* only lost his nose and eye, and is very comfortable now, as he says, in Kilmainham. Very well, as I was saying, we went on slashing away like devils across the water, when, by my sowl, I heard some cracks up at the left of us, and the balls began to whiz all across us, lengthways. 'What the deuce is this job?' says I. 'Hang me if I know,' said the serjeant-major; when Captain Millar, the general's *aidycam*, comes up full pelt, and orders us to *get off* as aforesaid. When we heard that same order, we thought we were fairly beat; and so, losing no time, set off as hard as we could to get into Castlebar town again ere the French could take it before us. And then Chapman's people, bad chance to them! cried out, 'Get on, get on!' and galloped away as if the devil was under their tails, and no more minded *the Kilkenny* than if we were Norway rats, trampling us up and down, and some of them tumbling over our carcases. You'd think it was a race-course. My ribs were all knocked in, and my collar-bone broken; and—and—that's all I know, counsellor."

"Is that *all*, serjeant?" asked I.

"O no, counsellor," replied he. "I have more to tell, now I think of it. Every boy in our regiment declared, if it had been

Hutchinson that commanded us, the devil a one would run away if he stayed till this time, or go to the French either; but all the lads used to say afterward, 'Why should we fight under Lake (whom we neither knew nor cared to know), when we had our own brave country general to the fore, that we'd stick by till death?' and I forgot to tell you, counsellor—a hundred or so of our boys who could not run fast, thought it better to stay quiet and easy with the French than be murdered without the least reason imaginable, and so they stayed and were treated very handsome; only owld Corney hanged a good many of the poor boys at Ballynamuck; and the devil a bit better is Ireland made by hanging anybody—and that's the truth, and nothing else! Faith, if they hanged a quarter of us all, another quarter would be wanting it against the next assizes. So, what use is hanging the boys? Little good will it ever do the remainder!"

BREAKFASTS AT BALLINROBE.

THE following is almost too trifling an anecdote to be recorded; but, as it characterises place, time, and people, and is besides of a novel description, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of relating it. The period at which it occurred was that of the Mayo election alluded to in the last sketch.

After some days of hard labour, bad food, worse wine, and no tranquillity, Mr. Martin (I think that was his name), the owner of an alehouse in our interest, told us with great glee he had got in a few loaves of good white bread and a paper of tea from Castlebar, fit for the chancellor, together with fresh eggs and new milk; and that if we would vouchsafe to put up with his own "little paved parlour," we should have a roaring fire, capital buttered toast, and, in short, everything to our satisfaction, one meal *anyhow;* it was unfortunate, and a thousand pities he had nothing better for the "dear counsellors;" but there was to be a fine slip of a pig killed in the town that night by a friend of his own, and we might have a beautiful griskin next morning broiled to our liking.

My friend Moore and I were delighted at the announcement of a comfortable breakfast (for some time a stranger to us), and immediately went into the little paved parlour, where everything was soon in full array according to Mr. Daniel Martin's promises. The turf fire glowed fit to roast an ox; abundance of hot buttered toast was quickly placed before it; plenty of new-laid eggs appeared—some boiled, some poached; a large saucepan with hot water was bubbling on the ashes; our tea was made (as the teapot leaked) in a potteen-jug; and everything appeared in the most proper state to *feast* two lately *half-fed* Dublin barris-

ters (as they called us). My mouth watered, Moore licked his lips, and we never sat down to the sensual enjoyment of the palate with more *goût* or satisfaction than in Mr. Martin's "little paved parlour."

It seemed as if nothing short of an earthquake (perhaps not even that) could have disappointed us. But I do not recollect any incident during a long life so completely verifying the old aphorism of "Many a slip between the cup and the lip." During our happy state of anticipation rather a loud rap was heard:—I was just in the act of cracking the shell of an egg, with my back to the door, and cried out, "Come in! come in!" Nobody entered; but another and still louder rap succeeded. My friend, not being at that instant so busily occupied as I, stepped to the door, with the purpose of telling whoever it might be to "call again" in half-an-hour. I meanwhile proceeded with my egg; when I heard Moore, who was not in the habit of using imprecations, cry out piteously, "Oh! blood and thunder!" and his exclamation was accompanied by a crash that alarmed me. On turning rapidly round, to aid him in any possible emergency, I saw my companion extended on the floor, his heels kicked up in the air, and eight or ten young *pigs* making the best of their way over the counsellor's prostrate body with great vivacity. Their *mother*, with divers deep and savage grunts, snorting, and catching the air through her enormous proboscis, took her way round the other side of the room, and effectually cut us off both from the door and our weapons on the breakfast-table. This manœuvre certainly would have daunted much greater heroes than either of us pretended to be; and I doubt if there is a field-marshal in the service either of his Britannic or Most Christian Majesty who would have felt himself quite at ease under similar circumstances.

We had no retreat: the foe had anticipated us, and appeared both able and willing to slaughter us for the sake of her progeny. "Mount, Moore," said I. He limped, for his leg was hurt, to a high old-fashioned chest of drawers, which fortunately stood in a corner. Upon these drawers each of us got, and thence

watched ulterior operations, but by no means considering ourselves *out of danger* from so *frightful* an enemy.

That the reader who has not been accustomed to associate with swine at Ballinrobe may form a just idea of our situation, he shall be made accurately acquainted with the species of lady visitor we had to deal with. The eight or ten *childer* were what we call "piggin riggins," too old for a dainty and too young for bacon—the "*hobble-de-hoys*" of swinehood. Their mother literally "towered above her sex," and was the lankiest and most bristly sow I ever beheld. Her high arched back, taller than a donkey's, springing from the abutments of her loins and shoulders, resembled a coarse rustic bridge; her dangling teats swept the ground; long loose flabby ears nearly concealed a pair of small fiery blood-shot sunken eyes, and their ends just covered one half of a mouth which, dividing her head as it were into an upper and under storey, clearly showed that she had the means of taking what bite she pleased out of anything. Her tusks, indeed, like a boar's, peeped under her broad and undulating nostrils, which were decorated with an iron ring and hook, that appeared to afford the double power of defending the wearer against assaults and hooking in an enemy.

Of such a description was the family that paid us this unwelcome visit, demonstrating thereby the uncertainty of all sublunary expectations. The fact was, that the lady, with ten of her *childer*, had been wallowing in the quagmire by the side of our parlour-window, which we had opened to give a part of the captive smoke an opportunity of escaping—but which at the same time let out the savoury perfume of our repast; this entering piggy's sensitive nostrils, she was roused to action, and, grunting to her family as a trumpeter sounds "to horse," they made their way to the well-known door of the little paved parlour, which finding closed (a very unusual circumstance), madam's temper was somewhat ruffled, and the catastrophe ensued. Ceremony from a sow, under such circumstances, could not be reasonably looked for, and any delay in disposing of our luxuries was still less to be expected. In her haste to accomplish that

achievement, she had, on gaining admittance, run between the legs of Counsellor Thomas Moore, and, as on an inclined plane, she first raised, then deposited him upon the pavement; and leaving him to the discretion of her *piggin riggins*, changed her own course to our breakfast-table, which having duly overset, the whole was at her mercy—of which, however, she showed none;—the toast, the bread, the eggs—in short *everything*, disappearing in marvellous quick time.

The two counsellors, from their elevated position, beheld the destruction of all these comforts, and congratulated themselves on the good luck of being personally out of danger: but here also we "reckoned without our host:" we entertained no doubt of madam sow's peaceable departure, and did not wish to expose ourselves to the ridicule of being discovered perched upon a chest of drawers. One of the *piggins*, however, not content with the prey he had already got, in roaming about for more, and unaccustomed to boiling water, happened to overset the large saucepan which was steaming upon the hob, and which descended full on his unseasoned hide. Hereupon, feeling his tender bristles getting loose, and at the first scratch coming away with a due quantity of scarf-skin to keep them together, he set up the most dreadful cries I ever heard, even from the most obstinate of his race when the butcher was taking the preliminary steps towards manufacturing corned pork—that comrade of pease-pudding, and glory of the British navy!

The *mamma* of course attributed the cries of her darling to some torture inflicted by the *Christians* upon the drawers; to the foot of which she therefore trotted, and with deep and loud grunts looked up at us, opening her wide jaws, and seeming to say, "I wish I had you both down here, and my dear little *piggin riggins* should soon be revenged for your cruelty!" I thought that, once or twice, she appeared disposed to try if she could balance her body on her hind-legs and rear up against the chest of drawers; in which case, even if her jaws did not clearly take hold of us, the strong iron hook in her nose would be sure to catch and haul down one or other by the leg—as, if once

hooked, it would only be a trial of strength between the sow's snout and the tendo Achillis of either counsellor. We could not kick at her for fear of the same hook; so we kept dancing and stamping, to try if that would deter her. But she was too much bent on mischief to care for our defensive operations; and we were ultimately obliged to resort to that step generally taken by people when they find themselves failing in point of fortitude, and manfully cried out—"Murder! murder!" But as no one came, Moore said they were so used to *that* cry in Ballinrobe (and particularly in the "little paved parlour"), that the people never minded it; so we changed our tone, and roared "Fire! fire!"

In a second the entire population of the house was in the room, when an *éclaircissement* took place. Still, however, the *lady* would not beat a retreat:—sticks, flails, handles of rakes, and pitchforks, belaboured her in vain; she minded them no more than straws. At length, they seized hold of her *tail*:—this action seemed to make her imagine that it was desired to *detain* her *in* the room; upon which, that spirit of contradiction inherent in more animals than one, determined her to *go out*. She accordingly rushed off, followed by the whole brood, and we saw no more of her or her hopeful family.

After they were gone, it took Mr. Martin above five minutes to lavish on the sow and *piggin riggins* every imprecation his vocabulary could furnish; and he concluded thus:—"Ough! may the curse of Crummell light on yee, for a greedy owld sow as you are! yee need not have taken such trouble to cater for your *childer*. If they had just peeped up the chimney, they'd have seen their *father* as well dried and smoked as any boar that ever was *kilt* in Ballinrobe these two years, anyhow; and by my sowl I expect to have six of the *childer* along with him by next Michaelmas at latest."

All being now arranged, we begged Mr. Martin to replenish our board as quickly as possible. Daniel, however, looked grave and chop-fallen, and in two monosyllables apprised us of the extent of our misfortunes. "I can't," said I.

"Why?" we both asked in a breath.

"Oh, holy poker!" exclaimed Mr. Dan Martin, "what shall I do to feed yee, counsellors dear? By my sowl, Sir Neil will *skiver* me! Not a bit or sup more I have in this same house. Arrah! Mary! Mary!"

"What's that, avourneen?" said Mary, entering.

"What have you in the house, Mary?" demanded the landlord.

"Ough! the sorrah a taste was left from the Newport voters, barring what we kept for the counsellors."

"And have you literally *nothing*, Mr. Martin?" demanded we.

"All as one," was the reply. "Sir Neil's men got the last of the meat; and a minute or two ago, who should come in—bad cess to him! but Denis Brown Sallough's body-sarvant, and pretended, the villain, that he was Sir Neil's man; and he bought all the rest of the bread and tay for ready money. If I had thought, counsellors, of the incivility my sow put on yees—bad luck to her sowl, egg and bird!—I'd have seen Denis Brown Sallough's body-sarvant *carded* like a tithe-proctor before I'd have sold him as much as would fill a hollow tooth; and by my sowl he has plenty of *them*, counsellors dear!"

"Have you no eggs, Mr. Martin?"

"Why, plase your honour, it's not two hours since the high sheriff's cook (as he called himself) came and took every cock and hen I had in the world (he paid like a gentleman to be sure), for he has a great dinner to-day, and being disappointed of poultry, he *kilt* every mother's babe of mine, gentlemen."

"You have milk?"

"I'd have plenty of that stuff, counsellors, only (O my poor cow and the three heifers!) Sir Neil's voters are generally so *dry*, and by my sowl, I believe not far from *hungry* either, that they, five or six times a-day if they can, get a drink out of the poor animals. They have been milked, indeed, almost to death, gentlemen, and that's the truth, and nothing else but the *true truth*." Recollecting himself, however, he added—

"But, counsellors, dear, if your honours can put up with *our own* little breakfast, you'll be more welcome nor the flowers of May, and there will be plenty of that, gentlemen, such as it is, and I'll tell you *what* it is. First and foremost, there's no better than the apple pratees, and they are ready hot and smothering for ourselves and that dirty sow and her *childer*, and be hanged to them! but the devil a one they will get this day, for affronting yees, gentlemen! And next to the pratees, there's the potteen. I *still'd* it myself a year ago, and hid it under ground when the elections came on; but I get a bottle or two out always. And then, gentlemen, I can broil for you (but that's a secret, plase your honours) a few beautiful rashers out of the two flitches I have hid on a little shelf up the chimney for fear of the two-guinea freeholders;—it's more like clear horn nor bacon, counsellors dear," pursued he, hauling down a side of it as he spoke, and cutting out several rashers.

"I suppose," said I, "this is some of your good sow's family;—if so, I shall have great pleasure in paying her off in her own style?"

"Why then, counsellor," said Mr. Martin, laughing and rubbing his hands—"you are a very genius at finding out things!—ha! ha!—By my sowl, it is a *sister* of the said sow's, sure enuff—bad luck to the whole breed for eating the buttered toast this blessed morning!"

The result was, that we got rashers, potatoes, and potteen, for our breakfast; at the end of which Mr. Martin brought in a jug of capital home-brewed ale;—and the possession of this, also, he said was a secret, or the gauger would play the deuce with him. We fared, in a word, very well; I much doubt, to speak truth, if it were not a more appropriate meal for a desperate bad day and much hard work than a lady's teapot would afford; and, in pursuance of this notion, I had a rasher, potato, and draught of good ale every day afterward during my stay at that abominable election.

English people would hardly credit the circumstances attending an electioneering contest in Ireland, so late as twenty-

three years ago.* Little attention was then paid by the country gentlemen to their several assize-towns; and there was not a single respectable inn at Ballinrobe. Somebody indeed had built the shell of a hotel; but it had not been plastered either within or without, or honoured by any species of furniture: it had not indeed even banisters to the stairs.

Perhaps the time of year and desperate state of the weather (uncheckered by one ray of sunshine) tended to disgust me with the place; but I certainly never in my lifetime was so annoyed as at the election of Ballinrobe, though everything that could possibly be done for our comfort *was* done by Sir John Brown —than whom I never met any gentleman more friendly or liberal.

* These *Sketches* first appeared forty-two years ago.

NEW MODE OF SERVING A PROCESS.

THE election for County Galway was proceeding whilst I was refreshing myself at Rock House, Castlebar, after various adventures at Ballinrobe, as already mentioned. I met at Rock House an old fellow who told me his name was Ned Bodkin, a Connemara boy, and that he had come with two or three other lads only to *search* for voters to take to Galway for Squire Martin's poll. Bodkin came to Mrs. Burke's house to consult Counsellor Moore, and I determined to have a full conversation with him as to the peninsula of Connemara and its statistics. He sent off eight or nine freeholders (such as they were) in eight-and-forty hours; they were soon polled for the squire, and came back as happy as possible.

I asked Mr. Bodkin where he lived.

"Ah! then where should it be, but at Connemara?" said he.

"And what's your trade or calling when you're at home, Mr. Bodkin?" inquired I.

"Why, plase your honour, no poor man could live upon one calling now-a-days, as we did in owld times, or no calling at all, as when the squire was *in it*. Now I butchers a trifle, your honour! and burns the kelp when I'm entirely idle. Then I take a touch now and then at the still, and smuggle a few in Sir Neil's cutter when the coast is clear."

"Anything else, Mr. Bodkin?"

"Ough yes, your honour, 'tis me that tans the brogue leather for the colonel's yeomen (God bless them!); besides, I'm bailiff of the town lands, and make out our election registries; and when I've nothing else to do, I keep the squire's accounts, and by my sowl that same is no asy matter, plase your honour, till one's used to it! but, God bless him, up and down, wherever he

goes, here or hereafter! he's nothing else but a good master to us all."

"Mr. Ned Bodkin," continued I, "everybody says the king's writ does not *run* in Connemara?"

"Ough! then whoever towld your honour that is a big liar. By my sowl, when the King George's writ (crossing himself) comes within smell of the big house, the boys soon make him run as if the seven red devils was under his tail, saving your presence. It's King George's writ that *does run* at Connemara, plase your worship, all as one as a black greyhound. Oh, the deuce a stop he stays till he gets into the court-house of Galway again!"

Mr. Bodkin talked allegorically, so I continued in the same vein:—"And pray, if you catch the king's writ, what do you do then?"

"Plase your honour, that story is asy towld. *Do*, is it? I'll tell your honour that. Why, if the *prossy-sarver* is *cotched* in the territories of Ballynahinch, by my sowl if the squire's not *in it*, he'll either eat his parchments every taste, or go down into the owld coal-pit sure enuff, whichever is most *agreeable* to the said prossy-sarver."

"And I suppose he generally prefers eating his parchments?" said I.

"Your honour's right enuff," replied Mr. Bodkin. "The *varment* generally gulps it down mighty glib; and, by the same token, he is seldom or ever obstrepulous enuff to go down into the said coal-pit."

"*Dry* food, Mr. Bodkin," said I.

"Ough! by no manner of manes, your honour. We always give the prossy-sarver, poor crethur! plenty to moisten his said food with and wash it down well, anyhow; and he goes back to the 'sizes as merry as a water-dog, and swears (God forgive him!) that he was *kilt* at Connemara by people unknown; becaize if he didn't do that, he knows well enuff he'd soon be kilt dead by people he did know, and that's the truth, plase your honour, and nothing else."

"Does it often happen, Mr. Bodkin?" said I.

"Ough! plase your honour, only that our own bailiffs and yeomen soldiers keep the sheriffs' officers out of Connemara, we'd have a rookery of them afore every 'sizes and sessions, when the master's amongst the Sassanachs in London city. We made one lad, when the master was in said foreign parts, eat every taste of what he towld us was a chancellor's bill, that he brought from Dublin town to sarve in our quarter. We laid in ambush, your honour, and cotched him on the bridge; but we did not throw him over that, though we made believe that we would. 'We have you, you villain!' said I. 'Spare my life!' says he. 'What for?' said I. 'Oh! give me marcy!' says the sarver. 'The deuce a taste,' said I. 'I've nothing but a chancellor's bill,' said he. 'Out with it,' says I. So he ups and outs with his parchment, plase your honour; by my sowl, then, there was plenty of that same!

"'And pray, what name do you go by when you are at home?' said I. 'Oh then, don't you know Burke the *bailiff?*' said he. 'Are you satisfied to *eat* it, Mr. Burke?' said I. 'If I was as hungry as twenty hawks, I could not eat it all in less than a fortnight anyhow,' said the sarver, 'it's so long and crisp.' 'Never fear,' said I.

"'Why shu'dn't I fear?" said he.

"'What's that to you?' said I. 'Open your mouth and take a bite, if you plase.' 'Spare my life!" said he. 'Take a bite if you plase, Mr. Burke,' again said I.

"So he took a bite, plase your honour; but I saw fairly it was too dry and tough for common eating, so I and the rest of *the boys* brought the lad to my little cabin, and we soaked *the chancellor* in potteen in my little keg, and I towld him he should stay his own time till he ate it all as soon as it was *tinder*, and at three meals a-day, with every other little nourishment we could give the crethur. So we stayed very agreeable till he had finished the chancellor's bill every taste, and was drunk with it every day twice, at any rate; and then I towld him he might go back to Galway town and welcome. But he said he'd got

kinder treatment and better liquor nor ever the villain of a sub-sheriff gave any poor fellow, and if I'd let him, he'd fain stay another day or two to bid us good-bye. 'So, Mary,' said I to the woman my wife, ''commodate the poor officer a day or two more to bid us good-bye.' 'He's kindly welcome,' says she. So Burke stayed till the 'sizes was over, and then swore he lay for dead on the road side, and did not know what became of the chancellor's bill, or where it was deposited at said time. I had towld him, your honour, I'd make good his oath for him; and, accordingly, we made him so drunk that he lay all as one as a dead man in the ditch till we brought him home; and then he said he could kiss the holy 'pistle and gospel safe in the court-house, that he lay for dead in a ditch by reason of the treatment he got at Connemara; and Mr. Burke turned out a good fellow; and the deuce a prossy-sarver ever came into Connemara for a year after, but he sent a gossoon aforehand to tell us where we'd cotch the sarver afore sarvice. Oh! God rest your sowl, Mr. Burke, and deliver it safe! it's us that were sorry enuff when we heard the horse kilt you dead. Oh, bad cess to him! the likes of ye didn't come since to our quarter.'

This mode of making process-servers *eat* the process was not at all confined to Connemara. I have myself known it practised often at the colliery of Doonan, the estate of my friend Hartpole, when his father Squire Robert was alive. It was quite the custom; and if a person in those times took his residence in the purlieus of that colliery, serving him with any legal process was entirely out of the question, for if a bailiff attempted it, he was sure to have either a meal of sheepskin, or a dive in a coal-pit, for his trouble.

This species of outrage was, however, productive of greater evil than merely making the process-server eat his bill. Those whose business it was to serve processes in time against the assizes, being afraid to fulfil their missions, took a short cut, and swore they *had* actually served them, though they had never been on the spot, whereby many a judgment was obtained surreptitiously and executed, on default, upon parties who had never

heard one word of the business; and thus whole families were ruined by the perjury of one process-server.

The magistrates were all country gentlemen, very few of whom had the least idea of law proceedings further than when they happened to be directed against themselves; and the common fellows, when sworn on the holy Evangelists, conceived they could outwit the magistrates by kissing their own thumb which held the book, instead of the cover of it; or by swearing, "By the vartue of my oath it's through (true), your worship!" (putting a finger through a button-hole).

So numerous were the curious acts and anecdotes of the Irish magistrates of those days, that were I to recite many of them, the matter-of fact English (who have no idea of Irish freaks of this nature) would, I have no doubt, set me down as a complete romancer.

I conceived it would much facilitate the gratification of my desire to learn the customs of the Irish magisterial justices by becoming one myself. I therefore took out my *didimus* at once for *every* county in Ireland; and being thus a magistrate for thirty-two counties, I of course, wherever I went, learned all their doings; and I believe no body of men ever united more *authority* and less *law* than did the Irish justices of thirty years since.

DONNYBROOK FAIR.

THE fair of Donnybrook, near Dublin, has been long identified with the name and character of the lower classes of Irish people; and, so far as the population of its metropolis may fairly stand for that of a whole country, the identification is just. This remark applies, it is true, to several years back; as that entire revolution in the natural Irish character, which has taken place within my time, must have extended to all their sports and places of amusement; and Donnybrook fair, of course, has had its full share in the metamorphosis.

The *old* Donnybrook fair, however, is on record; and so long as the name exists, will be duly appreciated. Mr. Lysaght's popular song of "The Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so Green,"* gives a most lively sketch of that celebrated meeting—some of the varieties and peculiarities of which may be amusing, and will certainly give a tolerable idea of the Dublin commonalty in the eighteenth century.

All Ireland is acquainted with the sort of sports and recreations which characterise Donnybrook. But the English, in general, are as ignorant of an Irish fair as they are of every other

* Two lines of Mr. Lysaght's song describe, quaintly, yet veritably, the practical *point* of the scenes which occurred at that place of licensed eccentricities. He speaks of the real Irish Paddy, who

> "Steps into a tent, just to spend half-a-crown,
> Slips out, meets a *friend*, and for *love* knocks him down!
> With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green."

It is a literal fact that the blow is as instantly forgiven, and the twain set a-drinking together in great harmony, as if nothing had happened.

A priest constantly attended in former times at an alehouse near Kilmainham, to marry any couples who may have agreed upon that ceremony when they were *drunk*, and made up their minds for its immediate celebration so soon as they should be sober: and after the ceremony he sent them back to the fair for one more

matter respecting the "sister kingdom," and that is saying a great deal. John Bull, being the most egotistical animal of the creation, measures every man's coat according to his own cloth, and fancying an Irish mob to be like a London rabble, thinks that Donnybrook fair is composed of all the vice, robbery, swindling, and spectacle—together with still rougher manners of its own—of his dear St. Bartholomew.

Never was John more mistaken. I do not know any one trait of character conspicuous alike in himself and brother Pat, save that which is their common disgrace and incentive to all other vices, *drinking;* and even in drunkenness the English far surpass Pat—though perhaps their superiority in this respect may be attributable merely to their being better able to purchase the poison; and if they have *not* the means ready, they are far more expert at picking of pockets, burglary, or murder, to procure them—as Mr. *John Ketch* (operative at his Majesty's gaol of Newgate in London) can bear ample testimony.

There is no doubt but all mobs are tumultuous, violent, and more or less savage (no matter what they meet about); it is the nature of democratic congregations to be. Those of England are thoroughly wicked, and, when roused, most ferocious; but they show little genuine courage, and a few soldiers by a shot or two generally send thousands of fellows scampering, to adjourn *sine die.* Formerly, I never saw an Irish mob that could not easily be rendered tractable and complacent by persons who, as they conceived, intended them fairly and meant to act kindly by them. So much waggery and fun ever mingled with their most riotous adventures, that they were not unfrequently dispersed

drink; and the lady then went home an *honest* woman, and as happy as possible. Many hundred similar matches used, in old times, to be effected during this carnival. Mr. Lysaght also describes the happy consequences of such weddings with infinite humour. He says of the ulterior increase of each family—

"and nine months after that
A fine boy cries out, 'How do you do, Father Pat?
With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.'"

[The priest was a suspended one. The fair was suppressed about twenty years ago.—EDITOR.]

by a good-humoured joke, when it would probably have required a regiment and the reading of a dozen riot-acts to do it by compulsion.

A long erroneous system of ruling that people seems to have gradually, and at length definitively, changed the nature of the Irish character in every class and branch of the natives, and turned into political agitation what I remember only a taste for simple hubbub. The Irish have an indigenous *goût* for fighting (of which they never can be divested), quite incomprehensible to a sober English farmer, whose food and *handiwork* are as regular as his clock. At Donnybrook, the scene had formerly no reservation as to the full exhibition of genuine Hibernian character; and a description of one of the *tents* of that celebrated sporting fair will answer nearly for all of them, and likewise give a tolerable idea of most other fairs in the Emerald island at the same period. Having twice* run a narrow risk of losing my life at Donnybrook (the last time at its fair in 1790), I am entitled to remember its localities at least as well as any gentleman who never was in danger of ending his days there.

The site of the fair is a green flat of no great extent, about a mile from Dublin city, and on the banks of a very shallow stream that runs dribbling under a high bridge :—fancy irregular houses on one side, and a highroad through the middle, and you will have a pretty good idea of that plain of festivity.

Many and of various proportions were the tents which, in time past, composed the encampment upon the plains of Donnybrook; and if persevering turbulence on the part of the Emeralders should ever put it into the heads of the members of his Majesty's government to hire a few bands of *Cossacks* to keep them in order (and I really believe they are the only folks upon earth who could frighten my countrymen), the model of a Donnybrook tent will be of great service to the Don-Russian auxiliaries—the materials being so handy and the erection so *facile*. I shall therefore describe one accurately, that the Emperor Nicholas and

* For the first of these occurrences see (vol. i.) my adventure with Counsellor Daly and Balloon Crosby.—(*Author's note.*)

his brother Michael, who has seen something of Ireland already, may, upon any such treaty being signed, perceive how extremely well his Imperial Majesty's Tartars will be accommodated.

Receipt for a Donnybrook Tent.

Take eight or ten long wattles, or any indefinite number, according to the length you wish your tent to be (whether two yards or half-a-mile makes no difference as regards the architecture or construction). Wattles need not be provided by purchase and sale, but may be readily procured any dark night by cutting down a sufficient number of young trees in the demesne or plantation of any gentleman in the neighbourhood—a prescriptive *privilege*, or rather *practice*, time immemorial, throughout all Ireland.

Having procured the said wattles *one way or other*, it is only necessary to stick them down in the sod in two rows, turning round the tops like a woodbine arbour in a lady's flower-garden, tying the two ends together with neat ropes of hay, which any gentleman's farmyard can (during the night-time, as aforesaid) readily supply,—then fastening long wattles in like manner lengthways at top from one end to the other to keep all tight together; and thus the "wooden walls" of Donnybrook are ready for roofing in; and as the building materials cost nothing but *danger*, the *expense* is very trivial.

A tent fifty feet long may be easily built in about five minutes, unless the builders should adopt the old mode of *peeling* the wattles; and when once a wattle is stripped to its *buff*, he must be a wise landlord indeed who could swear to the identity of the timber—a species of evidence, nevertheless, that the Irish woodrangers are extremely expert at.* This precaution will not, however, be necessary for the Don Cossacks, who, being educated as highway robbers by the Emperor of all the Russias, and act-

* I recollect a man at the assizes of Maryborough swearing to the leg of his own goose, which was stolen—having found it in some *giblet-broth* at the robber's cabin. The witness was obviously right; the web between the goose's toes being, he said, *snipped and cut* in a way he could perfectly identify.—(*Author's note.*)

ing in that capacity in every country, cannot of course be called to account for a due exercise of their vocation.

The covering of the tents is now only requisite; this is usually done according to fancy; and being unacquainted with the taste of the Russian gentlemen on that head, I shall only mention the general mode of *clothing* the wattles used in my time—a mode that, from its singularity, had a far more imposing appearance than any encampment ever pitched by his Majesty's regular forces, horse, foot, or artillery. Every cabin, alehouse, and other habitation wherein quilts or bedclothes were used, or could be procured by *civility* or *otherwise* (except *money*, which was not current for such purposes), was ransacked for *apparel* wherewith to cover the wattles. The favourite covering was *quilts*, as long as such were forthcoming; and when not, old winnowing sheets, sacks ripped open, rugs, blankets, etc. etc. Everything, in fact, was expended in the *bed* line (few neighbours using that accommodation during the fair)—and recourse often had to women's apparel, as old petticoats, praskeens, etc. etc.

The covering being spread over the wattles as tightly and snugly as the materials would admit, all was secured by hay-ropes and pegs. When completed, a very tall wattle with a dirty birch-broom, the hairy end of an old sweeping-brush, a cast-off lantern of some watchman, rags of all colours made into streamers, and fixed at the top by way of sign, formed the invitation to *drinking*;—and when *eating* was likewise to be had, a rusty tin saucepan, or piece of a broken iron pot, was hung dangling in front, to crown the entrance and announce good cheer.

The most amusing part of the coverings were the quilts, which were generally of patchwork, comprising scraps of all the hues in the rainbow—cut into every shape and size, patched on each other, and quilted together.

As to furniture, down the centre, doors, old or new (whichever were most handy to be *lifted*), were stretched from one end to the other, resting on hillocks of clay dug from underneath, and

so forming a capital table with an agreeable variety both as to breadth and elevation. Similar constructions for benches were placed along the sides, but not so steady as the table; so that when the liquor got the mastery of one convivial fellow, he would fall off, and the whole row generally following his example, perhaps ten or even twenty gallant *shamrocks* were seen on their backs, kicking up their heels, some able to get up again, some lying quiet and easy, singing, roaring, laughing, or cursing; while others, still on their legs, were drinking and dancing, and setting the whole tent in motion, till all began to long for the open air, and a little wrestling, leaping, cudgelling, or fighting upon the green grass. The tent was then cleaned out and prepared for a new company of the shillelah boys.

The best tents, that supplied "neat victuals," had a pot boiling outside on a turf fire, with good fat lumps of salt beef and cabbage, called "spooleens," always ready simmering for such customers as should like a *sliver*. The potatoes were plentiful, and salt Dublin Bay herrings also in abundance. There was, besides, a cold round or rump of beef at double price for the *quality* who came to see the *curiosities*.

Except toys and trinkets for children, merchandise of any sort they seemed to have a contempt for; but these were bought up with great avidity; and in the evening, when the parents had given the *childer* a glass each of the *cratur* (as they called whisky), "to keep the cowld out of their little stomachs," every trumpet or drum, fiddle, whistle, or pop-gun, which the fond mothers had bestowed, was set sounding (all together) over the green, and chimed in with a dozen fiddlers and as many pipers jigging away for the dance,—an amalgamation of sounds among the most extraordinary that ever *tickled* the ear of a musician. Everybody, drunk or sober, took a share in the *long* dance, and I have seen a row of a hundred couple labouring at their jig-steps till they fell off actually breathless, and rather *wetter* than if they had been river deities of the Donnybrook.

This, however, must be remarked as constituting a grand distinction between the beloved St. Bartholomew of the Cockneys

and the Emeralders' glory;—that at the former, robbers, cheats, gamblers, and villains of every description collect, and are most active in their respective occupations; whilst at the latter no gambling of any sort existed; nor were thieves, pickpockets, or swindlers often there: for a good reason—because there was no money worth stealing, and *plenty* of *emptiness* in the pockets of the amateurs. However, love reigned in all its glory, and Cupid expended every arrow his mother could make for him; but with this difference, that love is in general represented as discharging his shafts into people's hearts, whereas, at Donnybrook, he always aimed at their *heads;* and before it became quite dusk he never failed to be very successful in his archery. It was after sunset, indeed, that sweethearts made up their matches; and a priest (Father Kearny of Liffy Street, a good *clergy*) told me that more marriages were celebrated in Dublin the week *after* Donnybrook fair, than in any two months during the rest of the year: the month of June being warm and *snug* (as he termed it), smiled on everything that was good, and helped the *liquor* in making arrangements; and with great animation he added, that it was a gratifying sight to see his young parishioners who had made up their matches at Donnybrook coming there in a couple of years again, to buy whistles for their children.

The *horse* part of the fair was not destitute of amusement—as there was a large ditch with a drain, and a piece of a wall, which the sellers were always called upon to "leather their horses over" before anybody would bid for them; and the tumbles which those venturous jockeys constantly received, with the indifference wherewith they mounted and began again, were truly entertaining.

The common Irish are the most heroic horsemen I ever saw; it was always one of their attributes. They ride on the horse's bare back with rapidity and resolution; and, coming from fairs, I have often seen a couple, or sometimes three fellows, riding one bare-backed horse as hard as he could go, and safely, not one of whom, if they were on their own legs, could stand perpendicular half-a-minute.

It is a mistake to suppose that Donnybrook was a remarkable place for *fighting*, or that much *blood* was ever drawn there. On the contrary, it was a place of good humour. Men, to be sure, were knocked down now and then, but there was no malice in it. A head was often cut, but quickly tied up again. The women first parted the combatants, and then became mediators; and every fray which commenced with a knock-down generally ended by shaking hands, and the parties getting dead drunk together.

That brutal species of combat, *boxing*, was never practised at our fairs; and that savage nest and hotbed of ruffians called the "Ring," so shamefully tolerated in England, was unknown among the Emeralders.* With the shillelah, indeed, they had great skill; but it was only like sword-exercise, and did not appear savage. Nobody was disfigured thereby, or rendered fit for a doctor. I never saw a bone broken or any dangerous contusion from what they called "*whacks*" of the shillelah (which was never too heavy). It was like fencing. A cut on the skull they thought no more of than we should of the prick of a needle. Of course such accidents frequently occurred, and (I believe very well for them) let out a little of their blood; but did not for a single moment interrupt the song, the dance, the frolicking, and good humour.

I have said, that the danger I underwent at Donnybrook sank deep into my memory. The main cause of it was not connected with my rencounter with Counsellor Daly, recited in the first volume of the present work, but with one which was to the full as hazardous, though it involved none of those points of honour or "fire-eating" which forced me to the other conflict.

In the year 1790 Counsellor John Byrne (afterwards one of

* I remember one man of tremendous strength from Carlow County (Corcoran by name). He fancied he could knock down any man or beast on earth with his fist, and by downright muscular vigour bear down the guards of all science or resistance. He went over to England to fight "any man, woman, of child," in the whole nation; and when I was at Temple, made sad examples of some of the scientific fancy. He could knock down the ablest horse with one blow of his fist. I never saw near so strong a person.—(*Author's note.*)

his Majesty's counsel-at-law), a very worthy man and intimate friend of mine, called on me to ride with him and aid him in the purchase of a horse at the fair of Donnybrook. I agreed, and away we rode, little anticipating the sad discomfiture we should experience. We found the fair rich in all its glories of drinking, fighting, kissing, making friends, knocking down; women dragging their husbands out of frays, and wounded men joining as merrily in the dance as if the clout tied round their heads were a Turkish turban! Whatever happened *in* the fair, neither revenge nor animosity went *out* of it with any of the parties. To be sure, on the road to town, there was always seen plenty of pulling, hauling, and dragging about, in which the ladies were to the full as busily employed as the gentlemen; but for which the latter offered, next day, one general excuse to their wives, who would be mending their torn coats and washing their stockings and cravats.

"Sure, Moll, it wasn't *myself* that was *in it* when I knocked Tom Sweeny down in the tent; it was the *drink*, and nothing else."

"True for you, Pat, my jewel!" would the wife cry (scrubbing away as hard as she could); "true for you, my darling. By my sowl, the whisky and *water* was all *spirits*. Myself would as soon strike my owld mother, God forgive me for the word! as have struck Mary Casey, only for that last noggin that put the devil into me just when I was aggravated at your *head*, Pat, my jewel. So I hit Mary Casey a wipe; and by my sowl it's I that am sorry for that same, becaize Mary had neither act nor part in cutting your head, Pat; but I was aggravated, and did not think of the *differ*."

This dialogue, with variations, I have heard a hundred times; and it will serve as a true specimen of the species of quarrels at Donnybrook in former times, and their general conclusion; and such were the scenes that the visitors of the fair were making full preparation for, when Counsellor John Byrne, myself, and a servant lad of mine (not a very good horseman), entered it in the year 1790. The boy was mounted on a fiery horse, which Byrne wanted to exchange; and as I never liked *anything* that was too

tame, the horse I rode always had spirit enough, particularly for a gentleman who was not very remarkable for *sticking overfast* to those animals.

Into the fair we went, and, riding up and down, got here a curse and there a blessing; sometimes a fellow, who knew one of us, starting out of a tent to offer us a glass of the "cratur."

When we had satisfied our reasonable curiosity, and laughed plentifully at the grotesque scenes interspersed through every part, we went to the horse-fair, on the green outside. There the jockeys were in abundance; and certainly no fair ever exhibited a stranger *mélange* of the halt and blind, the sound and rotten, rough and smooth; all galloping, leaping, kicking, or tumbling, some in clusters, some singly; now and then a lash of the long whip, and now and then a crack of the loaded butt of it! At length a horse was produced (which we conceived fit for any counsellor) by Mr. Irvin the jockey, and engaged, upon his *honour*, to be as sound as a *roach*, and as steady as any beast between Donnybrook and *Loughrea*, where he had been the favourite gelding of Father Lynch, the parish priest, who called him "Coadjutor" (he had broken the holy father's neck, by-the-by, about a year before). "Do just try him, Counsellor Byrne," said Mr. Irvin; "just mount him a bit; and if ever you get off him again till you grease my fist, I'll forgive you the luck-penny. He'll want neither whip nor spur. He'll know your humour, counsellor, before you're five minutes on his body, and act accordingly."

"You're sure he's *gentle?*" said Byrne.

"Gentle, is it? I'll give you leave to skin both himself and me if you won't soon like him as well as if he was (begging your pardon) your own cousin-german. If he wasn't the thing from muzzle to tail that would suit you, I'd hang him before I'd give him to a counsellor—the like of yees at any rate."

A provisional bargain and exchange was soon struck, and Byrne mounted for trial on the favourite gelding of the late Father Lynch of Loughrea, called "Coadjutor;" and, in truth, he appeared fully to answer all Mr. Irvin's eulogiums. We rode through the fair, much amused; I trotting carelessly close by

the side of Byrne, and our servant on the fiery mare behind us, when, on a sudden, a drunken shoemaker, or *master cobbler*, as he called himself, whom my family had employed in heeling, soling, etc., seeing me pass by, rushed out of his tent with a bottle of whisky in one hand and a glass in the other, and roared, "Ough! by dad, Barnton, you go no further till you take a drop with me, like your father's son, that I've been these many a long year tapping and foxing for; here, my darling, open your gob!"

Byrne being nearest, the cobbler stepped under the neck of my friend's horse, and his sconce getting entangled in the loose reins, the horse (not understanding that species of interruption) began to caper, which, at the same time, rather shaking Counsellor Byrne in his seat, and further entangling the shoemaker's head, I leant across to get Byrne's rein fair; but being unable to do so, from the fury of the son of Crispin, who was hitting Bucephalus on the skull as hard as he could with the bottle, to make him *stand easy* and to get his own head clear, my leg got entangled in the reins; and Byrne's *gentle* gelding making one or two simultaneous leaps forward and kicks behind, I had the horror of seeing my poor friend fly far over his horse's head, alight rather heavily upon his own, and having done so, lie quite flat and still, seeming to take no further notice either of the fair, the horses, myself, or any earthly matter whatsoever.

My steed now began to follow so bright a precedent; the cobbler, meanwhile, still cracking away with his bottle at both beasts. My seat of course became less firm, and at length I yielded to imperative circumstances, and being detached from my saddle (and also, fortunately, from the stirrups), I came easily down, but not clear of either horse; for I reluctantly fell just between the two, one of my legs being fast in Byrne's bridle and the other in my own. Both animals were prepared to set off with the utmost expedition; but, I believe, without the least idea as to whither they were going. The cobbler fought hard to get his head loose, but in vain; so with me he must come, go wherever I might. The two geldings now wheeled us off, plunging, kicking, and giving me to understand (so far as I

could understand anything) that I had little further to do than commend my soul to heaven, which, to tell truth, I had neither leisure nor presence of mind to attempt. It was lucky that the horses' heads were pulled together by the bridles; by holding which, I defeated the attempt of "Coadjutor" to kick me to pieces—a compliment that, with might and main, he strove to pay me; and while dragged on my back through a short space of the fair of Donnybrook in company with the shoemaker (who was obliged to run obliquely or be strangled by the bridles), I had the additional pleasure of feeling the wind of "Coadjutor's" heels every second dashing about my head, and also of looking up at the bellies of both steed's; for I could see nothing else, except the cobbler, who roared in a voice that brought every man, woman, and child out of the tents. Some men, at the risk of their own lives, closed on "the mad horses," and with their knives cut the bridles of both, and then away went the two geldings, quite disencumbered, as hard as their legs could carry them, upsetting, tables, forms, pots of hot water, and in fact everything that came in their way, till they reached the spot where Mr. Irvin stood, and sundry members of their own species where disporting under their master. When they were caught, and the *death* of the two counsellors announced by the Dublin horse-jockeys, who were jealous of Mr. Irvin, news was instantly sent to town that Galway Irvin, a horse-jockey, had sold a vicious animal to Counsellor Byrne, which had killed both him and Counsellor Barrington on the green of Donnybrook.

The mare my servant rode, though she did not know what all this row was about, thought proper to emulate so good an example. But being fonder of *galloping* than *rearing*, she fairly ran away; and the lad being unable to hold her in, they upset everything in their course, till having come in contact with the cord of a tent, and being entangled therein, down went horse and rider plump against the wattles, which (together with the quilts) yielding to their pressure, Byrne's mare and my groom instantly made an unexpected portion of the company inside.

My readers must picture to themselves a runaway horse and

his rider tumbling head foremost into a tent among from ten to twenty Irishmen, who had got *the drink in them.* Many were the bruises and slight scarifications of the company before they could get clear of what they thought nothing but the devil or a whirlwind could possibly have sent thus, without the least notice, to destroy them. In fact, Byrne had, a few months after, a considerable sum to advance to satisfy all parties for broken ware, etc.; but the poor fellows would charge nothing for broken heads or damaged carcases.

The shoemaker, who had certainly stood a narrow risk of being choked, was the first to tell everybody his sad adventure; and to the end of my days, I never shall forget the figure he cut. His waistcoat was quite torn off his back while on the ground; he lost both shoes, and the lower part of his shirt acting as *locum tenens* for the back of his small-clothes, which had likewise been rent aside, nothing (with the conjunction of this horrified countenance) ever presented a more ludicrous appearance. He continued to roar "Murder! murder!" much in the yelping tone of a poor dog run over by a carriage, or of a little cur, when, having got a shrewd bite from a big one, he is galloping off with his tail between his legs, to claim the protection of his mistress. On being disengaged, the son of Crispin limped off to the next tent, where (everybody flocking round him) he held up the bottle, of which he loudly swore he had never quitted his gripe. "Not," he said, "for the lucre of a glass bottle—the bottle be d—'d! but for the sake of the *cratur* that was in it, though that was all spilt."

As for myself, I really know not how I escaped so well; my hat stuck fast, which saved my head; I held as tightly as I could by both reins; and in the short distance we were dragged, received very few hard bumps upon the ground, which, fortunately for all parties, was grassy, and had neither stones nor gravel. My coat was torn, my hands a little cut by the reins, and my ankle by the stirrup, as my foot got disentangled therefrom; but I received no injury of any consequence.

The most melancholy part of the story relates to my friend

Byrne, who (though by far the simplest process) was the only material sufferer. So soon as I could set myself to rights in the next tent, and had taken a large tumbler of hot punch—as they said, to *drive the fright* out of me—I hastened to my companion, who, when last I saw him, lay motionless on the ground. I was told he had been brought into a tent, and there laid out upon a table as if dead; and had he not exhibited signs of life pretty soon, the folks would have proceeded to *wake* and *stretch* him, and when he was *decent*, to cover him with a quilt, and carry him home *next morning* on a door to his family.

On my arrival I found him greatly confused, and quite helpless: there was, however, no bone broken, or any wound or bruise that I could see. He merely complained of a pain in his neck and shoulders, and I considered that the general shock he had received was his only injury. While he lay nearly insensible, but had shown signs of life, the women forced burnt whisky down his throat out of a bottle, which certainly revived him. He was then bled by a farrier, and we got him home in a carriage, though in considerable pain. The surgeon employed (I don't name him) said nothing was injured; but in less than a week, to the horrible torture of poor Byrne, and the discomfiture of the *doctor*, it turned out that his right shoulder had been dislocated, and the use of his arm entirely destroyed. After the lapse of such an interval, of course extreme inflammation took place, and for many months he could scarcely move.

I fancy *horse-jockeying* and the *fair of Donnybrook* never subsequently escaped Byrne's memory. In fact, the circumstance proved nearly fatal to him several years after. His shoulder having remained so long unset, the muscles became rigid, and he never had the power of raising his right arm upon a level again. This deprivation he felt acutely on his duel with the Earl of Kilkenny, who hit him before he could bring up his arm to any position.

I have thus given a true sketch of Donnybrook fair forty years ago. I, however, remember it twenty years earlier, as I

used to be taken thither when a child by the maid-servants, under pretence of diverting "little master;" and they and their sweethearts always crammed me with cakes to a surfeit, that I might not tell my grandmother what I saw of them.

The *country* fairs of Ireland, though of the same genus, were of a different species, and there were great varieties among that species, according to the habits, customs, and manners of the several provinces, counties, or parishes, wherein they were held. The southern, eastern, and western fairs had considerable similitude to each other; but the northern, if I may apply exaggerated epithets, could boast more *rogues*, while at the former the preponderance was of *madmen*. The *southerns* certainly loved fighting vastly better, and after they had done were vastly less vindictive than the northern descendants of the Caledonians.*

At country fairs the feasting and drinking were still more boisterous, what they call *obstropulous* in Ireland; but being generally held in towns, there was less character exhibited, and consequently less food for observation to spectators. The fighting, too, was of a different nature, and far more serious than at Donnybrook. I will cite a fair that I seldom missed attending for several years, solely in order to see the fight which was sure to conclude it. It was called the fair of Dysart, held in a

* I do not think that the southern and western Irish have, or ever will have, any ardent brotherly affection for their northern fellow-countrymen (exclusive of differences in religion). The former descended direct from the aboriginals of the land; the latter are deduced from Scotch colonists, and those not of the very best occupations or character either.

An anecdote told of Sir Hercules Langrishe and Mr. Dundas is illustrative of this observation, and was one of our standing jokes when Ireland existed as a nation.

Mr. Dundas, himself a keen sarcastic man, who loved his bottle nearly as well as Sir Hercules, invited the baronet to a grand dinner in London, where the wine circulated freely, and wit kept pace with it. Mr. Dundas, wishing to procure a laugh at Sir Hercules, said—

"Why, Sir Hercules, is it true that we Scotch formerly *transported* all our criminals and felons to Ireland?"

"I dare say," replied Sir Hercules; "but did you ever hear, Mr. Dundas, of any of your countrymen *returning to Scotland* from transportation?"—(*Author's note.*)

beautiful country in the valley below the green Timahoe hills, and close to one of the most interesting and beautiful of Irish ruins, the rock of Donnamase, where, in ancient times, sword-duels were fought, as I have heretofore mentioned. Cromwell battered it, and slaughtered the warders of the O'Moores, who held their hereditary fortress while they had an arm to defend it.

To this fair resorted sundry factions, as they were termed,—a *faction* consisting of one of two parishes, baronies, or townlands, that were very good friends in small parties or individually, but had a prescriptive deadly hatred to each other at all great meetings, fairs, returns from alehouses, etc. At races or hurlings, where gentlemen presided, no symptoms of animosity were apparent.

But a tacit compact was always understood to exist that the *factions* should fight at the fair of Dysart once a-year; and, accordingly, none of them ever failed to attend the field of battle with their wives, and generally a reasonable number of infant children, whose cries and shrieks during their *daddies'* conflict formed a substitute for martial music, mingled, indeed, with the incessant rattle of the ladies' tongues, as they fought and struggled, like the Sabine women, to separate combatants, who would come on purpose to fight again.

The fair went on quietly enough at first as to buying, selling, and *trucking* of cows, pigs, frieze, and other merchandise; but when trade grew slack, the whisky got in vigour, and the time came when the same little "whacking, plase your honour, that our fathers before us always did at Dysart," could no longer be deferred. There being, however, no personal or ostensible cause of dispute, one or two *boys* were always sent out to *pick* a quarrel and give just reason for the respective *factions* to come to the rescue.

Their weapon was almost exclusively an oaken cudgel—neither iron, steel, nor indeed any deadlier substance, so far as I ever saw, was in use among them; and "boxing-matches," as before observed, were considered altogether too gross and vulgar

for the direct descendants of Irish *princes*, as in fact many of them were. The friends and neighbours of the pugnacious factions, always in bodies, joined more or less warmly in the fray. In truth, it would be totally impossible to keep an Irish peasant, man or woman, if *the drop* was in, from joining in any battle going merrily on. Before the fray had ended, therefore, the entire assemblage was engaged in some degree; and it was commonly a drawn battle, seldom concluding till all parties and each sex, fairly out of breath, were unable to fight any more. Two hours, or thereabouts, was considered as a decent period for a beating-match, and some priest generally put an end to it when the *factions* were themselves tired.

These battles commenced in the most extraordinary manner, the different modes of picking a quarrel being truly comical. One fellow generally took off his long frieze coat, and flourishing his shillelah, which he trailed along the ground, vociferated—"Horns! horns! ram's horns!—who dares say anything's crookeder than ram's horns?"

"By J—s, I know *fat* will be twice crookeder nor any ram's horns before the fair's over," another sturdy fellow would reply, leaping, as he spoke, out of a tent, armed with his "walloper" (as they called their cudgel), and spitting in his fist—"By J—s, I'll make your own skull crookeder nor any ram's horn in the barony." The *blow* of course followed the *word;* the querist was laid sprawling on the ground—out rushed the *factions* from every tent, and to work they fell, knocking down right and left, tumbling head over heels, then breaking into small parties, and fighting through and round the tents. If one fellow lost his "walloper," and was pressed by numbers, he sometimes tugged at a wattle till he detached it from a tent, and sweeping it all around him, prostrated men, women, and children—one, tumbling, tripped up another, and I have seen them lying in hillocks, yet scarcely anybody in the least injured. Sometimes one faction had clearly the best of it; then they ran away in their turn, for there was no determined stand made by any party—so that their alternate advancing, retreating, running away, and rallying,

were productive of huge diversion. Whoever got his head cut (and that was generally the case with more than half of them), ran into some tent, where the women tied up the hurt, gave the *sufferer* a glass of whisky, and kept him fair and easy till news arrived that the priest was come, when the combatants soon grew more quiet. The priest then told them how sinful they were. They thanked his reverence, and said, "they'd stop, *becaize* he desired them; but it wasn't *becaize* they wouldn't like to make *sartain* who'd have the best of it."

The hair being detached from about the cuts on the head, the cuts themselves dressed, rags applied to battered shins, etc., the whisky went round merrily again, and the several *factions* seldom departed till they were totally *unable* to fight any more. Some were escorted home by the priests upon garrons;* some on straw in cars, and some, too drunk to be moved, remained in the neighbourhood. No animosity was cherished, and until next fair they would do each other any kind office. I witnessed many of these *actions*, and never heard that any man was "dangerously wounded." But if they fought on the road home, in very small parties, serious mischief was not unfrequently the consequence.

The *quere* as to ram's horns was only one of many curious schemes whereby to get up a quarrel. I have seen a fellow going about a fair dragging his coat, which was always considered a challenge, like throwing down a glove or gauntlet in olden times—and in fact was a relict of that practice. Another favourite mode was exclaiming, "Black's the white of my eye!—who dares say *black* is *not* the *white* of my eye?"

These scenes certainly took place at a time when Ireland was reputed, and with truth, to be in a very rough state. It has since undergone plenty of civilisation. Sunday schools, improved magistracy, and a regular police, have recently been introduced; and the present state of Ireland proves the great advances it has made in consequence. Of late years, therefore, though the factions still fight as usual, it is with more

* Old hack-horses; or rather a bad breed.

civilised weapons. Instead of shillelahs and "wallopers," swords, pistols, and guns are the genteel implements resorted to; and (to match the agriculturists) scythes, hatchets, bill-hooks, and pitchforks, are used in their little encounters; and surely the increased refinement of the country is not to be relinquished on account of the loss of a few lives.

I fear some of my readers may call the latter observations *ironical;* but the best way for them to avoid that supposition is to reflect what *savage* Ireland was at the time I allude to, and what *civilised* Ireland is at the moment I am writing. In the year 1780, when the peasantry fighting at the fair of Dysart was in a savage state, the government were so stingy of their army that they would only spare the Irish five or six thousand soldiers, and no militia, to teach them to behave themselves; but, after an interval of forty years, they are now so kind as to allow us five-and-thirty thousand troops to teach the new rudiments of civilisation, the old six thousand having had nothing to do amongst these semi-barbarous islanders. Nay, the government, finding that Ballinrobe (where, as I have stated, a sow and her ten *piggin riggins* came to breakfast with two counsellors) was making slow progress to this desirable state of refinement, was so considerate as to send certainly the best-bred regiment in the king's service to give lessons of urbanity to the people for three hundred and sixty-five days without intermission.

This boon to so backward a population as County Mayo presented, must ever be remembered with gratitude by the *undressed* gentlemen of that county, though I have not seen any authentic *exposé* of those beneficial effects which no doubt resulted.

THE WALKING GALLOWS.

NEVER was there an era in the history of any country which, in so short a space of time, gave birth to such numerous and varied circumstances as did the memorable year 1798 in Ireland; nor was there ever yet an event so important as the Irish insurrection, but has afforded a veracious, or, at least, a tolerably impartial narrative. But the party rancour and virulent hatred of the religious sects in the south, the centre, and west of Ireland (where the rebellion principally raged), operated to prevent any fair record of those scenes of bloodshed and atrocity which, on *both sides*, outraged every principle of morality and justice, and every feeling of consanguinity, honour, or humanity. The very worst qualities were fostered to full maturity, and the better ones turned adrift like discarded servants. Blood, fire, and famine, were the only umpires resorted to by the contending parties.

Those barbarities were nearly, if not altogether, unexampled either in ancient or modern Europe; but it is now thirty years since their termination; the surviving contemporaries are old enough to have their blood cooled and their prejudices moderated; and they should have grown sufficiently dispassionate to speak of those scenes (if at all) with honesty and candour.

I was myself in the midst of the tumult; a zealous loyalist; an officer in the corps of barristers; an active partisan; in a word, a *strong* adherent of government—but not a *blind* one. I could not shut my eyes; I could not close my ears; I would not pervert my reason; and the full use of those faculties at that time enables me now to state as an historic fact—which some will deny, and many may discredit—that the barbarities of that period (though not precisely) were pretty nearly balanced

between the conflicting parties. Mercy was alike banished by both; and the instruments employed of death and torture, though dissimilar, were alike destructive; the bullet, sabre; bayonet, lash, and halter, being met by the pike, the scythe, the blunderbuss, the hatchet, and the firebrand.

Yet while human blood was pouring out in streams, and human beings consuming in fire, or writhing either upon rebel pikes or royal bayonets—will it be believed?—men had grown so familiarised to scenes of horror, that the eccentric humour of the Irish people was insusceptible of decrease. In the midst of tortures, either suffered or inflicted, it frequently broke out into the most ludicrous actions and expressions, proving to me that an Irishman's humour is so drilled into his nature as to be inexhaustible even to the moment of his death (if that is not unusually too deliberate).*

It is not in the nature, or within the comprehension, of the sober English people to form any judgment of what a true-born Irishman is capable of saying or doing in his deepest extremities: and I am sure they will give me little credit for veracity when I mention some instances which, I own, in any other country might be reasonably considered incredible. In no other place existing could the cruel and ludicrous be so mingled, as they were in the transactions of the sanguinary period in question; nor do I think there can be a better way to inform and

* O'Connor, a fat, comely, cheerful-looking schoolmaster of County Kildare, was the first rebel executed for high treason. His trial gave rise to one of the most curious dialogues (between him and Judge Finucane) that ever took place in a court of justice. It ended, however, by the judge (who was a humane man) passing the usual sentence on him—"That he should be hanged by the neck, but not till he was dead; that while still alive his bowels should be taken out, his body quartered," etc. etc. The culprit bore all this with firm though mild complacency; and on conclusion of the sentence bowed low, blessed the judge for his *impartiality*, and turning about, said, "God's will be done! 'tis well *it's no worse!*" I was surprised. I pitied the poor fellow, who had committed no atrocity, and asked him what he meant. "Why, Counsellor," said he, "I was afraid his lordship would order me to be *flogged!*" Every rebel preferred death to the cat-o'-nine-tails! O'Connor's head remained some years on the top of Naas gaol.—(*Author's note.*)

amuse the reader, than by giving alternate anecdotes of the *royalists* and the *rebels*, leaving it to his own judgment to draw conclusions. This one observation, however, it is necessary, in justice, to premise,—that the royalists were, generally speaking, of a higher class than the rebels, and had received the advantages of education, while the rebels were in a state of total ignorance and beggary. The wanton barbarities, therefore, of the more enlightened classes have less ground of palliation than those of a demi-savage peasantry, urged by fanaticism, and blinded by ignorance. This observation was strongly impressed on my mind throughout the whole of that contest, and it would be acting unfairly toward the officer who so judiciously commanded the military corps I was then attached to, not to say that, though an unqualified Protestant—an hereditary Huguenot, filled with that spirit of sectionary zeal which drove his eloquent ancestor from his native country; yet, during the whole of the rebellion, Captain Saurin never suffered the corps he led to indulge any religious distinctions;—scarcely, indeed, could his own sect be discovered by any particular of his acts, orders, or conduct; nor did that corps ever participate in, or even countenance, the violent proceedings so liberally practised by other military yeomen.*

This line of conduct was most exemplary; and from a thorough knowledge of the constitutional attributes of the man, I am convinced that neither his philanthropy, toleration, humility, or other good qualities have been much increased by his *schooling*, for the last twenty years, in the Irish Four Courts.

Among the extraordinary characters that turned up in the

* I knew at least but of one exception to this remark respecting the lawyers' corps. Very early in the rebellion an officer took down a detachment of that corps to Rathcool, about seven miles from Dublin, without the knowledge of the commandant. They were not aware of his object, which turned out to be, to set fire to part of the town. He captured one gentleman, Lieutenant Byrne, who was hanged; and returned to Dublin, in my mind *not* triumphant.

He got several severe lectures, but none so strong as one from the late Sir John Parnell, then chancellor of the exchequer, whose heir, the present Sir Henry Parnell, was among those unwittingly taken down.—(*Author's note.*)

fatal "ninety-eight" there were few more extraordinary than Lieutenant H——, then denominated the "walking gallows;"—and such he certainly was, literally and practically.*

Lieutenant H—— was an officer of the line, on half pay. His brother was one of the solicitors to the crown—a quiet, tremulous, *vino deditus* sort of man, and a leading Orangeman; his widow, who afterwards married and survived a learned doctor, was a clever, positive, good-looking Englishwoman, and, I think, fixed the doctor's avowed *creed;* as to his genuine *faith*, that was of little consequence.

Lieutenant H—— was about six feet two inches high—strong, and broad in proportion. His strength was great, but of the dead kind, unaccompanied by activity. He could lift a ton, but could not leap a rivulet; he looked mild, and his address was civil—neither assuming nor at all ferocious. I knew him well, and from his countenance should never have suspected him of cruelty; but so cold-blooded and so eccentric an executioner of the human race I believe never yet existed, save among the American Indians.†

His inducement to the strange barbarity he practised I can scarcely conceive, unless it proceeded from that natural taint of cruelty which so often distinguishes man above all other animals when his power becomes uncontrolled. The propensity was probably strengthened in him from the indemnities of martial law, and by those visions of promotion whereby violent partisans are perpetually urged, and so frequently disappointed.‡

* This circumstance is mentioned in my *Historic Anecdotes of the Union*, among several others, which were written before the present work was in contemplation. But the incident now before the reader is so remarkable that I have gone into it more particularly. Many will peruse this book who will never see the other, into which have been interwoven, in fact, *numerous* sketches of those days that I now regret I did not retain for the present work, to which they would have been quite appropriate.—(*Author's note.*)

† His mode of execution being perfectly novel, and at the same time *ingenious*, Curran said, "The lieutenant should have got a patent for cheap strangulation."—(*Author's note.*)

‡ "We love the treason, but hate the traitor," is an aphorism which those who assume prominent parts in any public convulsion are sure to find verified. Many instances took place in Ireland; and in France exemplifications occurred

At the period alluded to, law being suspended, and the courts of justice closed, the "question" by torture was revived and largely practised. The commercial exchange of Dublin formed a place of execution; even *suspected* rebels were every day immolated as if *convicted* on the clearest evidence; and Lieutenant H——'s *pastime* of hanging *on his own back* persons whose physiognomies he thought characteristic of rebellion was, (I am ashamed to say) the subject of jocularity instead of punishment. What in other times he would himself have died for, as a murderer, was laughed at as the manifestation of loyalty: never yet was martial law so abused, or its enormities so hushed up,* as in Ireland. Being a military officer, the lieutenant conceived he had a right to do just what he thought proper, and to make the most of his time while martial law was flourishing.

Once, when high in blood, he happened to meet a *suspicious-looking* peasant from County Kildare, who could not satisfactorily account for himself according to the lieutenant's notion of evidence; and having nobody at hand to vouch for him, the lieutenant of course immediately took for granted that he *must* be a rebel strolling about, and imagining the death of his Most Gracious Majesty.† He therefore, no other *court of justice* being at hand, considered that he had a right to try the man by his

to a very considerable extent. A blind *zealot* is of all men most likely to become a *renegade* if he feel it more convenient: prejudice and interest unite to form *furious* partisans, who are never guided by *principle*—for principle is founded on judgment.

* The open indemnification of Mr. Judkin Fitzgerald of Tipperary, for his cruelties in that county, was one of the worst acts of a vicious government. The prime serjeant, Mr. St. George Daly, though then the first law officer, (a *Union* one, too, as subsequently appeared), voted against that most flagitious act of parliament, which nothing but the raging madness of those times could have carried through any assembly. The dread of its recurrence did much to effect the Union.—(*Author's note.*)

† The lieutenant's brother being a Crown solicitor, had now and then got the lieutenant to copy the high treason indictments; and he seeing there that *imagining* the death of a *king* was punished capitally, very naturally conceived that *wishing* it was twice as bad as *supposing* it. Having, therefore, no doubt that *all* rebels wished it, he consequently decided in the tribunal of his own mind to hang every man who hypothetically and traitorously wished his Majesty's dis-

own opinion; accordingly, after a brief interrogation, he condemned him to die, and without further ceremony proceeded to put his own sentence into immediate execution.

However, to do the lieutenant justice, his *mode* was not near so tedious or painful as that practised by the Grand Signior, who sometimes causes the ceremony to be divided into three acts, giving the culprit a drink of spring water to *refresh* him between the two first, nor was it so severe as the burning old women formerly for witchcraft. In fact, the "walking gallows" was both on a new and simple plan; and after some kicking and plunging during the operation, never failed to be completely effectual. The lieutenant being, as before mentioned, of lofty stature, with broad and strong shoulders, saw no reason why they might not answer his Majesty's service upon a pinch as well as two posts and a cross-bar, the more legitimate instrument upon such occasions; and he also considered that when a rope was not at hand, there was no good reason why his own silk cravat, being softer than an ordinary halter, and of course less calculated to *hurt* a man, should not be a more merciful choke-band than that employed by any *Jack Ketch* in the three kingdoms.

In pursuance of these benevolent intentions, the lieutenant, as a preliminary step, first knocked down the suspected rebel from County Kildare, which the weight of mettle in his fist rendered no difficult achievement. His garters then did duty as handcuffs; and with the aid of a brawny aide-de-camp (one such always attended him), he pinioned his victim hand and foot, and then most considerately advised him to pray for King George, observing that any prayers for his *own* d—d *popish soul* would be only time lost, as his fate in every world (should there

solution, which wish, he also conceived, was very easily ascertained by the wisher's countenance.

A cabinet-maker at Charing Cross some years ago put on his board "patent coffin-maker to his Majesty." It was considered that though this was not an *ill-intentioned*, yet it was a very improper mode of *imagining* the king's death, and the board was taken down accordingly. Lieutenant H—— would surely have hanged him in Ireland.—(*Author's note.*)

be even a thousand) was decided to all eternity for having imagined the death of so good a monarch.

During this exhortation the lieutenant twisted up his long cravat so as to make a firm, handsome rope, and then expertly sliding it over the rebel's neck, secured it there by a double knot, drew the cravat over his own shoulders, and the aide-de-camp holding up the rebel's heels till he felt him *pretty easy*, the lieutenant with a powerful chuck drew up the poor devil's head as high as his own (cheek by jowl), and began to trot about with his burden like a jolting cart-horse—the rebel choking and gulping meanwhile, until he had no further solicitude about sublunary affairs, when the lieutenant, giving him a parting chuck, just to make sure that his neck was broken, threw down his load, the personal assets about which the aide-de-camp made a *present* of to *himself*.

Now all this proceeding was very pains-taking and ingenious; and yet the ungrateful government (as Secretary Cook assured me) would have been better pleased had the execution taken place on timber, and with hemp, according to old formalities.

To be serious—this story is scarcely credible, yet it is a notorious fact; and the lieutenant, a few nights afterward, acquired the *sobriquet* which forms a head to this sketch, and with which he was invested by the upper gallery of Crow Street Theatre, nor did he ever get rid of it to his dying day.

The above *trotting* execution (which was humorously related to me by an eye-witness) took place in the barrack-yard at Kerry House, Stephen's Green. The *hangee* was, I believe (*as it happened*), in reality a rebel.

Providence, however, which is said to do "everything for the best" (though some persons who are half starving, and others who think themselves very unfortunate, will not allow it so much credit), determined that Lieutenant H——'s loyalty and merits should meet their full reward in another sphere, where, being quite out of the reach of all his enemies, he might enjoy his destiny without envy or interruption. It therefore, very soon after the rebellion had terminated, took the lieutenant

into its own especial keeping, and despatched a raging fever to bring him off to the other world, which commission the said fever duly executed after twenty-one days' combustion; and no doubt his ghost is treated according to its deserts; but nobody having since returned from those regions to inform us what has actually become of the lieutenant, it is still a *dead* secret, and I fancy very few persons in Ireland have any wish for the opportunity of satisfying their curiosity. People, however, give a shrewd guess that it is *possible* he may be employed somewhere else in the very same way wherein he entertained himself in Ireland, and that after being duly furnished with a tail, horns, and cloven foot, no spirit could do infernal business better than the lieutenant.

CONVERSION AND INVERSION.

WE have, in the foregoing sketch, seen something of the unwarrantable acts whereof loyal zeal was capable. Let us now take a glance, in fairness and impartiality, at the conduct of the insurgents, which varied exceedingly in different instances. Sometimes, almost as the humour of the moment guided them, they would treat such as fell in their power with lenity and moderation; at others, no degree of cruelty was spared toward those unfortunate individuals.

They had at their mercy during the whole period a man of high rank, their avowed, zealous, and active enemy, a Protestant and Orangeman. Yet, while numerous persons of inferior classes were piked and butchered, the Earl of Kingston was unmolested, and left at liberty on their evacuation of Wexford. It were to be wished that General Lake* had shown similar generosity to Mr. Cornelius Grogan, whose hasty and unmerited execution by martial law savoured of deliberate murder as strongly as the death of most who were slaughtered by the rebels.

On many occasions during that dreadful struggle jests were so strangely mixed up with murder, that it was not easy to guess which way a scene would terminate—whether in tragedy or comedy—so much depended on the sobriety or intoxication of the insurgents.

One or two anecdotes (out of hundreds worth recording) will serve to show in some degree the spirit of the times; and we will preface them by observing that the district, barony of Forth, in County Wexford, most active in rebellion, most

* Lake was throughout these troublesome times an unfeeling commander.

zealous and most sanguinary, was the identical point whereon Strongbow, the first British soldier who set foot in Ireland, had, six hundred and twenty-seven years before, begun his colonisation. Most of the Wexford rebels, indeed, were lineal descendants of the original Britons who came over there from South Wales and Bristol, and repeopled that district after their countrymen had nearly exterminated the aboriginal natives.

The rebels had obliged Major Maxwell with the king's troops far too precipitately to evacuate Wexford; and that officer, by the rapidity of his movements, gave neither time nor notice to the loyalists to retreat with him. It was therefore considered that Archdeacon Elgee, a dignitary of the Protestant church, was the most likely subject for the rebels to begin their slaughter with; and the general opinion ran that he would have at least a dozen pikes through his body before dinner-time on the day the insurgents entered.

Of this way of thinking was the divine himself; nor did the numerous corresponding surmises prove erroneous. Sentence of death was promptly passed upon the archdeacon, who was held to aggravate his offences by contumacy.

A certain shrewd fellow, yclept a *captain* among the rebels, however, saw things in a different point of view; and though without any particularly kind feelings toward the archdeacon, he, by use of a very luminous argument, changed the determination of his comrades.

"What's the good," said he, "of *piking* the old man? Sure, if he'll give in, and worship the Virgin in our chapel, won't it be a better job? They say he's a very good Orange parson, and why shouldn't he make a good *green priest* if he'll take on with Father Cahil? Devil the much harm ever he did us! So, if yees agree to that same, I'll tell him, fair and easy, to *take on* with the Virgin to-morrow in the big chapel, or he'll find himself more *holy* than *godly* before the sun sets."

The concluding joke, however trite, put them all in good humour, and the orator proceeded—"Come a couple of dozen of

ye, boys, with wattles on your shoulders. Give me the colours and cross, and we'll go to Parson Elgee."*

In fact they went to the archdeacon, and Mr. Murphy, the spokesman, told him very quietly and civilly that he came to "offer his reverence life and liberty, and a good parish too, if he would only *do the thing* cleverly in the way Father Cahill would show him."

The reverend doctor, not comprehending the nature of the condition, and conceiving that they probably only required him to stand neuter, replied, in a quivering voice, "that he would never forget the obligations. He was well content with the cure he had, but not the less indebted to them for their kind offer to give him a better."

"Ough!" said Captain Murphy, "your reverence happens to be all in the wrong."

The archdeacon of course fell into his nervous fit again, and stood quaking as if both Saint Vitus' dance and the *tic douloureux* had assailed him at once with their utmost rancour.

"I am only come," resumed Murphy, "just to give your reverence two little *choices*."

"Oh, Lord! Captain Murphy, what are they?" cried the clerical gentleman.

"Either to take your turn to-morrow in the big *chapel* with our clergy, and be one of them yourself, or to receive two-and-twenty pikes straight *through* your reverence's carcass, as you will otherwise do before the sun sets this blessed day; and by my sowl it's not far from that time now! (Here the doctor groaned most heavily.) One of the things," pursued the rebel, "is quite easy for your reverence to do, and the other is quite easy for *us* to do; and so there will be no great trouble in it either way. Come on, lads, and just show your *switches* to his reverence."

Above twenty long pikes were instantly flourished in the air with a hurrah that nearly shook every nerve of the archdeacon out of its natural situation.

* The grandfather of Lady Wilde, known as *Speranza*, and authoress of much beautiful poetry; also the grandfather of Sir Robert M'Clure, the distinguished Arctic navigator.

"Ah, gentlemen!" said he, "spare a poor old man who never harmed any of you. For the love of God, spare me!"

"Arrah! be easy, parson," said Captain Murphy; "sure there's but *one* God between us all, and that's plenty, if there were as many more of us. So what are we differing and bothering about? Whether you say your prayers in the *church* or in the *chapel*, in *Latin* or in *English;* whether you reckon them on your beads, or read them on your book—sure, it's all one to him, and no great *differ*, I should think, to any sensible gentleman, especially when he cannot help himself! Boys, handle your switches, though, by my sowl, I'd be sorry to *skiver* your reverence."

The archdeacon, though an excellent orthodox parson, now began to see his way, and was too wise to have anything to do with Captain Murphy's *switches* if it were avoidable. He recollected that the great bishops and archbishops who were roasted alive in Queen Mary's time, for the very same reason, got but little credit from posterity for their martyrdom; and how could he expect *any* for being *piked*, which was not half so dilatory a death as roasting? Then, again, he considered that twenty pikes in a man's body would not be near as nourishing as one barnacle or lobster (on which he had, for many years, loved to feed). He deemed it better to make a merit of necessity; and accordingly, putting on a civil face, agreed to all their proposals. He then took a drink of holy water (which Captain Murphy always carried in a bottle about with him), made several crosses upon his forehead with a feather dipped in some "blessed oil" (tinged with green), and after every pikeman had shaken him by the fist, and called him Father Pat Elgee, it was finally settled he should next day be re-christened in "the big chapel" by all the Fathers, taught to celebrate mass as well as the best of them, and get a *protection* for having *taken on* as a true Catholic.

The gentlemen with their *switches* now retired, uplifting shouts of exultation at having *converted* the archdeacon, while that dignitary tottered back to his family, who had given him up for lost, were bewailing his cruel martyrdom, and triumphed

at his return, though at the expense of his orthodoxy. A cold roast leg of mutton was then produced; and, heartily discussing that *creature comfort*, his reverence could not avoid congratulating himself when he observed the mark of the *spit*, and reflected that there would have been two-and-twenty much wider perforations drilled through his own body had not Captain Murphy made a *papist* of him.

Next morning *Father Elgee* was duly christened *Patrick;* renounced Martin Luther, in the great chapel of Wexford, as an egregious impostor; and, being appointed a *coadjutor*, celebrated mass with considerable dexterity and proper gesticulation. He subsequently set about getting the double manual by heart, that he might be ready to *chaunt*, as soon as Father Cahill should teach him the several tunes.

The archdeacon, though he had no great reason to be ashamed of his second christening (particularly as he had always prayed against *sudden death* while he was a Protestant), could yet never bear, in after times, to hear the circumstance alluded to, since it could not be mentioned but a laugh was unavoidable. I often saw Murphy afterward; he had been generally humane, saved many lives, and was not prosecuted. He himself told me the foregoing story, with that exquisite simplicity which belongs almost exclusively to his rank of Irishmen.

Another Protestant clergyman did not fare quite so well as the archdeacon, being never able to look any man *straight* in the face afterward. Parson Owen, brother to Miss Owen of Dublin (heretofore mentioned in the anecdotes of Doctor Achmet Borumborad), had a small living in the neighbourhood of Wexford, and as he looked for church preferment, was, of course, a violent, indeed an outrageous royalist. Now, as almost every man among his parishioners held a different creed, both in religion and politics, he was not over-popular in *quiet* days; and, when the bustle began, thinking it high time to secure his precious person, he retired, for better security, into the town of Wexford. He had not, however, consulted an *oracle;*—that being the first place attacked by the rebels: and Major Maxwell, as has been stated,

having with his garrison retreated without beat of drum, the parson found himself necessitated to resort to a cockloft in a grocer's house in the Bull-ring at Wexford, where, provisions not being quite handy, and an empty stomach good for contemplation, he had ample opportunity to reflect on the species of death he would most likely meet. The *promotion* of *Father Pat Elgee* had not come to his knowledge.

Previous to this event the parson had fallen in love with the only daughter of Mr. Brown, a rich trader who had formerly kept a tan-yard in Enniscorthy; or rather, his reverence *fell in love* with a great number of *government debentures*, bearing interest at five per cent per annum, which, the young lady informed him, would be all her own if she "behaved herself." He had, therefore, three cogent reasons for seeking to prolong his life:—first, the natural love of it; secondly, the debentures; and *lastly*, the damsel.

However, his security was by no means permanent. Early one morning, wishing to get a mouthful of fresh air, his reverence ventured to peep out of his garret-window into the street, and was instantly recognised by one of the *wattle-boys*, as the pikemen were then called.

"Hah! hah! your reverence is there, sure enough," said the man of the wattle. "Ough! by my sowl, if you budge out of that peep-hole till I come back again, we'll make a big bonfire of ye and your Orange family altogether. Plase, now, don't let me *lose sight* of your reverence while I run for my commander; it's he'll know what to do with the likes of ye."

The rebel immediately ran off, but soon returned with the same "Captain Murphy," and a whole company of pikemen, just to "skiver the parson." Owen was a dapper, saucy, pert-looking little fellow; he had good sharp eyes, an excellent use of his tongue, and was considered keen; and, though a high-churchman, he was thought at times to be rather more free and easy in his little sensualities than most bishops could reasonably have approved of. On this latter account, indeed, it was said that Mr. Brown, before mentioned, did not relish him for a son-

in-law. Ladies, however, are sometimes more charitable in this respect; Miss Brown conceived that whatever his *piety* might amount to, his *love*, at least, was orthodox; and, in this belief, she privately counselled her swain to affect more holiness before her papa;—to be lavish, for instance, in abuse of the powers of darkness; to speak slower, and in a more solemn tone; to get longer skirts made to his coats and waistcoats, let his hair grow lank, and say grace with becoming gravity and deliberation—not as if he were impatient to rush at the eatables before they were properly blessed. "Eating," added the didactic lady, "may become a vice if too luxuriously gratified, whereas hunger must be a virtue, or the Popes would not so strongly recommend fasting."

At this stage of the treaty, and of the castle-building on the foundation of a tan-yard, his reverence was unfortunately seized in the cockloft by Captain Murphy; and though the captain was a neighbour of his, and a decent sort of cattle-dealer, yet Parson Owen gave himself up for lost to an absolute certainty. His love was, therefore, quite quenched in horror: his throat swelled up as if he had a quinsy, and he anticipated nothing short of that which he had prayed against (like Doctor Elgee) every Sunday since he obtained holy orders—namely, a sudden death. He thought repentance was, as the French say, *meilleur tard que jamais*, and accordingly *began* to repent and implore as hard as possible,—though without the most remote idea that his supplications would have time to reach heaven before he himself was turned loose on the road thither.

Captain Murphy, who, as we have seen, was, although coarse, a *good-tempered* fellow, on entering the room with half-a-dozen wattle-boys, otherwise *executioners*, very civilly told Parson Owen, "he would be obliged to him just to prepare himself for the other world: whether the other world was a *better* place or a *worse*, he would not attempt to divine;—all he could *assure* his reverence was, that he should not be very long going there. —The boys below," continued Captain Murphy, "having a good many more to send along with you to-day, your reverence will

be so good as to come down to the first floor as soon as convenient, that you may drop more agreeably from thence out of the window on the pikes!"

Without much ceremony, the poor parson was handed down one flight of stairs, when Captain Murphy opening a window as wide as he could, begged Owen would be *kind enough* to take off his coat and waistcoat, and throw them to the boys below; the remainder of his dress they might take from the corpse, after his reverence had *stiffened!*

The parson was nearly petrified; but there was no appeal. The captain's attendants civilly helped him to remove his upper garments, for which he had the pleasure of seeing an amusing scramble under the window, accompanied by a hundred jokes upon the little parson's surtout, which not being large enough for any middle-sized rebel, the smallest fellow among them appropriated it, and strutted about therein, amidst the horse-laughter of his companions.

Captain Murphy now ordered his wattlers to draw up close under the window, in order to welcome his reverence on the points of their weapons as he went out head-foremost. The order was promptly obeyed with loud huzzas. The parson's legs were tied firmly together with a towel which the captain found in the room; but his arms were left loose to flourish about, as they said, like a *windmill*, and make the *sight* the more *agreeable!*

"Now, boys," said the Captain, "I'll out with his reverence; and when I let him go, do you all *catch him!*"

The parson was in good earnest thrust out of the window, and hung with his head downward and his arms at liberty (a very disagreeable position) to the great amusement of the gentlemen of the wattle, as was proved by a due mixture of grins and shouts. If any of my readers have seen a pack of hungry spaniels sitting on their haunches round a sportsman's table, looking up to their master, and licking their jaws with impatience for the morsel he holds in his fingers to throw among them, they may imagine the enviable situation of Parson Owen, dangling out of the grocer's window at the Bull-ring in Wex-

ford;—Serjeant Murphy meanwhile holding his legs, and now and then giving him a little shake, as if he intended to let him drop—asking his reverence if he were *ready* to *step down* to the croppies.

The condemned Lutheran was, of course, all this time gazing with straining eyeballs upon the forest of pikes underneath. His blood (as if to witness the curiosity) rushed down to his head; and he naturally fell into a state of delirium. All he could recollect or relate afterward was, that "as his eyes met the pikes just under him, and heard the rebels call on the captain to '*let go!*' the influx of the blood to his brain operated as he should imagine apoplexy might;"—and the captain perceiving his prisoner to be senseless, and actually intending, if possible, to save him, cried out to the men below that "by J—s the parson was 'stone dead' of the *fright*, and was quite *kilt!*"

"Hurrah!" cried the wattle-boys.

"Hurrah!" repeated Captain Murphy: "The devil any use in dirtying your pikes with a dead parson! Better not *spoil his clothes*, boys! his shirt alone is worth a crown, if it's worth a farthing."

Some of the wattlers bespoke one garment—some another:—and these were thrown out of the window by Murphy, who left the poor parson in his "birthday suit," with five times as much blood in his head as it was anatomically entitled to. The attendants in the room all thought he was absolutely dead, and scampered down to assist in the *scramble*. But Murphy, as he departed, whispered to the owner of the house, "The parson has life enough in him, yet! you don't think I intended to kill my neighbour, if I could help it, do you? But if ever he *shows* again, or any of ye tell a single word of this matter, by J—s every living sowl shall be burnt into black cinders!"

The *defunct* was then covered with a quilt, carried up to a back cockloft, and attended there by the two old women who, in fact, alone occupied the house. He remained safe and sound till the town was retaken by General Lake, who immediately hanged several disaffected gentlemen, cut off their heads by

martial law, and therewith ornamented the entrance of the court-house, as heretofore described. Parson Owen was now fully liberated, with the only difference of having got a lank body, confused brains, a celestial squint, and an illegitimate sort of St. Vitus's dance, commonly called a *muscular contortion*, which, by occasional twitches and jerks, imparted both to his features and limbs considerable *variety*.

However, by the extraordinary caprice of Dame Fortune, what the parson considered the most dreadful incident of his life turned out, in one respect, the most fortunate one. Mr. Brown, the father of his charmer, was moved to pity by his sufferings and escape, and still further conciliated by the *twist* in his optic nerves, which gave the good clergyman the appearance, whenever he played the orator in his reading-desk or pulpit, of looking steadfastly and devoutly up to heaven. Hence he acquired the reputation of being marvellously increased in godliness; and Miss Brown, with her debentures, was at length committed to his "holy keeping." I believe, however, the worthy man did not long survive to enjoy his wished-for prosperity. St. Vitus grew too familiar; and poor Owen became, successively, puny, sickly, and imbecile: the idea of the pikes never quitted his sensorium; and after a brief union, he left his spouse a dashing young widow, to look out for another helpmate, which I understand she was not long in providing.

Sudden fright and horror, or even agitating news, have often the most extraordinary effect on the human frame, exciting a variety of disorders, and sometimes even death. I have myself seen numerous examples of the overwhelming influence of *surprise*. Not long since, a near relative of mine, a clergyman of ample fortune—a pattern of benevolence and hospitality—healthy, comely, happy, and adored by his parishioners—had been driven into some trifling lawsuit He had conceived a strange opinion, that a clergyman would be *disgraced* by any cause he contested being given *against* him. With this notion, he attached an *ideal* importance to success; and the thing altogether rendered him anxious and uneasy. The day of decision

at the assizes of Carlow came on: he drove in his gig to the court-house door, quite certain of the *justice* of his cause, and confident, therefore, of its issue; when the attorney who acted for his opponent, coming out of court, abruptly told him that the decision was adverse to him. The extreme suddenness of this unexpected news, like an electric shock, paralysed his frame, extinguished all his faculties—and, in a word, he instantaneously fell *dead!* The event was even if possible more lamentable, as the intelligence was communicated in sport. The cause had been actually decided in my relation's favour.

REBEL PORTRAITS.

WHEN we read or hear of public and distinguished characters, whether good or bad, we are naturally disposed to draw in our mind a figure or face for each, correspondent to the actions which rendered the individual conspicuous. We are inclined, for instance, to paint in our imagination a rebel chieftain as an athletic powerful personage, with a commanding presence; an authoritative voice to control; and impetuous bravery to lead on a tumultuous army of undisciplined insurgents. Were this always the case, insurrections would, perhaps, stand a better chance of being successful.*

In the Irish Rebellion of 1798 the chief leaders had scarcely any of these attributes. *Numerically,* the rebels were sufficient, and more than sufficient, to effect all their objects; but they had no idea of discipline, and little of subordination. Their intrepidity was great, and their perseverance in the midst of fire and slaughter truly astonishing. Yet on every occasion it was obviously the *cause* and not the *leaders* that spurred them into action: when Irishmen *are* well officered they never yield.†

* Such *was* the case with the Bretons in La Vendée. An officer of rank in the French army at that period, commanding a regiment of chasseur republicans, told me very lately that above 15,000 regular troops (his regiment among the rest) were surprised at noon-day, defeated and dispersed, and their artillery and baggage taken, by a *smaller* number of totally undisciplined Vendeans, with few firearms, but led on by officers selected for powerful strength and fiery enthusiasm. Their contempt for life, and impetuosity in close combat, were irresistible; the latter, indeed, was always a characteristic with them, and the gallantry of their chiefs was quite unparalleled.—(*Author's note.*)

† The battle of Ross, in June 1798, lasted ten hours. The rebel *officers* did nothing, the *men* everything. While the commander-in-chief, Counsellor Bagenal Harvey, was standing on a hill nearly a mile distant, a boy twelve years old (Lett of Wexford town) called on the insurgents to follow him. He put himself at the

A spirit of uncompromising fortitude or enthusiastic gallantry generally spreads over the countenance some characteristic trait. Undisciplined followers are fascinated by ferocious bravery: they rush blindly anywhere, after an intrepid leader. But a languid eye, unbraced features, and unsteady movements, palpably betray the absence of that intellectual energy, and contempt of personal danger, which are indispensable qualities for a rebel chief.

To reflect on the great number of respectable and unfortunate gentlemen who lost their lives by the hands of the common executioner in consequence of that insurrection, is particularly sad; indeed, as melancholy as anything connected with the long misrule and consequent wretched state of brave and sensitive Ireland—which is *now*, at the termination of seven hundred years, in a state of more alarming and powerful disquietude than at any period since its first connection with England.

I had been in long habits of friendship and intercourse with most of the leading chiefs of that rebellion. Their features and manners rise, as it were in a vision, before my face: indeed, after thirty long years of factious struggle and agitation, when nothing remains of Ireland's pride and independence but the memory, every circumstance occasioning and attending that period, and the subsequent *revolution* of 1800, remains in freshest colours in the recollection of a man who *once* prided himself on being born an Irishman.

I made allusion, in a previous part of this work, to a dinner of which I partook in April 1798, at Bargay Castle, County Wexford, the seat of Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, who, I may as well repeat here, was a month afterward general-in-chief over an army of more than thirty thousand men (mostly of his own country), brave and enthusiastic; and, in two months more,

head of ten thousand men—approached the town, and stormed it. The town took fire; the rebels got liquor; and they were killed in sleep and drunkenness. Nothing could have saved our troops had the rebels been well officered: General Johnston, who commanded the royalists, deserved great praise for his judgment on that critical occasion.—(*Author's note.*)

died by the hands of the hangman. He had been my school and class fellow, and from nine years of age we held uninterrupted intercourse: he was a most singular example of mixed and opposite qualities; and of all human beings, I should least have predicted for him such a course, or such a catastrophe.

Harvey was son of one of the six clerks of chancery, who, having amassed a very considerable fortune, purchased the estate and castle of Bargay.

Beauchamp Bagenal, his eldest son, was called to the Irish bar, and succeeded to his father's estates. It was said that he was nearly related by blood to that most extraordinary of all the country gentlemen of Ireland, Beauchamp Bagenal of Dunlickry, whose splendour and eccentricities were the admiration of the Continent while he was making the grand tour (then reserved as part of the education of the very highest circles). This relationship was the subject of much merriment after a duel which Harvey's reputed kinsman provoked my friend to fight with him, in order to have the satisfaction of ascertaining "whether or no the lad had mettle."*

Harvey's person was extremely unimposing. He was about five feet four inches in height; and that ancient enemy of all beauty, the small-pox, had shown him no mercy, every feature being sadly crimped thereby. His sharp-peaked chin never approached toward a contact with his cravat, but left a thin scraggy throat to give an impoverished hungry cast to the whole contour, by no means adapted to the mien and port of a "commander of the forces." His scanty hair generally hung in straight flakes, and did not even pretend to be an ornament to his visage; his eye was quick but unmeaning; his figure thin and ill put together; his limbs short, slight, and wabbling; his address cheerful, but tremulous. On the whole, a more unprepossessing or unmartial-like person was never moulded by capricious nature.

* Mr. Bagenal provoked Harvey to challenge him. They met. Harvey fired, and missed. "D—n you, you young rascal," cried Bagenal, "do you know that you had like to kill your *godfather*? Go back to Dunlickry, you dog, and have a good breakfast got ready for us. I only wanted to see if you were *stout*." —(*Author's note.*)

Yet Harvey was a very good-tempered, friendly man, and a hearty companion. In common life he was extremely well conducted, and in the society of the bar often amusing, and never out of humour.

He was the greatest punster of his profession, and piqued himself on that qualification, in which he often succeeded admirably.* He had, in short, that sort of partial popularity with his bar contemporaries as rendered them always glad to have him in their society; but it was seldom any one inquired what had become of him when he was out of it. He had an ample store of individual courage, feared not single combat, and fought several duels intrepidly, though I do not think he ever *provoked* one. He shot Sir Harding Gifford, late Chief-Justice of Ceylon, and obtained a very droll name through that achievement, which never forsook him during his lifetime.

Harvey was a person of the best fortune in his quarter of the county; of a Protestant family; and, being charitable and benevolent to his tenantry, was much beloved by them. Nobody, in fact, could dislike him; though he was flippant, he did not want sense, and presented an excellent example of those contradictory qualities so often discoverable in the same individual. He was considered by the heads of the United Irishmen to be well adapted—as a man of fortune and local influence in the most disaffected portion of their strongest county—to forward their objects; and he suffered his vanity so far to overcome his judgment as, without the slightest experience, to

* I cannot omit introducing here one of his puns, because he ran a great risk of being *shot* for making it. A gentleman of the bar, married to a lady who had lost all her front teeth, and squinted so curiously that she appeared nearly blind, happened to be speaking of another lady who had run away from her husband. "Well," said Harvey, "you have some *comfort* as to *your* wife."

"What do you mean, sir?" said the barrister.

"I mean that if once you should lose Mrs. ——, you will never be able to *i-dent*-ify her."

If Mr. —— had cared a farthing for his wife, it would have been impossible to reconcile this joke to him.

The above was an inferior pun, but it was to the *point*, and created great merriment.—(*Author's note.*)

assume the command of a great army, for which purpose there were few men in Ireland so utterly unfit.

In his martial office his head became totally bewildered; the sphere of action was too great—the object struggled for too comprehensive. Nor did even his *personal* courage follow him to the field. His bravery, as against a single man, was neutralised in a tumult; and a mind naturally intrepid became bewildered, puzzled, and impotent. Amidst the roar of cannon, and the hurly-burly of the tumultuous and sanguinary battle of Ross, his presence of mind wholly forsook him, and he lost the day by want of tact and absence of spirit. His men fought hand to hand in the streets of Ross with the regular troops, of whom they slew a considerable number, including the Earl of Mountjoy; nor did they at last retire until they had not a single officer left to continue the engagement or lead them on to a renewed attack, which in all probability would have been effectual. Never did human beings show more decided bravery than the Irish peasantry in that bloody engagement. Thrice the town was theirs, and was finally lost by their inebriety and want of proper officers. Had Harvey captured New Ross, all Munster would have risen in his cause; and then indeed no royalist could have anticipated without dread the consequences. Officers and arms would have made the whole country inevitably theirs. When Wexford was retaken, Harvey concealed himself on an island, but was discovered, brought to that town, and without much ceremony hanged next day upon the bridge, toward the erection of which he had largely subscribed.

I could not but feel extreme regret at the sad fate which befell my old friend and schoolfellow, who did not meet his destiny quite so firmly as his original manly bearing had inclined people to expect. Poor fellow! he idly strove by entreaty to avert, or at least retard it, and its infliction was aggravated by every species of indignity. In everything except his politics Harvey's character was unimpeachable.

I never knew two persons much more dissimilar than were the commander-in-chief of the insurgents and the rebel governor

of Wexford, Captain Keogh. The latter was a retired captain of the British service, who had fought in America, and, like many others, had there received a lesson on *civil liberty* which never escaped his memory. He was married to an aunt of Lady Barrington; and for many years, when I went the circuit, I lived at his house, and had conceived the greatest friendship for him. He was a very clever man. His housekeeping was characterised by neatness, regularity, and cheerfulness. Everything was good of its kind, and in that plentiful country even luxuries were abundant. Calm, determined, moderate, and gentlemanly, Captain Keogh combined good sense with firmness and spirit. But, most unfortunately, ill-treatment sustained from Lord Chancellor Clare perverted half his good qualities, and metamorphosed him into a partisan, which was far from being his natural tendency.

He had a fine soldier-like person, above the middle size; his countenance was excellent; his features regular and engaging; his hair, rather scanty, receded from his forehead; his eyes were penetrating and expressive; and his complexion exhibited that partial ruddiness which we so frequently see in fine men approaching threescore. He was appointed rebel governor of Wexford, but among those savages soon lost his popularity; and had the insurgents continued much longer masters of the place, he would surely have been assassinated. He did what he durst on the side of humanity, and had supposed that his orders would be obeyed; but he was deceived—blood, and blood in torrents, was the object of *both* parties during that horrid summer. On the surrender of the town Keogh was immediately convicted under martial law. He pleaded for himself, and I learn that on that occasion everybody was affected. He knew his situation to be irretrievable, and his life forfeit; and he conducted himself at his execution with the utmost firmness, as became a gentleman and a soldier. He was hanged and beheaded on the bridge of which he was also a proprietor, and his head, as mentioned before, was exhibited on a spike over the court-house door.

A singular circumstance occurred in Keogh's house while the rebels were in possession of Wexford. His brother, a retired major in the British army, had also served in America, and lived with the captain in Wexford, but was a most enthusiastic royalist. Upon the rebels taking the place, he endeavoured to dissuade his brother from accepting the office of governor, but failing in the attempt, he retired to his own room, and immediately blew his brains out!

The next of my friends and connections who suffered by the hands of the executioner was Mr. Cornelius Grogan of Johnstown Castle, a gentleman of large fortune and great local interest and connection. He had been twice high-sheriff and representative in Parliament for the county. He resided three miles from Wexford at his castle, where he had a deer-park of one thousand acres of good ground, besides a fine demesne. He lived as a quiet, though hospitable, country gentleman. At this unfortunate period he had passed his seventieth year, and was such a martyr to the gout that his hands were wrapped up in flannel; and half carried, half hobbling upon crutches, he proceeded to the place of execution.

Mr. Grogan was in person short and dark-complexioned. His countenance, however, was not disagreeable, and he had in every respect the address and manners of a man of rank. His two brothers commanded yeomanry corps. One of them was killed at the head of his corps (the Castletown cavalry) at the battle of Arklaw; the other was wounded at the head of *his* troop (the Healtford cavalry) during Major Maxwell's retreat from Wexford.

The form of a trial was thought necessary by General Lake for a gentleman of so much importance in his county. His case was afterward brought before Parliament, and argued for three successive days and nearly nights. His *crime* consisted in having been surrounded by a rebel army, which placed him under the surveillance of numerous ruffians. They forced him one day into the town on horseback—a rebel, of the appropriate name of Savage, always attending him with a blunderbuss, and

orders to shoot him if he refused their commands. They one day nominated him a *commissary*, knowing that his numerous tenantry would be more willing in consequence to supply them. He used no weapon of any sort—indeed was too feeble even to *hold* one. A lady, of the name of Seagriff, gave evidence that her family were in want of food, and that she got Mr. Grogan to give her an *order* for some bread, which order was obeyed by the insurgents. She procured some loaves, and supplied her children; and for that bread (which saved a family from starvation) Mr. Grogan was, on the lady's evidence, sentenced to die as a felon, and actually hanged, when already almost lifeless from pain, imprisonment, age, and brutal treatment! The court-martial which tried him was not sworn, and only mustered seven in number. *His* witness was shot while on the way to give evidence of his innocence; and, while General Lake was making merry with his staff, one of the first gentlemen in the county (in every point his superior) was done to death almost before his windows!

From my intimate knowledge of Mr. Grogan for several years I can venture to assert most unequivocally (and it is but justice to his memory) that, though a person of independent mind and conduct as well as fortune, and an opposition member of Parliament, he was no more a *rebel* than his brothers, who signalised themselves in battle as *loyalists;* and the survivor of whom was *rewarded* by a posthumous bill of attainder against the unfortunate gentleman in question, by virtue of which estates of many thousands per annum were confiscated to the king. (The survivor's admitted *loyal* brother had been killed in battle only a few days before the other was executed.) This attainder was one of the most flagitious acts ever promoted by any government; but, after ten thousand pounds costs to crown officers, etc., had been extracted from the property, the estates were restored. I spent the summer of 1799 at Johnstown Castle, where I derived much private information as to the most interesting events of that unfortunate era.

It is, of course, most painful to me to recollect those persons

whose lives were taken—some fairly, some, as I think, unfairly—at a time when military law had no restraint, and enormities were daily committed through it not much inferior to those practised by the rebels.

Sir Edward Crosby, a baronet with whom I was intimately acquainted, and who also lived tranquilly, as a country gentleman, upon a moderate fortune near Carlow, was another person who always struck me to have been *murdered* by martial law. There was not even a rational *pretence* for his execution. His trial, with all its attending documents, has been published, and his innocence, in fact, made manifest. The president of the martial court was one Major Dennis, who some time after quitted the service—I shall not mention why. The sentence on Sir Edward was confirmed by Sir Charles Asgill, I must suppose through gross misrepresentation, as Sir Charles had himself known enough about *hanging* (though personally innocent) in America to have rendered him more merciful, or at least more cautious in executing the first baronet of Ireland.

The entire innocence of Sir Edward Crosby has since, as I just now mentioned, been acknowledged by all parties. His manners were mild and well-bred; he was tall and genteel in appearance, and upward of fifty years of age. He had a wife who loved him, and was every way a happy man till he was borne to execution without the slighest cause. He was the elder brother of my old college friend, Balloon Crosby, whom I have heretofore mentioned in relating my *rencontre* with Mr. Daly. He did not die with the courage of Keogh, but hoped for mercy to the last minute, relying on the interference of his old friend Judge Downes, who, however, proved but a broken reed.

REMINISCENCES OF WIT.

THERE is no intellectual faculty so difficult to define, or of which there are so many degrees and gradations, as *wit*. Humour may be termed a sort of *table d'hôte*, whereat wit and ribaldry sometimes mingle. Certain eminent countrymen of mine possessed these various conversational qualities in great perfection, and often called them into action at the same sitting. Among them, Mr. Curran and Chief-Baron Yelverton were most conspicuous; but the flow of their *bonhomie* was subject to many contingencies. It is worthy of notice, that all the Irish judges of those days who could conjure up a single joke, affected *wit*. Lord Clonmell, chief justice, was but clumsy at repartee, though an efficient humorist. He seldom rose above *anecdotes*, but these he *acted* whilst he told them. He had the peculiar advantage of knowing mankind well, and suiting his speech to the ears of his company. Lord Norbury had witticisms, puns, *jeu-d'esprit*—in short, jokes of all kinds, constantly at hand. His impromptus were sometimes excellent, but occasionally failed; he made, however, more *hits* than any one of his contemporaries. Nobody, it is true, minded much what he said; if it was good, they laughed heartily; if bad, it was only a *Norbury;* and so, by an indefatigable practice of *squibbing*, it is not wonderful that, during a life of eighty years, he should have uttered many *good things*, though, oddly enough, few of them are preserved.

Lord Norbury sang extremely well. On my first circuit as counsel, in 1787, he went as judge, and I have often heard him warble "Black-eyed Susan," and "Admiral Benbow," as well as parts in divers glees and catches, most agreeably. Requiescat in pace!

Sir Hercules Langrishe, a commissioner of revenue, and one of the most popular *courtiers* of our society, had an abundance of slow, kind-hearted, though methodistically-pronounced, repartee. (A living friend of mine in high rank has much more wit than Sir Hercules; but there is less philanthropy about it.) I have heretofore mentioned his *retort courteous* to Mr. Dundas, and will now give another specimen. He was surprised one evening at his house in Stephen's Green, by Sir John Parnell, Duigenan, and myself, who went to him on an immaterial matter of revenue business. We found him in his study alone, poring over the national accounts, with two claret bottles empty before him, and a third bottle on the wane; it was about eight o'clock in the evening, and the butler, according to general orders when gentlemen came in, brought a bottle of claret to each of us. "Why," said Parnell, "Sir Heck, you have emptied *two bottles* already." "True," said Sir Hercules. "And had you nobody to help you?" "*O yes*, I had that bottle of *port* there, and I assure you he afforded me very great assistance!"

Gervoise Parker Bushe could boast of wit enough for a member of Parliament, and more than enough for a commissioner of the revenue. An eminent relative of his, now living, possesses the finest specimen I know at present of the smooth, classical species.

I never knew two distinguished individuals approach each other so nearly in many respects as the late Chief-Baron Hussy Burgh and the personage who now presides over the first law court of Ireland. In some points, it is true, they differed—the former was proud, the latter affable. The eloquence of the former was more highly polished, more classical and effective; that of the latter, more simple, more familiar, yet decided. When very young, I was fascinated by the eloquence of the *silver-tongued* orator (as he was then called), and sought every possible opportunity of hearing him both at the bar and in the House of Commons. His was the purest declamation I have ever listened to; and when he made an instrument of his wit, it was pointed and acute. He was a miscellaneous poet, and wrote epigrams

(several upon Lord Aldborough), which were extremely severe, but at the same time extremely humorous.

It would be almost impossible to enumerate the wits and humorists of Ireland in my early days. Wit was then regularly *cultivated* as an accomplishment, and was, in a greater or less degree, to be found in every society. Those whom nature had not blessed with that faculty, if a blessing it is, still did their very best—as a foreigner sports his broken English.

The convivial circles of the higher orders of Irish society, in fact, down to the year 1800, in point of wit, pleasantry, good temper, and friendly feeling, were pre-eminent; while the plentiful luxuries of the table, and rich furniture of the wine-cellar, were never surpassed, if equalled, among the gentry of any country. But everything is now changed; that class of society is no more; neither men nor manners are the same; and even the looking back at those times affords a man who participated in their pleasures higher gratification than do the actual enjoyments of the passing era.

People may say this change is in myself. Perhaps so; yet I think that if it were possible for an old man still to preserve unimpaired all the sensations of youth, he would, were he a gentleman, be of my way of thinking. As for those of my contemporaries who survive, and who lived in the same circles with myself, I have no doubt they are unanimously of my opinion. I had very lately an opportunity of seeing this powerfully exemplified by a noble lord at my house. Good fortune had attended him throughout life; always respected and beloved, he had at length become wealthy. When we talked over the days we had spent in our own country, his eyes filled, and he confessed to me his bitter repentance as to *the Union*.

The members of the Irish bar were then collectively the best home-educated persons in Ireland, the elder sons of respectable families being almost uniformly called to that profession. Among them, nevertheless, were some of humbler origin. Jeremiah Keller was such; but his talent sufficed to elevate him. He had the rare faculty of dressing up the *severest* satire

in the garb of pleasantry—a faculty, by-the-by, which makes no friends, and often deepens and fixes animosity.

Keller was a good man, generally liked, and popular with a considerable portion of his profession. But though not rich, he occasionally exercised an independence of mind and manners which gave great distaste to the pride and arrogance of some of the leading authorities. Lord Clare could not endure him, and never missed an opportuity of showing or affecting to show his contempt for Jerry.

Lord Clare having died *of the Union* and the *Duke of Bedford*, it was proposed by his led captains and partisans that the bar in a body should attend his funeral procession. But as his Lordship had made so many inveterate foes at the bar, by taking pains to prove himself *their* foe, it was thought necessary to *canvass* the profession individually, and ascertain who among them would *object* to attend. Very few did; not that they cherished any personal respect for Lord Clare, but wished to compliment the remains of the first Irish chancellor. As Keller was known to be obstinate as well as virulent, it was held desirable to conciliate him if possible, though they anticipated the certainty of a direct refusal.

The deputation accordingly called on him. "You know, my dear fellow," said Arthur Chichester M'Courtney, who had been deputed as spokesman (beating about the bush), "that Lord Clare is to be buried to-morrow?"

"'Tis generally the last thing done with dead chancellors," said Keller coolly.

"He'll be buried in St. Peter's," said the spokesman.

"Then he's going to a friend of the family," said Keller. "His father was a papist." *

* Old Counsellor Fitzgibbon, Lord Clare's father, was born a Roman Catholic, and educated for a priest. His good sense, however, opened his eyes to his own intellectual abilities, and he determined to get, if possible, to the bar—that sure source of promotion for reasoning talent. But when or where (if ever) he renounced the Romish church, I am ignorant. He acquired great and just eminence as a barrister, and made a large fortune. Lord Clare was born his second son. Mrs. Jeffries, his sister, I knew well, and I cannot pass her by here with-

This created a laugh disconcerting to the deputation; however, for fear of worse, the grand question was then put. "My dear Keller," said the spokesman, "the bar mean to go in procession: have you any objection to attend Lord Clare's funeral?"

"None at all," said Keller, "none at all! I shall certainly attend his *funeral* with the *greatest pleasure imaginable!*"

Examples of Keller's dry species of wit in fact daily occurred; it was always pungent, and generally well-timed. In the year 1798 flourished Sir Judkin Fitzgerald, Bart., a barrister, whose loyal cruelties in the county of Tipperary were made the subject of a *post facto* indemnity bill by Lord Castlereagh, to save him from punishment. Among other pastimes he caused cats-o'-nine-tails to be soaked in *brine*, that the peasantry and everybody else at whom he durst have a fling might be better cut, and remember it the longer. Bragging to Keller of his numerous ultra-loyal achievements, this man said, "You must own, Keller, at least, that I preserved the county of Tipperary." "Ay, and you *pickled* it into the bargain!" said Keller: "you promise to make so good a body confectioner, that I daresay the lord-lieutenant will hire you;" and in fact Sir Judkin was soon afterward put in office at the Castle.

The unfortunate Counsellor Norcott, heretofore mentioned in these sketches, was a fat, full-faced, portly-looking person. He had a smirking countenance, and a swaggering air; was an excellent *bon vivant*, a remarkably good mimic, and affected to be witty.

out saying that, whatever faults she had, her female correctness was unquestioned; and throughout my life I have never met a kinder-hearted being than Mrs. Jeffries, or a fairer though a decided enemy. Old Mr. Fitzgibbon loved to make money, and in his day it was not the habit for lawyers to spend it. They used to tell a story of him respecting a certain client who brought his own brief and fee, that he might personally apologise for the smallness of the latter. Fitzgibbon, on receiving the fee, looked rather discontented. "I assure you, Counsellor," said the client (mournfully), "I am ashamed of its smallness; but, in fact, it is all I have in the world." "Oh! then," said Fitzgibbon, "you can do no more. As it's 'all you have in the world'—why—hem!—I must—*take it!*" —(*Author's note.*)

Speaking of the Catholics in the hall of the Four Courts, Keller seemed to insinuate that Norcott was favourable to their emancipation.

"What!" said Norcott, with a great show of pomposity—"what! Pray, Keller, do you see anything that smacks of the *Pope* about me?"

"I don't know," replied Keller; "but at all events there is a great deal of the *Pretender*, and I always understood them to travel in company."

This was a kind of caustic wit which was not much cultivated in the higher convivial societies of that day, the members whereof used a more cordial species. But such sallies were always *repeated* with great glee when they did not affect the person who repeated them.

Norcott's mimicry was complete. This is a disagreeable and dangerous, because generally an *offensive* faculty. The foibles, absurdities, or personal defects of mankind are thus caricatured, and the nearer perfection the mimicry, the more annoying to be mimicked. Done in a man's presence, it amounts to a personal insult; in his absence, it is dramatic backbiting, a bad quality in every point of view to cultivate, and such a weapon of ill-nature as everybody should assist in blunting.

In a company where the late Lord Chief-Baron Avonmore was a guest, Norcott was called on to show his imitative powers. He did so with great effect, taking off particularly well the peculiarities of the judges; and when he had finished, Lord Avonmore said, with point, but good humour, "Upon my word, Norcott, as you so ably exposed the absurdities of *eleven* of the judges, I think you did not act fairly by us in not giving also the *twelfth* of them" (his lordship's self). Norcott did not utter a word more during the evening.

It is very singular that a man with such a surplus of wit as Curran never could write a good epigram; nor, with such an emporium of language, compose a pamphlet or essay that would pay for the printing; while a very eminent living friend of

mine, high in the world—though not Curran's equal in either qualities—has written some of the most agreeable and classic *jeux-d'esprit*, of the most witty and humorous papers, and most effective pamphlets, that have issued from the pen of any member of his profession during my time. I had collected as many as I could of this gentleman's productions and sayings (several printed and a few in manuscript); but, unfortunately, the whole was lost in a trunk of mine (with a great number of my books and private papers and memoranda) in 1812. I can scarce attempt to recollect any of them, save one or two, which may give some idea, but nothing more, of the agreeable playfulness of this gentleman's fancy. They have been long recorded by the Irish bar; and some of the English bar, who are not at present celebrated for their own impromptus or witticisms, and are too *wise* and *steady* to *understand* those of Ireland (unless in print and after due consideration), may be amused by reading and unriddling an Irish epigram, sent into the world by an English bookseller.*

A placard having been posted in the courts of law in Dublin by a bookseller for the sale of *Bibles*, the gentleman I allude to wrote instantly under it with his pencil—

How clear is the case,
He's mistaken the place,
His books of devotion to sell:
He should learn once for all,
That he'll never get call
For the sale of his *Bibles* in *hell*.

Had the above *jeu-d'esprit* been the impromptu of a beaten client, he would have got great credit for it; and in truth, I think, after a year or two of litigation in a court of justice, most clients would freely subscribe their names to the concluding epithet.

Another *jeu-d'esprit* I remember, and so no doubt do all the

* An English gentleman once said to me very seriously, that he always preferred a London edition of an Irish book, as he thought, somehow or other, it helped to *take out the brogue*.—(*Author's note.*)

bar of my standing who have any recollection left,—of whom, however, there is, I fancy, no great number.

There is a very broad and boisterous ferry between the counties of Wicklow and Wexford, called Ballinlaw, which the Leinster bar, on circuit, were obliged to cross in a bad boat. At times the wind was extremely violent between the hills, the waters high, and the passage dangerous ;—yet the *briefs* were at the other side : and many a nervous barrister, who on a simple journey would have ridden a high-trotting horse fifty miles round-about rather than cross Ballinlaw when the waves were in an angry humour, yet, being sure that there was a golden mine, and a phalanx of attorneys brandishing their white briefs on the opposite shore—commending himself to Divine Providence, and flinging his saddle-bags into the boat—has stepped in after them ; and if he had any prayers or curses by heart, now and then pronounced a fragment of such in rotation as were most familiar to him, on launching into an element which he never drank, and had a rooted aversion to be upset in.

The curious colloquy of a boatman, on one of those boisterous passages, with Counsellor Cæsar Colclough, once amused such of the passengers as had not the fear of death before their eyes.

Cæsar Colclough of Duffry Hall, a very eccentric, quiet character, not overwise (he was afterwards Chief Justice of Newfoundland), was in the boat during a storm. Getting nervous, he could not restrain his piety, and began to lisp out, "O Lord! O Lord!" breathing an ardent prayer that he might once more see his own house, Duffry Hall, in safety, and taste a sweet barn-door fowl or duck, of which he had fine breeds.

"Arrah! Counsellor," said the boatman, "don't be going on praying *that side*, if you plase ; sure it's the *other lad* you ought to be praying to."

"What *lad* do you mean?" said Colclough with alarm.

"What lad! why, Counsellor, the old people always say that the *devil* takes care of his *own ;* and if you don't vex him by praying the *other way*, I really think, Counsellor, we have a pretty *safe* cargo aboard at this present passage."

The friend I alluded to, whose wit and pencil were always ready, immediately placed Cæsar in a much more classical point of view. Though he made him a downright idolater, yet he put him on a level with a mighty hero or emperor—writing upon the back of a letter thus :—

> While meaner souls the tempest kept in awe,
> Intrepid Colclough, crossing Ballinlaw,
> Cried to the sailors (shivering in their rags)
> You carry *Cæsar* and his *saddle-bags !*

Little did Julius Cæsar foresee before the birth of Christ that the first man at the Irish bar would, near two thousand years afterward, call to mind his exploits in Gaul on the waves of Ballinlaw, in the roaring of a hurricane. Should I meet him hereafter, I shall certainly tell him the anecdote.

COUNSELLOR LYSAGHT.

AMONG the eccentric characters formerly abounding at the Irish bar, was one whose species of talent is nearly extinct, but whose singularities are still recollected by such of his professional contemporaries as have had the good fortune to survive him.

Edward Lysaght, a gentleman by birth, was left, as to fortune, little else than his brains and his pedigree. The latter, however, was of no sort of use to him, and he seldom employed the former to any lucrative purpose. He considered law as his *trade*, and conviviality (to the cultivation whereof no man could apply more sedulously) as his *profession*. Full of point and repartee, every humorist and *bon vivant* was his patron. He had a full proportion of animal courage; and even the fire-eaters of Tipperary never courted his animosity. Songs, epigrams, and lampoons, which from other pens would have terminated in mortal combat, being considered inherent in *his* nature, were universally tolerated.

Some of Lysaght's sonnets had great merit, and many of his national stanzas were singularly characteristic. His "Sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green" is admirably and truly descriptive of the low Irish character, and never was that class so well depicted in so few words; but, to my taste, his sketch of a May morning is not to be exceeded in that cheerful colouring and natural simplicity which constitute the very essence and spirit of genuine pastoral. The beginning of the copy of verses called "Ounagh" offers an illustration of this; and it is much to be lamented that, with strange inconsistency, the man did not write another line of it adapted for publication. The first verse is, however, in my mind, worthy of being recorded, and I give it as

a sample either of my bad or good taste. All I am *sure* of is, that I admire it.

'Twas on a fine May morning,
When violets were springing O,
Dew-drops the fields adorning,
The birds melodious singing O.
The green trees
Each soft breeze
Was gently waving up and down:
The primrose
That sweet blows
Adorned Nature's verdant gown:
The purling rill
Stole down the hill,
And softly murmur'd thro' the grove,
This was the time Ounagh stole out to meet
her barefoot love.*

Lysaght was, perhaps, not a poet in the strict acceptation of the term; but he wrote a great number of miscellaneous verses, some of them, in general estimation, excellent; some delicate;

* Pastoral poetry, whether classic, amatory, or merely rural, owes its chief beauty to *simplicity*. Far-fetched points and fantastic versification destroy its generic attribute; and their use reminds one of the fashion of *harmonising* the popular melodies of a country, in order that young ladies may screech them with more complicated execution.

Thus I prefer, upon the whole, my deceased friend Lysaght's words written to an old tune, to those of my celebrated living friend, Mr. Thomas Moore; and think the *Ounagh* of the one likely to be quite as attractive a girl as the *Mary* of the other, notwithstanding all the finery wherewith the mention of the latter is invested. But our readers shall judge for themselves. We have given the commencement of Mr. Lysaght's version. Here followeth that of Mr. Moore's:—

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now with "lustre meek"
Illumin'd all the pale flowers,
Like hope that lights the mourner's cheek.
I said (while
The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream in dimpling bliss)
The moon looks
On many brooks—
The brook can see no moon but this.

some gross. I scarce ever saw two of these productions of the same metre, and very few were of the same character. Several of the best poetical trifles in M'Nally's "Sherwood Forest" were penned by Lysaght.

Having no fixed politics, or, in truth, *decided* principles respecting anything, he was one day a patriot, the next a courtier, and wrote squibs both *for* government and *against* it. The stanzas relatively commencing,

> Green were the fields that our forefathers dwelt on, etc.
>
> Where the loud cannons rattle, to battle we'll go, etc.

and,

> Some few years ago, though now she says no, etc.,

were three of the best of his *patriotic* effusions; they were certainly very exciting, and he sang them with great effect. He ended his literary career by a periodical paper in 1800, written principally against me, and called "The Lantern," for which and similar squibs he received four hundred pounds from Lord Castlereagh. I sincerely wished him joy of the acquisition, and told him "if he found me a good chopping-block, he was heartily welcome to hack away as long as he could get anything by his

> And thus I thought our fortunes run,
> For many a lover looks on thee,
> While, oh! I feel there is but one—
> One Mary in the world for me!

Had not my talented friend garnished the above ditty with a note, admitting that he had pilfered his *Irish* Melody from an *Englishman's* brains (Sir William Jones'), I should have passed over so extravagant an attempt to *manufacture simplicity*. I therefore hope my friend will in future either confide in his own supreme talents, or not be so candid as to spoil his song by his sincerity. "It is the devil (said Skirmish) to desert; but it's a d—d deal worse to *own* it!"

I think Dean Swift's sample of Love Songs, though written near a century ago, has formed an admirable model for a number of modern sonnets. It should be much esteemed, since it is copied by so many of our minstrels.

LOVE-SONG BY DEAN SWIFT.

> Fluttering, spread thy purple pinions,
> Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
> I a slave in thy dominions—
> *Nature must give way to art*, etc. etc.—(*Author's note.*)

butchery." He shook me heartily by the hand, swore I was a "d—d good fellow," and the next day took me at my word by lampooning me very sufficingly in a copy of verses entitled "The Devil in the Lantern!" But I loved abuse, when it was incurred for opposing the Union; and we never had a moment's coolness upon that or any other subject. Indeed, I really regarded him.

He attempted to practise at the English bar; but after a short time, told me he found he had not law enough for the King's Bench, was not dull enough for the Court of Chancery, and that before he could make way at the Old Bailey he must shoot Garrow, which would be extremely disagreeable to him. He therefore recurred to the periodicals; and though an indifferent prose-writer, wielded his goose-quill with no small success. He showed me a *tariff* of his pieces in verse: it was a most pleasant document, and I greatly regret I did not keep a copy of it: he burned it, he told me, to light his candle with. So indifferent was he of the main chance throughout life, that he never adhered long to any pursuit after he found it was really likely to be productive.

In the year 1785, when I was at Temple, he called on me one morning at the Grecian Coffee House, where I then lodged, and said, with much seeming importance—

"Barrington, put on your hat, and come along with me this moment. I want to show you a lady who has fallen in love with me."

"In love with *you*, Ned?" said I.

"Ay, to insanity!" replied he.

"It must indeed be to *insanity*."

"Oh!" resumed he, gaily, "she is, I assure you, only considering what death she shall inflict on herself if I do not marry her. Now, you know I am as poor as a rat, though a *gentleman*, and her father is as rich as Crœsus, though a *blackguard:* so we shall be well matched. The blood and the fat duly mixed, as Hogarth says, make a right sort of pudding. So the thing is settled, and I'll have the twelve tribes of Israel at my beck in the course of Monday morning."

I thought he was distracted and raving; but, however, im-

mediately set out with him upon this singular expedition; and on our way to the Strand, where *the papa* resided, he disclosed to me all the circumstances of his amour.

"Barrington," said he, "the lady herself is not, to be sure, the most *palatable* morsel one might see in a circle of females; yet she is obviously of the *human* species; has the usual features in her face (such as they are), four fingers and a thumb on each hand, and two distinct feet with a proper number, I suppose, of toes upon each,—and what more need I expect, seeing she has plenty of the *shiners?*"

"True," said I: "as for beauty, those English girls, who *are* handsome, are too frolicsome: she'll stick the closer to you, because she has none."

"And what *advantage* will that be?" muttered Lysaght, with a half-suppressed imprecation. "Her father pretends," continued he, "to be a *Christian*, and affects to keep a shop in the Strand, under the name of '*Salmon*, watchmaker:' but in reality he is a d—d Jew, and only pretends to be a Christian that he may transact affairs for certain Israelites of the city, who give him the devil's own rate of commission!—I hope to be a *partner* ere long!"

"Suppose he receives *stolen goods*, Ned?" said I. "You'd cut but a queer figure at the *tail of a cart* with a cat-o'-nine-tails flourished over you."

"Father of Israel!" exclaimed Lysaght, already half a Jew, "you mistake the matter totally. No, no! the maid-servant, whom I bribed with the price of my last squib in the *Chronicle*, told me everything about Solomon Salmon—his dealings, his daughter, and his great iron chest with eleven locks to it: but as to *goods*, he never has fifty pounds' worth of trinkets or watches in his shop—only a few in the window to *look* like trade. He deals in the lending and borrowing way only—all *cash* transactions, depend on it."

"For Heaven's sake, Ned," said I, "how did you introduce yourself into the family of a Hebrew?"

"I met the girl three months ago," he replied, "at a dancing-

school at Somers' Town, set up by an old Irish acquaintance, Terry M'Namara, with whom I dine sometimes: he told me she was a rich Jewess; so when I heard of her papa, I determined to know something more about his daughter, and stole frequently to Somers' Town, where Mr. Solomon Salmon has a pretty cit cottage. There I hid behind a dead wall just in front, and when *she* came to the window, I nodded, and she ran away, as if offended. I knew this was a good sign with a woman. She soon returned to the window. I nodded again. Away went she a second time; but I heard a loud laugh, and considered that a capital sign: and in fact she came a third time. Then I was sure, and nodded *twice*, whereupon she returned the salutation. Having carried on the *nodding* system sufficiently, I now ventured to speak to her on my fingers—an art which I had seen her dexterously practise at the dancing-school. 'My love!' fingered I; at which she turned her back, but soon turned her face again. 'My love!' I repeated, still on my fingers. Off she scampered, but soon came back in company with the maid-servant, whom I therefore bribed next day. I now ventured to suggest an interview the following evening. The Jewess flushed at this proposal; but on my repetition of it, held up *seven* of her fingers.

"Of course I was punctual at the time appointed, was admitted, and we swore eternal fidelity on the *Old* Testament. The maid betrayed us as soon as I ran short of hush-money, but repented afterward, when I gave her a fresh supply, and told me that her master, Mr. Solomon Salmon, had locked his daughter up. She had then attempted to throw herself out of a two-pair window for my sake; but the old Jew having caught her in the very act, she peremptorily told him she was determined to fall into a decay or consumption of the lungs, if he did not consent to her marrying the Christian counsellor.

"This he was in the sequel forced to agree to, or sacrifice his own virgin daughter, like the king in the Bible, besides whom he luckily has no other child to inherit his fortune, and the mother is at least twenty years past childbearing.

"At length all was settled, and we are to be actually married

as Christians on Monday next. Little Egar of Hare Court has drawn up the marriage articles, and I am to have ten thousand now—that is, the interest of it during the Jew's life, payable quarterly; then twenty more, and *all the rest* on the mother's death; and in the meantime, half his commission on money dealings (to commence after a few months' instruction), together with the house in Somers' Town, where I shall reside and transact business."

All this Lysaght told me with great glee and admirable humour.

"Egad, it's no bad hit, Ned," said I; "many a high-headed grand-juror on the Munster circuit would marry Solomon Salmon himself upon the same terms."

"You'll dine with me," said Lysaght, "on Wednesday, at Somers' Town, at five o'clock? I'll give you a good turkey, and such a bottle of old black-strap as neither the Grecian nor the Oxford ever had in their cellars for any money."

"I'll surely attend a new scene, Ned," answered I.

I was accordingly most punctual. All appeared to be just as he had described. It was a small house, well furnished. Miss's visage, to be sure, though not frightful was less ornamental than any article on the premises. The maid-servant was really a fine girl; the cook no bad *artiste;* the dinner good, and the wine capital. Two other Templars were of the party, and everything went on well. About eight at night the old Jew came in. He appeared a civil, smug, dapper, clean, intelligent little fellow, with a bob-wig. He made us all welcome, and soon retired to rest, leaving us to a parting bottle.

The affair proceeded prosperously; and I often dined with my friend in the same cheerful manner. Ned, in fact, became absolutely domestic. By degrees he got into *the trade;* accepted all the bills at the Jew's request, to save *him* trouble, as old Salmon kept his own books; and a large fortune was accumulating every day, as was apparent by the great quantities of miscellaneous property which were sent in and as quickly disappeared; when one morning Ned was surprised at three

ugly-looking fellows entering his house rather unceremoniously, and without stating their business. Ned immediately seized the poker, when his arm was arrested gently by a fourth visitor, who said—

"Easy, easy, Counsellor Lysaght; we mean you no harm or rudeness; we only do our duty. We are the *commissioners'* messengers, that's all. Gentlemen," said the *attorney*, as he proved to be, to the three ruffians, "do your duty without the slightest inconvenience to the counsellor."

They then proceeded to seal up all the doors, leaving Ned, wife, and Co. a bed-room only to console themselves in. Mr. Solomon Salmon, in truth, turned out both a Christian and a bankrupt, and had several thousands to pay out of the sale of about twoscore of silver watches and a few trinkets, which constituted the entire of the splendid property he had so liberally settled on Mr. Edward Lysaght as a portion with his lady daughter.

Ned now found himself completely taken in—reduced, as he told me, to ten shillings and sixpence in gold, and four shillings in silver, but acceptor of bills of exchange for Salmon and Co. for more than he could pay should he live a hundred years longer than the course of nature would permit him. As he had signed no partnership deed, and had no funds, they could not make him a bankrupt; and as the bills had not arrived at mercantile maturity, he had some days of grace during which to consider himself at liberty. So he thought absence and fresh air better than hunger and imprisonment, and therefore *retreat* the wisest course to be taken. He was right; for in some time the creditors, having ascertained that they could get nothing of a cat but its skin, even could they catch it, suffered him to remain unmolested on his own promise—and a very safe one—that, *if ever he was able*, he would pay them.

He afterward went over to Dublin, to the Irish bar, where he made nearly as many friends as acquaintances, but not much money; and at length died; his widow soon following,

and leaving two daughters, who, I believe, as teachers of music in Dublin, were much patronised and regarded.

Several years subsequently, being surprised that the creditors had let Lysaght off so easily, I inquired particulars from a solicitor who had been concerned in the affairs of Salmon and Co., and he informed me that all the parties, except one, had ceased to proceed on the commission; and that he found the true reason why the alleged creditors had agreed to let Lysaght alone was, that they had been all engaged in a piece of complicated machinery to deceive the unwary, and dreaded lest matters should come out in the course of a strict examination which might place them in a more dangerous situation than either the bankrupt or his son-in-law. In fact, the creditors were a knot, the bankrupt an instrument, and Lysaght a tool.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

FATALITIES OF MARRIAGE.

In a previous part of this volume I promised my fair readers that I would endeavour to select some little anecdotes of tender interest, more particularly calculated for their perusal; and I now proceed to redeem that promise, so far as I can.

Fatality in *marriages* has been ever a favourite theme with young ladies who have promptly determined to resign their liberty to a stranger, rather than preserve it with a parent. I am myself no unqualified fatalist; but have struck out a notion of my own on that subject, which is, I believe, different from all others; and when I venture to broach it in conversation, I am generally assured by the most didactic of the company, that (so far as it is comprehensible) it excludes both sense and morality. Nevertheless it is, like my faith in supernaturals, a grounded and honest opinion; and in all matters connected with such shadowy things as spirits, fates, chances, etc., a man is surely warranted in forming his own theories—a species of construction, at any rate, equally harmless and rational with that castle-building in the air so prevalent among his wiser acquaintances.

It is not my intention here to plunge deep into my tenets. I only mean indeed to touch on them so far as they bear upon matrimony; and may the glance induce fair damsels, when first nourishing a tender passion, to consider in time what may be *fated* as the consequences of their *free-agency!*

The matrimonial *ladder* (if I may be allowed such a simile) has generally eight steps, viz.—1. Attentions; 2. Flirtation; 3. Courtship; 4. Breaking the ice; 5. Popping the question; 6. The negotiation; 7. The ceremony; 8. The *repentance.*

The grand basis of my doctrine is, that free-agency and predestination are neither (as commonly held) inconsistent nor in-

compatible; but, on the contrary, intimately connected, and generally copartners in producing human events. Every important occurrence in the life of man or woman (and matrimony is no *bagatelle*) partakes of the nature of both. Great events may ever be traced to trivial causes, or to voluntary actions; and that which is *voluntary* cannot, it should seem, be predestined; but when these acts of free-will are once performed, they lead irresistibly to ulterior things. Our free-agency then becomes expended, our spontaneous actions cannot be retraced, and then, and not before, the march of fate commences.

The medical doctrine of remote and proximate causes of disease in the human body is not altogether inappropriate to my dogma, since disorders which are predestined to send ladies and gentlemen on their travels to the other world, entirely *against* their inclinations, may frequently be traced to acts which were as entirely within their own option.

I have already professed my intention of going but superficially into this subject just now; and though I could find it in my heart considerably to prolong the inquiry, I will only give one or two marked illustrations of my doctrine, merely to set casuists conjecturing. There are comparatively few important acts of a person's life which may not be avoided. For example, if any man chooses voluntarily to take a voyage to Nova Scotia, he gives predestination a fair opportunity of drowning him at sea, if it think proper; but if he determines never to go into a ship, he may be perfectly certain of his safety in *that* way. Again, if a general chooses to go into a battle, it is his free-agency which enables predestination to despatch him there; but if, on the other hand, he keeps clear out of it (as some generals do), he may set fatality at defiance on that point, and perhaps return with as much glory as many of his comrades had acquired by leaving their brains upon the field. Cromwell told his soldiers the night before the battle of Worcester (to encourage them) that "Every *bullet* carried its own *billet*." "Why then, by my sowl," said an Irish recruit, "that's the very rason I'll *desert* before morning!" Marriage, likewise, is an act of free-

agency; but, as I said before, being once contracted, predestination comes into play, often despatching one or other of the parties, either by grief, murder, or suicide, who might have been safe and sound from all those fatalities, had he or she never *voluntarily* purchased or worn a plain gold ring.

Of the eight steps attached to the ladder of matrimony already specified, *seven* (all lovers will be pleased to remark) imply "free-agency;" but the latter of these being mounted, progress to the eighth is too frequently inevitable. I therefore recommend to all candidates for the ascent, thorough deliberation and a brief pause at each successive step; for, according to my way of thinking, the knot tied at the seventh interval should be considered, in every respect, perfectly indissoluble.

The principle of these few examples might extend to most of the events that chequer our passage through life; and a little unprejudiced reflection seems alone requisite to demonstrate that "free-agency" may readily keep fate under her thumb on most important occasions.

I cannot avoid particularising, as to matrimony, an incident that came within my knowledge, and related to individuals of rank who are still living. The facts are well remembered, though they occurred nearly twenty years ago. Exclusive of the intrinsic interest of the transaction, it may have some weight with my fair readers.

About the year 1809, a ball, on an extensive scale, was given by Lady Barrington in Dublin. Almost every person of *ton* did her the honour of participating in the festivity, and I think the Duke of Wellington was present.

In the evening, I received a note from Sir Charles Ormsby, mentioning that Lord G——, son of my old friend the Earl of L——, had just arrived. He was represented as a fine young man; and it was added that (though quite tired) he might be prevailed on to attend Lady Barrington's ball, were I to write him a note of invitation. Of course I did so with the greatest pleasure. The Earl of L—— and I had been many years intimate: the late Right Honourable Isaac Corry was his close

friend; and before his lordship grew *too rich*, he was my next-door neighbour in Harcourt Street. We were, indeed, all three, boon companions.

Lord G—— arrived at the ball, and a very good-looking fellow he certainly was—of about nineteen; his address corresponded with his mien, and I was quite taken with him, independently of his being my friend's son. Two very young relatives of mine—one my niece, Arabella E——, the other my daughter (now the Viscomtesse de F——), did the juvenile honours of the party.

Sir Charles Ormsby (who might have been termed a sort of *half-mounted* wit) said to me, rather late, "Did you ever know such a foolish boy as G——? Before he had been half-an-hour in the room, he protested that ere three months were over, either one or other of your girls would be Lady G——; that it was a *doomed* thing;—though he could not exactly say which would be the bride—as he had not seen either from the time they were all children together."

The ball ended about daybreak, and I was obliged immediately to set off for circuit. I had been engaged as counsel on the trial of Mr. Alcock for the murder of Mr. John Colclough, as already mentioned.

I finished my month's circuit at Wexford, where, to my surprise, I found Lord G——. I asked him his business there. He said he had been summoned as a witness on the above-mentioned trial, which I thought a very strange circumstance, as he could have known nothing whatsoever of the transaction. However, we travelled together to Dublin in my carriage; and on the way he spoke much of destiny, and of a cottage in County Wicklow, with everything "rural." I did not then comprehend the young man's drift; but on my return, I found that his free-agency had been put in practice; and, in fact, very shortly after, Lord G—— was my nephew. Fatality now commenced her dominion; and a most charming gift from fatality had the young nobleman received in a partner juvenile, like himself, his equal in birth, and possessed of every accomplishment.

•I had not at first been made acquainted with the cause of Lord G——'s visit to Ireland; but at length understood, with some surprise, that the Earl of L—— had placed his eldest son as an ensign in a marching regiment ordered to the Continent. Thus, at the age of nineteen, he found himself in a situation unfavourable, as I think, to the fair and proper development of his mind and talents—uncongenial with the befitting pursuits for a nobleman's heir—and still less adapted to gratify the cravings of an ardent intelligent spirit, whose very enthusiasm was calculated, under such circumstances, to produce recklessness and evil.

The residue of this *novel* (for such, in all its details, it may fairly be denominated—and one of a most interesting and affecting cast) would afford ample material for observation: but it is too long, too grave, and perhaps too delicate, for investigation here. Suffice it to add, that I saw Lord and Lady G——, with their numerous and lovely family, last summer on the Continent —altered less than I should have imagined, from the interval that had elapsed. In speaking of his lordship, I am reminded of the motto, "Every one has his fault:"—but he has likewise great merits, and talent which would have been higher had his education been more judicious. My friendship for him has been strong and invariable; and I think that fate has not yet closed the book on his future renown and advancement.

A WEDDING IN OLDEN DAYS.

THERE are few changes in the manners and customs of society in Ireland more observable than those relating to marriage. The day has been, within my recollection, when that ceremony was conducted altogether differently from the present mode. Formerly, no damsel was *ashamed*, as it were, of being married. The celebration was joyous, public, and enlivened by every species of merriment and good cheer. The bride and bridegroom, bridesmaids and bridesmen (all dressed and decorated in gay and gallant costumes), vied in every effort to promote the pleasure they were themselves participating. When the ceremony was completed, by passing round a final and mystical word, "Amazement!"—everybody kissed the bride. The company then all saluted each other; cordial congratulations went round, the music struck up, and plenty of plum-cake and wine seemed to anticipate a *christening*. The bride for a moment whimpered and coloured; the mamma wept with gratification; the bridesmaids flushed with sympathy, and a scene was produced almost too brilliant for modern apathy even to gaze at. The substantial banquet soon succeeded; hospitality was all alive; the bottle circulated; the ball commenced; the bride led off, to take leave of her celibacy; men's souls were softened; maidens' hearts melted; Cupid slyly stole in, and I scarce ever saw a joyous public wedding whereat he had not nearly expended his quiver before three o'clock in the morning. Everything cheerful and innocent combined to show the right side of human nature, and to increase and perfect human happiness; a jovial hot supper gave respite to the dancers, and time to escort Madam Bride to her nuptial-chamber—whither, so long as company were permitted to do so, we will attend her. The bed-curtains were

adorned with festoons of ribbon. The chamber was well lighted; and the bridesmaids having administered to the bride her prescriptive refreshment of white-wine posset, proceeded to remove her left stocking and put it into her trembling hand; they then whispered anew the mystical word before mentioned, and having bound a handkerchief over her eyes, to ensure her impartiality, all the lovely spinsters surrounded the nuptial couch, each anxiously expecting that the next moment would anticipate her promotion to the same happy predicament within three hundred and sixty-five days at the very farthest. The bride then tossed the prophetic hosiery at random among her palpitating friends, and whichever damsel was so fortunate as to receive the blow was declared the next maiden in the room who would become devoted to the joys of Hymen; and every one in company—both ladies and gentlemen—afterward saluted the cheek of the lucky girl. The ball then recommenced; the *future* bride led off; night waned;—and Phœbus generally peeped again ere the company could be brought to separate. Good-humoured tricks were also on those happy occasions practised by arch girls upon the bridegroom. In short, the pleasantry of our old marriages in Ireland could not be exceeded. They were always performed in the house of the lady's parents, or of some relative. It would fill a volume were I to enumerate the various joyful and happy incidents I have witnessed at Irish weddings.

At one of the old class of weddings took place the most interesting incident of my early life, as I have already stated. The spectacle and events of that union never can be erased from my memory, and its details furnish a good outline wherefrom those of other marriages of that period, in the same sphere of society, may be filled up.

In those days, so soon as an elder son came of age, the father and he united to raise money to pay off all family incumbrances. The money certainly was raised, but the incumbrances were so lazy, that in general they remained *in statu quo*. The estates were soon clipped at both ends; the father nibbling at one, the son pilfering at the other, and the attorney at both. The rent-

roll became short; and it was decided that the son must marry to "sow his wild-oats," and make another settlement on younger children. Money, however, was not always the main object of Irish marriages!—first, because it was not always to be had; and next, because if it was to be had, it would so soon change masters that it would be all the same after a year or two. Good family, good cheer, and beauty, when they could find it, were the chief considerations of a country gentleman, whose blood-relatives, root and branch (as is still the case on the Continent), generally attended the act of alliance, with all the splendour their tailors, milliners, and mantua-makers, could or would supply.

My eldest brother (the bridegroom on the occasion alluded to) was an officer of that once magnificent regiment the Black Horse, and fell most vehemently in love with the sister of a brother officer, afterward Colonel E—— of Old Court, County Wicklow. I have described some beauties heretofore; but the charms of Alicia E—— were very different from the dazzling loveliness of Myrtle Yates, or the opening bloom of Maria Hartpole. She was inferior to either in symmetry, but in interest had an infinite superiority over both. Alicia was just eighteen; she had no regular feature; her mouth was disproportionately large; her lips were coral; her eyes destitute of fire—but they were captivating tell-tales; her figure was rather below the middle height, but without an angle; and the round, graceful delicacy of her limbs could not be surpassed. It was, however, the unrivalled clearness of her pellucid skin that gave a splendour and indescribable charm to the contour of Alicia's animated face. I may be considered as exaggerating when I declare that her countenance appeared nearly transparent, and her hands were more clear than may well be imagined. Her address was still more engaging than her person.

Such was the individual to whom my nut-brown and unadorned D—— W—— was selected as bridesmaid. My brother was gentlemanly, handsome, and gallant, but wild; with little judgment and a very moderate education.

It being determined that the wedding should be upon a public and splendid scale, both families prepared to act fully up to that resolution. The proper trades-people were set to work; ribbon favours were woven on a new plan; in fact, all Dublin heard of the preparations from the busy milliners, etc.; and on the happy day a crowd of neighbours collected about my father's house in Clare Street to see the cavalcade, which was to proceed to Old Court House, near the Dargle, where the ceremony was to be performed.

The dress of those days on such occasions was generally splendid, but our garments "out-Heroded Herod." The bridegroom, cased in white cloth with silver tissue, belaced and bespangled, glittered like an eastern caliph. My mother, a woman of high blood and breeding, and just pride, was clad in what was called a *manteau* of silvered satin. When standing direct before the lights she shone out as the reflector of a lamp; and as she moved majestically about the room, and curtseyed *à la Madame Pompadour*, the rustling of her embroidered habit sounded like music appropriate to the flow of compliments that enveloped her. My father, one of the handsomest men of his day, was much more plainly dressed than any of us.

The gilded coach of ceremony (which I noticed in an early sketch) was put in requisition; and its four blacks—Bully, Blackbird, the Colt, and Stopford (fourteen years of age)—were all as sleek and smooth as if cut out of ebony. Tom White and Keeran Karry, postilions, with big Nicholas, the footman, sported appropriate costumes; and the whole was led by Mr. Mahony, the butler, mounted on Brown Jack, my father's hunter.

The cavalcade started off at a hand-gallop for Bray, accompanied by the benediction of old Sarah, the cook, and Judy Berger, the hereditary housekeeper, who stood praying meanwhile, and crossing their foreheads, at the door. An old travelling chaise, of no very prepossessing appearance, which had been rescued from the cocks and hens in the country out-house, with a pair of hacks, was driven by Matthew Querns, the hunts-

man, and contained the residue of the party—namely, my two other brethren and self.

The more particular description of our attire may strike certain moderns as somewhat ridiculous; but that attire was in the *goût* of the day, and covered as good proportions as those of the new gentry who may deride it. The men wore no stays—the ladies covered their shoulders; and the first were to the full as brave, and the latter at least as modest, as their successors. *Our* wedding suits were literally thus composed:—The blue satin vests and inexpressibles were well laced and spangled wherever there was any room for ornament. The coats were of white cloth, with blue capes. Four large paste curls, white as snow with true rice-powder, and scented strong with real bergamot, adorned our heads. My third brother, Wheeler Barrington, had a coat of scarlet cloth, because he was intended for the army.

In truth, greater luminaries never attended a marriage festivity. Our equipage, however, by no means corresponded with our personal splendour and attractions, and I thought the contrast would be too ridiculous to any observing spectator who might know the family. I therefore desired Matthew to take a short turn from the great rock-road, to avoid notice as much as possible; which caution being given, we crowded into the tattered vehicle, and trotted away as swiftly as one blind and one lame horse could draw such magnificoes. There were, and are, on the circular road by which I had desired Matthew Querns to drive us, some of those nuisances called turnpikes. When we had passed the second gate, the gatekeeper, who had been placed there recently, of course demanded his toll. "Pay him, French," said I to my brother. "Faith," said French, "I changed my clothes, and I happen to have no money in my pocket." "No matter," answered I; "Wheeler, give the fellow a shilling." "I have not a rap," said Wheeler; "I lost every halfpenny I had yesterday at the royal cockpit in Essex Street."

By a sort of instinct I put my hand into my own pocket; but instinct is not money, and reality quickly informed me that I was exactly in the same situation. However, "No matter,"

again said I; so I desired old Matthew Querns to pay the turnpike. "Is it me pay the pike?" said Matthew—"me? the devil a cross of wages I got from the master this many a day; and if I did, do you think, Master Jonah, the liquor would not be after having it out of me by this time?" and he then attempted to drive on, *without* paying, as he used to do at Cullenaghmore. The man however grappled the blind horse, and gave us a full quantum of abuse, in which his wife, who issued forth at the sound, vociferously joined. Matthew began to whack him and the horses alternately with his thong whip; my brother French struggled to get out, and beat the pike-man; but the door would not open readily, and I told him that if he beat the turnpike-man properly, he'd probably bleed *a few* himself; and that a single drop of blood on his fine clothes would effectually exclude him from society. This reasoning succeeded; but the blind horse, not perceiving what was the matter, supposed something worse had happened, and began to plunge and break the harness. "You d—d gilt vagabonds," said the turnpike man, "such fellows should be put into the stocks or ducked at the broad stone beyond Kilmainham. Oh! I know you well enough! (looking into the carriage-window)—what are yees but stage-players that have run away from Smock Alley, and want to impose upon the country-folk! But I'll neither let yees back or forward, by ——, till you pay me a *hog* for the pike, and two and eightpence-halfpenny for every wallop of the whip that the old green mummer there gave me, when I only wanted my honest dues."

I saw fighting was in vain; but courtesy can do anything with an Irishman. "My honest friend," said I (to soften him), "you're right; we are poor stage-players sure enough: we have got a loan of the clothes from Mr. Ryder—may Heaven bless him! and we're hired out to play a farce for a great wedding that's to be performed at Bray to-night. When we come back with our money we'll pay you true and fair, and drink with you till you're stiff, if you think proper."

On this civil address the pike-man looked very kind.

"Why, then, by my sowl it's true enough," said he, "ye can't be very rich till ye get your entrance-money; but sure I won't be out of pocket for all that. Well, faith and troth, ye look like decent stage-players; and I'll tell you what, I like good music, so I do. Give me a new song or two, and d—mme but I'll let you off, you poor craturs, till you come back agin. Come, give us a chaunt, and I'll help you to mend the harness too!"

"Thank you, sir," said I humbly. "I can't sing," said my brother French, "unless I'm drunk!" "Nor I, drunk or sober," said Wheeler. "You *must* sing for the *pike*," said I to French; and at length he set up his pipes to a favourite song, often heard among the half-mounted gentlemen in the country when they were drinking; and as I shall never forget any incident of that (to me) eventful day, and the ditty is quite characteristic both of the nation generally and the half-mounted gentlemen in particular (with whom it was a sort of charter-song), I shall give it.

D—n money—it's nothing but trash:
We're happy though ever so poor!
When we have it we cut a great dash,
When it's gone, we ne'er think of it more.
Then, let us be wealthy or not,
Our spirits are always the same;
We're free from every dull thought,
And the "Boys of old Ireland's" our name!

I never saw a poor fellow so pleased as the pike-man; the words hit his fancy: he shook us all round, most heartily, by the hand, and, running into his lodge, brought out a pewter pot of frothing beer, which he had just got for himself, and insisted on each of us taking a drink. We of course complied. He gave Matthew a drink too, and desired him not to be so handy with his whip to other pike-men, or they'd *justice* him at Kilmainham. He then helped up our traces; and Matthew meanwhile, who, having had the last draught, had left the pot no further means of exercising its hospitality—enlivened by the

liquor and encouraged by the good-nature of the pike-man and his pardon for the *walloping*—thought the least he could do in gratitude was to give the honest man a sample of his own music, vocal and instrumental: so, taking his hunting horn from under his coat (he never went a yard without it) and sounding his best "Death of Reynard," he sang a stave which was then the charter-song of *his* rank, and which he roared away with all the graces of a view holloa.

Ho ! ro ! the sup of good drink !
And it's ho ! ro ! the heart wou'dn't think !
Oh ! had I a shilling lapp'd up in a clout,
'Tis a sup of good drink that should wheedle it out.
And it's ho ! ro ! etc. etc.

The man of the pike was delighted. "Why, then, by my sowl, you ould mummer," said he, "it's a pity the likes of you should *want* a *hog*. 'Arrah! here (handing him a shilling), maybe your whistle would run dry on the road, and you'll pay me when you come back, won't you? Now, all's settled, off wid yees! Success! success!" And away we went, as fast as the halt and blind could convey us.

We arrived safe and in high glee, just as the prayer-book was getting ready for the ceremony. I apologised for our apparent delay by telling the whole story in my own manner. D—— W—— seemed wonderfully amused. I caught her eye: it was not like Desdemona's; but she told me afterward that my *odd* mode of relating that adventure first made her remark me as a singularity. She was so witty on it herself, that she was the cause of wit in me. She was indefatigable at sallies—I not idle at repartee; and we both amused ourselves and entertained the company.

I sat next to D—— W—— at dinner, danced with her at the ball, pledged her at supper, and before two o'clock in the morning my heart had entirely deserted its master.

I will here state, by way of episode, that great difficulties and delays, both of law and equity, had postponed the matrimonial connection of my brother, Major Barrington (he bore

that rank in the old volunteers), for a considerable time. There was not money enough *afloat* to settle family incumbrances, and keep the younger children from starving. A temporary suspension was of course put to the courtship. My brother in consequence grew nearly outrageous, and swore to me that he had not slept a wink for three nights, considering what species of *death* he should put himself to. Strong and young (though tolerably susceptible myself), my heart was at that time my own, and I could not help laughing at the extravagance of his passion. I tried to ridicule him out of it. "Heavens!" said I, "Jack, how can you be at a loss on *that* score? You know I am pretty sure that, by your intended suicide, I shall get a step nearer Cullenaghmore. Therefore, I will remind you that there are a hundred very *genteel* ways by which you may despatch yourself without either delay or expense.

He looked at me quite wildly. In fact he was distractedly in love. Alicia was eternally on his lips, and I really believe, if his head had been cut off, like the man's in Alonza de Cordova, it would have continued pronouncing "Alicia," till every drop of blood was clean out of it. Reasoning with a mad lover is in vain, so I still pursued ridicule. "See," said I, "that marble chimney-piece at the end of the room. Suppose, now, you run head-foremost against it, in all human probability you'll knock your brains out in a novel, and not at all in a vulgar way."

I spoke in jest, but found my hearer jested not. Before I could utter another word he bent his head forward, and with might and main rushed plump at the chimney-piece, which he came against with a crash that I had no doubt must have finished him completely. He fell back and lay without a struggle; the blood gushed, and I stood petrified. The moment I was able I darted out of the room, and calling for aid, his servant Neil came. I told him that his master was dead.

"Dead!" said Neil; "by —— he is, and *double dead* too! Ah! then, who *kilt* the major?"

He took him up in his arms, and laid him on a sofa. My brother, however, soon gave Neil the "retort courteous." He

opened his eyes, groaned, and appeared anything but *dying*. My fright ceased. He had been only stunned and his head cut, but his brains were safe in their case. He had luckily come in contact with the *flat* part of the marble; had he hit the *moulding*, he would have ended his love and misfortunes together, and given me, as I had said, a step toward Cullenaghmore. The cut on his head was not material, and in a few days he was tolerably well again. This story, however, was not to be divulged. It was determined that it should remain with us a great secret. Neil, his servant, we swore on a Bible not to say a word about it to anybody; but the honest man must have practised some mental reservation, as he *happened* just only to *hint* it to his sweetheart, Mary Donnellan, my mother's maid, and she, in a tender moment, told the postilion Keeran, for whom she had a regard. Keeran never kept a secret in all his life, so he told the dairymaid, Molly Coyle, whom he preferred to Mary Donnellan, and the dairymaid told my father, who frequented the dairy, and delighted to see Molly Coyle a-churning. The thing at length became quite public, and my brother, to avoid raillery, set off to his regiment at Philipstown, whither I accompanied him. He still raved about taking the first favourable *opportunity* of putting himself to death, if the courtship were much longer suspended; and spoke of gallantly throwing himself off his charger at full gallop, previously fastening his foot in the stirrup. The being dragged head downwards over a few heaps of paving-stones would certainly have answered his deadly purpose well enough; but I dissuaded him without much difficulty from that species of self-murder, by assuring him that everybody, in such a case, would attribute his death to *bad horsemanship*, which would remain, on the records of the regiment, an eternal disgrace to his professional character. Many other projects he thought of; but I must here make one remark, which perhaps may be a good one in general—namely, that every one of these projects *happened* to originate *after dinner*—a period when Irishmen's chivalric fancies are at their most enthusiastic and visionary height.

At length a happy letter reached the major, signifying that all parties had agreed, and that his Alicia, heart and hand, was to be given up to him for life, as his own private and exclusive property—"to have and to hold, for better for worse," etc. etc. This announcement rendered him almost as wild as his despair had done previously. When he received the letter, he leaped down a flight of stairs at one spring, and in five minutes ordered his charger to be saddled for himself; his hunter, "Mad Tom," for me; and his chestnut, "Rainbow," for Neil. In ten minutes we were all mounted and in full gallop toward Dublin, which he had determined to reach that night after one short stoppage at Kildare, where we arrived, without slackening rein, in as short a time as if we had rode a race. The horses were fed well, and drenched with hot ale and brandy; but as none of them were in love, I perceived that they would willingly have deferred the residue of the journey till the ensuing morning. Indeed, my brother's steed, conceiving that *charges* of such rapidity and length were not at all military, unless in *running away*, determined practically to convince his master that such was his notion. We passed over the famous race-ground of the Curragh in good style; but, as my brother had not given his horse time to lie down gently and rest himself in the ordinary way, the animal had no choice but to perform the feat of lying down whilst in full gallop—which he did very expertly just at the Curragh stand-house. The only mischief occurring herefrom was, that the drowsy charger stripped the skin, like rags, completely off both his knees, scalped the top of his head, got a hurt in the back-sinews, and, no doubt without intending it, broke both my brother's collar-bones. When we came up (who were a few hundred yards behind him), both man and beast were lying very quietly, as if asleep—my brother about five or six yards before the horse, who had cleverly thrown his rider far beyond the chance of being tumbled over by himself. The result was, as usual on similar occasions, that the horse was led limping and looking foolish to the first stable, and committed to all the farriers and grooms in the neighbourhood. My brother was carried

flat on a door to the nearest alehouse; and doctors being sent for, *three* (with bags of instruments) arrived from different places before night, and after a good deal of searching and fumbling about his person, one of them discovered that both collar-bones were smashed as aforesaid, and that if either of the broken bones, or splinters thereof, turned *inward* by his stirring, it might run through the lobes of his lungs, and very suddenly end all hopes of ever completing his journey: his nose had likewise taken a different turn from that it had presented when he set out:—and the palms of his hands fully proved that they could do without any skin, and with a very moderate quantity of flesh.

However, the bones were well arranged, a pillow strapped under each arm, and another at his shoulder-blades. All necessary comforts were procured, as well as furniture from Mr. Hamilton, whose house was near. I did not hear a word that night about Alicia; but in due time the major began to recover once more, and resumed his love, which had, *pro tempore*, been literally knocked out of him. It was announced by the doctor that it would be a long time before he could use his hands or arms, and that removal or exercise might produce a new fracture, and send a splinter or bone through any part of his interior that might be most handy.

Though I thought the blood he had lost, and the tortures the doctor put him to, had rendered his mind a good deal tamer than it was at Maryborough, he still talked much of Alicia, and proposed that I should write to her, on his part, an account of his misfortunes; and the doctor in attendance allowing him the slight exertion of signing his name and address in his own handwriting, I undertook to execute my task to the utmost of my skill, and certainly performed it with great success. I commenced with due warmth, and stated that the "accident he had met with only retarded the happiness he should have in making her his wife, which he had so long burned for, but which circumstances till then had prevented," etc. etc. The words I recollect pretty well, because they afterward afforded me infinite amusement. The letter was sealed with the family arms and crest.

"Now, Jonah," said my brother, "before I marry I have a matter of some importance to arrange, lest it should come to the ears of my Alicia, which would be my ruin; and I must get you to see it settled for me at Philipstown, so as to prevent anything exploding." He went on to give me the particulars of a certain *liaison* he had formed with a young woman there, an exciseman's daughter, which he was now, as may be supposed, desirous of breaking; and, though protesting that interference in such matters was not at all to my taste, I consented to write, at his dictation, a sort of compromise to the party, which he having signed, both epistles were directed at the same time, and committed to the post-office of Kilcullen bridge.

The amorous and fractured invalid was now rapidly advancing to a state of convalescence. His nose had been renovated with but an inconsiderable partiality for the left cheek; his collar-bones had approximated to a state of adhesion; and he began impatiently to count the days and nights that would metamorphose his Alicia from a spinster to a matron.

The extravagance of his flaming love amused me extremely: his aërial castles were built, altered, and demolished with all the skill and rapidity of modern architecture; while years of exquisite and unalloyed felicity arose before his fancy, of which they took an immovable grasp.

We were busily engaged one morning in planning and arranging his intended establishment, on returning to the sports and freaks of a country gentleman, with the addition of a terrestrial angel to do the honours, when, on a sudden, we heard rather a rough noise at the entrance of the little chamber wherein the invalid was still reclining upon a feather-bed, with a pillow under each arm to keep the bones in due position. Our old fat landlady, who was extremely partial to the cornet,* burst in with her back towards us, endeavouring to prevent the entrance of a stranger, who, however, without the least ceremony, giving her a hearty curse, dashed into the centre of the room in a state of bloated rage scarcely conceivable—which was more extra-

* My brother's *actual* rank in the *army*.

ordinary, as the individual appeared to be no other than Captain Tennyson Edwards of the 30th regiment, third brother of the beloved Alicia. Of course we both rose to welcome him most heartily: this, however, he gave us no opportunity of doing; but laying down a small mahogany case which he carried in his hand, and putting his arms akimbo, he loudly exclaimed, without any exordium, "Why, then, Cornet Jack Barrington, are you not the greatest scoundrel that ever disgraced civilised society?"

This query of course was not answered in the affirmative by either of us; and a scene of astonishment on the one side and increasing passion on the other, baffled all commonplace description: I must therefore refer it to the imagination of my readers. The retort courteous was over and over reiterated on both sides without the slightest attempt at any *éclaircissement*.

At length the captain opened his mahogany case, and exhibited therein a pair of what he called his "barking-irons," bright and glittering as if both able and willing to commit most expertly any murder or murders they might be employed in.

"You scoundrel!" vociferated the captain to the cornet, "only that your bones were smashed by your horse, I would not leave a whole one this day in your body. But I suppose your brother here will have no objection to exchange shots *for* you, and not keep me waiting till you are well enough to be *stiffened!* Have you any objection (turning to me) 'to take a *crack?*'"

"A very considerable objection," answered I; "first, because I never fight without knowing *why;* and secondly, because my brother is not in the habit of fighting by proxy."

"Not know why?" roared the captain. "There, read that! Oh! I wish you were hale and whole, cornet, that I might have the pleasure of a *crack* with *you!*"

I lost no time in reading the letter, and at once perceived that my unlucky relative had, in the flurry of his love, misdirected each of the two epistles just now spoken of, and consequently informed "the divine Alicia" that he could hold no further intercourse with her, etc.

A fit of convulsive laughter involuntarily seized me, which

nothing could restrain; and the captain meanwhile, nearly bursting with rage, reinvited me to be shot at. My brother stood all the time like a ghost, in more pain, and almost in as great a passion, as our visitor. He was unable to articulate; and the pillows fixed under each arm rendered him one of the most grotesque figures that a painter could fancy.

When I recovered the power of speaking, which was not speedily, I desired Tennyson to follow me to another room. He took up his pistol-case, and expecting I was about to indulge him with a *crack* or two, seemed somewhat easier in mind and temper. I at once explained to him the curious mistake, and without the least hesitation the captain burst into a much stronger paroxysm of laughter than I had just escaped from. Never did any officer in the king's service enjoy a victory more than Captain Edwards did this strange blunder. It was quite to his taste, and on our proposing to make the invalid as happy as exhaustion and fractures would admit of, a new scene, equally unexpected, but of more serious consequences, turned up.

A ruddy, active, and handsome country girl came to the door, and sprang with rapidity from a pillion on which she had been riding behind a good-looking rustic lad. Our landlady greeted her new customer with her usual urbanity. "You're welcome to these parts, miss," said Mrs. Mahony; "you stop to-night—to be sure you do. What do you choose, miss? Clean out the settle-bed parlour. The chickens and rashers, miss, are capital, so they are. Gassoon, do run and howld the lady's beast; go, avourneen, carry him in and wipe him well—do you hear? and throw a wisp of hay before the poor brute. You rode hard, miss, so you did!"

"Oh! where's the cornet?" cried the impatient maiden, totally disregarding Mrs. Mahony; for it was Jenny ——— herself, who had come speedily from Philipstown to forestall the happy moments which my bewildered brother had, in his letter to his Alicia, so delightfully anticipated. Nothing could restrain her impatience; she burst into the little parlour full on the astounded invalid, who was still standing bolt upright, like a

statue, in the very position wherein we had left him. His loving Jenny, however, unconscious that his collar-bones had been disunited, rushed into his arms with furious affection. "Oh, my dearest Jack!" cried she, "we *never* part *no* more! no, never, never!" and tight, indeed, was the embrace wherewith the happy Jenny now encircled the astonished cornet; but, alas! down came one of the pillows! the arm, of course, closed; and one-half of the left collar-bone being as ignorant as its owner of the cause of so obstreperous an embrace, and, wishing as it were to see what matter was going forward in the world, instantly divorced itself from the other half, and thrusting its ivory end through the flesh, skin, and integuments, which had obstructed its egress, quickly appeared peeping through the lover's shirt.

The unfortunate inamorato could stand these accumulated shocks no longer, and sank upon the feather-bed in a state of equal astonishment and exhaustion, groaning piteously.

Here I must again apply to the imagination of my reader for a true picture of the succeeding scene. Fielding alone could render a detail palatable; the surgeons were once more sent for to reset the collar; an energetic kiss, which his Jenny had imprinted on the cornet's nose, again somewhat disturbed its new position, and conferred a pain so acute, as to excite exclamations, by no means gentle in their nature, from the unresisting sufferer.

Suffice it to say, Jenny was with much difficulty at length forced away from her Jack, if not in a dead *faint*, at least in something extremely *like* one. An *éclaircissement* took place so soon as she came round; and the *compromise*, before hinted at, was ultimately effected.

Edwards asked a hundred pardons of my poor brother, who, worn out, and in extreme pain, declared he would as soon die as live. In fine, it was nearly a month more ere the cornet could travel to Dublin, and another before he was well enough to throw himself at the feet of his dulcinea; which ceremony was in due season succeeded by the wedding* I have already

* Irish marriages ran, some few years ago, an awkward risk of being nullified *en masse*, by the decision of two English judges. In 1826 I met, at Boulogne-

given my account of, and which left me much more unaccountably smitten than my more fiery brother.

Captain Tennyson Edwards subsequently ran away with the kind-hearted Jenny, and in three or four years after married one of the prettiest of my six sisters. He was one of the drollest fellows in the world on some occasions, and had once nearly ended his days similarly, though more vulgarly, to the traditional catastrophe of the Duke of Clarence in the Tower.

sur-Mer, a young Hibernian nobleman, the eldest son of an Irish peer, who had arrived there in great haste from Paris, and expressed considerable, though somewhat ludicrous, trepidation on account of a rumour that had reached him of his being *illegitimatised.* In fact, the same dread seized upon almost all the Irish of any family there.

"I have no time to lose," said Lord ——, "for the packet is just setting off, and I must go and inquire into these matters. By Heaven," added he, "I won't leave one of the judges alive, if they take my property and title! I am fit for *nothing else*—you *know* I am not; and I may as well be hanged as beggared!"

Scarce had his lordship, from whom I could obtain no explanation, departed, when another scion of Irish nobility—the Honourable John Leeson, son to the late Earl of Miltown—joined me on the pier. "Barrington, have you seen to-day's papers?" asked he.

"No," I answered.

"Where was your father married?"

"In my grandfather's house," replied I, with some surprise.

"Then, by Jove," exclaimed Leeson, "you are an *illegitimate*, and so am I! My father was married at home, at eight o'clock in the evening, and that's *fatal.* A general outcry has taken place among all the Irish at the reading-room."

He then proceeded to inform me of the real cause of the consternation, and it was no trivial one. Two very able and honest English judges (Bayley and Park), on trying a woman for *bigamy*, had decided that, according to the English law, a marriage in a private house, without special license or in canonical hours, was *void;* and, of course, the woman was acquitted, having been united to her first husband in Ireland without those requisites. Had that decision stood, it would certainly have rendered ninety-nine out of a hundred of the Irish Protestants, men, women, and children—nobility, clergy, and gentry—absolutely illegitimate. It was a very droll mistake of the learned judges; but was on the merciful side of the question before them, was soon amended, and no mischief whatsoever resulted from it; though it was said that a great number of husbands and wives were extremely *disappointed* at the judges altering their decision. I seldom saw any couple married in Church in Ireland; and in former times the ceremony was generally performed between dinner and supper, when people are supposed to be vastly more in love with each other than in the middle of the day.

He persuaded a very comely dairymaid, at Old Court, that if she would not abscond with him, he should end his life in despair, and she would, in the eye of Heaven, be guilty of his *murder;* and, to convince her of his fixed determination to commit suicide for love of her, he put his head into a very high churn of butter-milk, which was standing in the dairy—when, the floor being slippery, his feet gave way, and he pounced down, head-foremost and feet upward, clean into the churn; and had not the gardener been at hand on the instant, he would have expired by the most novel mode of extermination on record.

THE LAST OF THE GERALDINES.

In the early part of my life the system of domestic government and family organisation was totally different from that at present in vogue. The patriarchal authority was then frequently exercised with a rigour which, in days of degenerate relaxation, has been converted into a fruitful subject for even dramatic ridicule. In Ireland the "rule of the patriarchs" has become nearly extinguished. New lights have shone upon the rising generation; the "rights of women" have become a statute law of society; and the old wholesome word *obedience*, by which all wives and children were formerly influenced, has been reversed, by prefacing it with the monosyllable *dis*.

"Everybody is acquainted," said an intimate friend of mine to his wife in my presence, "with the ruinous state of obstinacy and contradiction raging in modern times among the subordinate members of families throughout the United Kingdom; as if the word *united* were applied to the empire only to satirise the *dis*-united habits, manners, politics, religion, and morality of its population. There are," continued he, "certain functions that must be exercised every day (two or three times a-day *if possible*) by persons of all descriptions, who do not wish to leave this world within a week at the very latest; but, unless on the absolute necessity of mastication for purposes of self-support, I am not aware of any other subject respecting which unanimity of opinion is even affected among the individuals of any family throughout the country."

The wife nodded assent, but spake not; first, because she hated all controversy; and second, because though, on the subject of domestic supremacy, she was always sure of getting the

worst of the argument, she contented herself with having, beyond doubt, the best of the practice.*

My friend's observations were, I think, just. In my time the change has been excessive; and to enable my readers to form a better judgment of the matter, I will lay before them a few authentic anecdotes of rather antique dates.

In vol. i. I mentioned the illustrious exploits of my great-aunt, Elizabeth Fitzgerald, of Moret Castle, and the heroic firmness wherewith she bore the afflicting view of my great-uncle Stephen, her husband, "dancing upon nothing" (as the Irish phrase it) at the castle-gate, immediately under the battlements; and though it is *possible* there may exist some modern ladies who might have sufficient self-possession to look on a similar object without evincing those signs of inconsolability natural to be expected on such an occasion, yet I will venture to say few are to be found who, like my aunt Elizabeth, would risk their lives and property rather than accept of a *second* husband. Nor do I believe that, since the patriarchal government has been revolutionised by the unnatural rebellion of wives and children, there has existed one lady—young, old, or middle-aged—in the three kingdoms, who could be persuaded to imitate the virtuous Gentoos, and voluntarily undergo conflagration with her departed lord and master.

My great-uncle had a son borne unto him by his magnanimous spouse, who was very young and in the castle at the time his father was *corded* (*Hibernice*). Elizabeth led him to the castle-top, and showing him his dangling parent, cried, "See there!

* Mrs. Mary Morton of Ballyroan, a very worthy domestic woman, told me many years since that she had but one way of ruling her husband, which, as it is rather a novel way, and may be of some use to my fair readers, I will mention in her own words.

"You know," said Mrs. Morton, "that Tom is most horribly *nice* in his eating, and *fancies* that both abundant and good food is *essential* to his health. Now, when he has been out of temper with me, he is sure of having a very *bad* dinner; if he grumbles, I tell him that whenever he puts me into a *twitter* by his *tantrums*, I always *forget* to give the cook proper directions. This is sure," added she, "of keeping him in good humour for a week at least!"

you were born a Geraldine; the blood of that noble race is in you, my boy! See—see the sufferings of your own father! Never did a *true* Geraldine forgive an enemy! I perceive your little face gets flushed; you tremble; ay, ay, 'tis for *revenge!* Shall a Cahill live?"

"No, mother, no! when I'm able, I'll kill them *all!* I'll kill all the Cahills myself!" cried the lad, worked on by the fury of his respectable mother.

"That's my dear boy!" said Elizabeth, kissing him fervently. "Shall *one* live?"

"No, mother, not one," replied the youngster.

"Man, woman, or child?" pursued the heroine.

"Neither man, woman, nor child," echoed her precocious son.

"You are a Geraldine," repeated Elizabeth. "Call the priest," added she, turning to a warder.

"He made a little too free, my lady mistress," said the warder, "and is not very fitting for duty, saving your presence; but he'll soon sleep it off."

"Bring him up, nevertheless," cried Elizabeth; "I command you to bring up his reverence."

The priest was accordingly *produced* by Keeran Karry. "Father," said the lady, "where's your manual?"

"Where should it be," *answered* the priest (rather sobered), "but where it always is, lady?" pulling, as he spake, a book out of a pocket in the waistband of his breeches, where (diminished and under the name of a *fob*) more modern clergymen carry their watches.

"Now, your reverence," said Elizabeth, "we'll *swear* the young squire to revenge my poor Stephen, his father, on the Cahills, root and branch, as soon as he comes to manhood. Swear him!—swear him *thrice!*" exclaimed she.

The boy was duly sworn, and the manual reposited in the priest's smallclothes.

"Now, take the boy down and duck him, head over heels, in the horse-pond!" cried his mother.

Young Fitzgerald roared lustily, but was nevertheless well soused, to make him remember his oath the better. This oath he repeated upon the same spot, while his mother lived, on every anniversary of his father's murder; and it was said by the old tenants that "young Stephen," though flourishing in more civilised times, religiously kept the vow as far as he could; and that, so soon as he came into possession of Moret, four of the ablest of the Cahills (by way of a beginning) were *missed* from the neighbourhood of Timahoe in one night, nobody ever discovering what had become of them,—indeed, the fewest words were considered far the safest.

The skeletons of four lusty fellows, however, were afterwards found in clearing out a pit in the Donane Colliery, and many persons said they had belonged to the four Cahills from Timahoe; but, as the colliers very sapiently observed, there being no particular marks whereby to distinguish the bones of a Cahill from those of any other "boy," no one could properly identify them.

A bystander, who had been inspecting the relics, protested, on hearing this remark made, that *he* could swear to *one* of the skulls at least (which appeared to have been fractured and trepanned); and he gave a very good reason for this assertion—namely, that it was himself who had "cracked the skull of Ned Cahill at the fair of Dysart, with a *walloper*, and he knew the said skull ever after. It was between jest and earnest," continued Jemmy Corcoran, "that I broke his head—all about a game-cock, and be d—d to it! and by the same token, I stood by in great grief at Maryborough, while Doctor Stapleton was twisting a round piece out of Ned Cahill's skull, and laying a *two-and-eight-penny-halfpenny** (beaten quite thin on the smith's forge) over the hole, to cover his brains *anyway*. The devil a brain in his sconce but I could see plainly; and the said *two-and-eight-penny-halfpenny* stayed fast under his *wig* for many a year, till Ned pulled it off (bad luck to it!) to pay for drink

* An Irish silver *half-crown* piece, the difference of English and Irish currency.

with myself at Timahoe. They said he was ever after a little cracked when in his liquor; and I'm right sorry for having art or part in that same fracture, for Ned was a good boy, so he was, and nobody would strike him a stroke on the head at any rate after the *two-and-eight-penny-halfpenny* was *pledged* off his skull."

Though Mr. Jemmy Corcoran was so confident as to the skull he had fractured, his testimony was not sufficient legally to identify a Cahill, and the four sets of bones being quietly buried at Clapook, plenty of masses, etc., were said for an entire year by Father Cahill of Stradbally to get their souls clean out of purgatory; that is, if they were in it, which there was not a *clergy* in the place would *take on* to say he was "sartain sure of." *

This Stephen Fitzgerald—who had killed the Cahills, sure enough, as became the true son and heir of the aforesaid Stephen, who was hanged—lived, as report went, plentifully and regularly at Moret. No better gentleman existed, the old people said, in the quiet way, after once he had put the four Cahills into the coal-pit, as he promised his worthy mother Elizabeth, "the likes of whom Moret never saw before nor since, nor ever will while time is time, and longer too!"

Stephen had one son only, who is the principal subject of my present observations; and as he and his family (two lovely boys and two splendid girls) were not exactly the same sort of

* I recollect (at an interval of more than fifty years) Father Doran of Culmaghbeg, an excellent man, full of humour and well informed, putting the *soul* in the most comprehensible state of personification possible. He said the *women* could not understand what the soul was by the old explanations.

"I tell you all, my flock," said Father Doran, "there's not a man, woman, or child among you that has not his soul this present minute shut up in his body, waiting for the last judgment, according to his faith and actions. I tell you fairly, that if flesh could be seen through, like a glass window, you might see every one's soul at the inside of his body peeping out through the ribs like the prisoners at the jail of Maryborough through their iron bars; and the moment the breath is out of a man or woman, the soul escapes and makes off to be dealt with as it deserves, and that's the truth: so say your beads and remember your clergy!"—(*Author's note.*)

people commonly seen now-a-days, it may not be uninteresting to give my readers a picture of them.

Stephen, the son of Elizabeth, had been persuaded by Mr. John Lodge, an attorney of Bull Alley, in the city of Dublin (who married a maid-servant of my grandfather's at Cullenagh), that the two-mile race-course of the Great Heath in Queen's County, which King George pretended was his property because it had been formerly taken from a papist Geraldine, now reverted to my great-uncle's family, in consequence of their being Protestants; and Mr. Lodge added, that if Squire Stephen would make his son a counsellor, no doubt he would more aptly trace pedigrees, rights, titles, and attainders, and, in fine, get possession of several miles of the Great Heath, or of the race-course at any rate.

The advice was adopted, and Stephen the son was sent to the Temple in London to study law; and while there, was poisoned at a cook's shop by the cook's daughter because he would not marry her. This poisoning (though it was not fatal), he always said, *stopped his growth* like witchcraft.

The father died in his bed; and my uncle, Stephen the counsellor, became a double relative from marrying Catherine Byrne, daughter of Sir John Byrne, Bart., of Timahoe Castle, and sister to my grandmother, heretofore mentioned. After he had studied Bracton, Fleta, Littleton, the Year Books, the three Cokes, and in short the *marrow* of the English law, he used to say that he got on very well with the *first* book, not so well with the *second*, worse with the *third;* and at length found that the more he read, the more he was puzzled, knowing less when he left off than when he began—as all the law-books contradicted each other like the lawyers themselves: thus, after two years' hard work, he gave up all further attempts to expound what he swore *'fore God* was utterly inexplicable. He also relinquished his father's squabble with King George as to the race-course on the Great Heath; and, concentrating his search after knowledge upon one learned book, the *Justice of Quorum's Pocket Companion*, commenced *magistrate*. He was likewise a horse-racer, country

gourmand, tippler, and farmer. His wife, my aunt, was as ordinary a gentlewoman "as may be seen of a summer's day;" but then, she was worthy in proportion.

As to my uncle's figure, nothing resembling it having ever been seen, at least by me, I cannot pretend to give any idea of it, save by an especial description. He was short (which he said was the effect of the poison), and as broad as long—appearing to grow the wrong way. He observed, touching this subject, that where there are *materials* for growth, if anything does not advance in height, it spreads out like a *fir-tree*,* when the top shoot is broken off and it fills wide at the bottom. He was not actually fat, nor particularly bony: I think his bulk consisted of solid, substantial flesh. His face was neither extravagantly ugly, nor disproportioned to his body; but a double, or rather treble chin descended in layers very nearly to the pit of his stomach, whence his paunch abruptly stretched out, as if placed by Nature as a shelf for the chin to rest upon. His limbs each gained in thickness what it wanted in length; so that it would seem impossible for him to be *thrown down*, or if he were, he would roll about like a ball. His hands (as if Nature exhibited the contrast for amusement's sake) were thin, white, and ladylike—so much so, indeed, that did he fall, they could not help him up again. "Each particular hair" was almost of the thickness of a goose-quill; his locks were *queued* behind, and combed about once or twice a-*month*. His nostrils were always crammed with snuff (now and then discharged, as from a mortar, by sneezing), and his *chins* were so well dusted and caked with that material, that the whole visage at times appeared as if it were a magazine thereof.

My uncle's dress exactly matched his style of person: he always wore a *snuff*-coloured coat and breeches, with a scarlet

* This idea was a standing joke with him for some time, till old Kit Julian, the retired exciseman (heretofore mentioned), made a hit at my uncle, which put his comparison to an end. "By my troth, then, Counsellor," said Kit, "if you *are* like a fir, it is not a '*spruce* fir' anyhow." This sarcasm cut my uncle in the *raw;* and it was said that he had an additional shaving-day and clean cravat every week afterward.—(*Author's note.*)

waistcoat that had been once bound with lace (the strings whereof remained, like ruins in a landscape); blue worsted stockings, and immense silver shoe and knee buckles. His hat was very large, with a blunt cock in front. It had also once been fully laced; but no *button* had been seen on it since the year succeeding his nuptials.

The fruits of my uncle's marriage were, as I have said, two boys and two girls. The eldest of these Geraldines, Tom, took to what ignorant doctors call poison—but country gentlemen, *potation*. My uncle declared he knew from his own experience that a "little learning was a dangerous thing;" and therefore thought it better that Tom should have none at all! Tom therefore studied nothing but "Carolan's receipt for drinking!" The art of writing his own name came pretty readily; but his penmanship went no further. At twenty-six he quarrelled with a vicious horse, which was easily offended. The animal, on his master's striking him with a whip, returned the blow with his hoof; and on Tom being taken to his chamber and examined, it was found that he had left the greater part of his brains in the stable.

Jack, his brother, was now heir-apparent. His figure was nearly as grotesque, but only half the size of his father's; his eyes were of the most cautious description, one closely watching his nose, the other glancing quite outward, to see that no enemy approached. He loved liquor as well as Tom, but could not get down so much of it. Nevertheless, after a pretty long life, he was *concluded* by rather extravagant and too frequent doses of port and potteen.

I have already given some account of the castle of Moret as it formerly appeared. When I last saw it, some dozen of years back, it presented nothing remarkable save its ivy covering. The dwelling-house, which, as it stood in my uncle's time, would have been worth detailing (had not every country gentleman's mansion been of a similar genus), had declined into an ordinary residence. In Squire Stephen's day it was low, long, dilapidated, dirty, old, and ugly—and had defied paint, plaster, and whitewash, for at

least the better half of a century. The barn, court, dunghill, pigeon-house, horse-pond, piggery, and slaughter-house, formed, as usual, the chief prospects from the parlour-windows; and on hot days the effluvia were so exquisite, that one might clearly distinguish each several perfume.

My uncle never could contrive to stick on horseback, and therefore considered riding as a dangerous exercise for *any* gentleman. He used to say it was indeed one of his standing jokes, that jockeys and vulgar persons, being themselves *beasts*, might stick by virtue of mutual attraction upon their own species; but that ladies and gentlemen were, as a matter of course, always subject to tumble off. He bred and kept, notwithstanding, four or five race-horses, which he got regularly trained; and at every running upon the heath or curragh he entered such of them as were qualified by weight, etc.; yet, singularly enough, though the animals were well bred and well trained, not one, during the whole of the five-and-twenty years that he kept them, ever won a plate, prize, or race of any description; for all that he would never sell either for *any* price; and when they got too old to run any more, they were turned out to end their days unmolested in a marsh and the straw-yard. It was said by those competent to judge that some of these animals were excellent, but that Squire Fitzgerald's old groom used to give trials, and to physic the horses, and that (through his people) they were bought off when there was a probability of their winning. However, my uncle, so that none of them were distanced, was just as well pleased, exhibiting not the least uneasiness at their failure. Indeed, he never attended any of the races personally, or betted a shilling upon the event of one—circumstances which remind me of a certain judge, who was always sufficiently gratified by a simple conviction and by passing *sentence* on a culprit, eventually saving more lives by pardon than any two of his colleagues.

I was very young when taken to my uncle's for a stay of some months by my grandmother, but at an age when strong impressions are sometimes made upon the memory. I was a great

favourite, and indulged in everything, even by my uncle; and very frequently afterward, while my aunt lived at Moret in her widowhood, I visited there, every visit reminding me of former times, and recalling persons and things that might otherwise have been lost to my juvenile recollection. This latter was the period when, having nobody of my own age in the house to chatter to, I took delight in hearing the old people about Moret tell their long traditionary stories, which, as I observed in my first sketch (vol. i.) descended from generation to generation with hereditary exactness; and, to the present day, I retain a fondness for hearing old occurrences detailed.

My eldest female cousin, Miss Dolly Fitzgerald, was at least twelve years older than I when I was first taken to Moret by my grandmother; the second, Miss Fanny, ten. Never, sure, did two sisters present such a contrast. Dolly was as like her father as rather more height and an uncommonly fair skin would permit; her tongue was too large for the mouth, and consequently thickened her pronunciation; her hair was yellow; her feet were like brackets, and her hands resembled milk-white shoulders of mutton. Her features were good, but her nostrils and upper lip displayed considerable love of the favourite comforter of her father. She was very good natured, but ignorance personified.

Her sister was as thin as the handle of a sweeping-brush, and had dark eyes twinkling like stars on a vapoury evening, with yellow skin, black hair, a mouth literally stretching across the face (like a foss to protect her chin), very red lips, and much more vivacity than comprehension. There were few sound teeth in the whole family, and none that a dentist would think worth the expense of dressing.

For these two amiable young ladies it was the principal object of my aunt to procure husbands, if possible, in the neighbourhood. But the squires were shy of matching into the family of so great an oddity as my uncle. They preferred getting wives among people who went on the jog-trot of the world like themselves.

On this point my uncle and aunt entirely differed; and during the discussions as to their differences, time ran on, nothing was done for the ladies, and Miss Dolly was in her six-and-twentieth year before she was fully emancipated from the discipline of the nursery and suffered to dine at papa's table. When that important period arrived, it was considered as a great epoch at Moret Castle; all the neighbours were invited, and Dolly's majority was formally announced. She was then given to understand she might thereafter dine at the great table, speak to any gentleman she pleased, and, in short, have full liberty to act entirely as she thought proper, *provided* she always *previously* consulted her father's will, and obeyed it without "questions asked." She was likewise enjoined to take especial care not to forget her pastry.*

On these free and happy terms, Dolly was to have the chariot for a day, and to set the world on fire. The old carriage was accordingly cleared for action from the dust accumulated upon it, the horses' tails were trimmed, and the young lady was to go to the church of Portarlington the ensuing Sunday—"where," said my uncle to his spouse, "'fore Gad, Kate, our Dolly will catch some young fellow after the service is over, either in the aisle or the churchyard. She'll have some proposals; but, 'fore Gad, it's not *everybody* I'd give her to."

"Don't be too sure, Stephen," rejoined my aunt. "You keep your daughters as if they were haunches of venson. It's not everybody who has a taste for meat that has been hung a fortnight in the larder to give it a flavour. The meh, I tell you, like *fresh and fresh*, Stephen; and be assured you have kept Dolly too long to suit every man's palate. I have always been telling you so, but you are perpetually saying you'll be the *head* of your *own family;* so now you'll see the end of it!"

* The Irish ladies in the country at that period were always taught the art of pie and dumpling making, as a necessary accomplishment; and a husband who liked a good table always preferred a *housekeeper* to a *gadder*. *Tempora mutantur!*—(*Author's note.*)

The ladies seem to have vexed our author. There are no gadders now; the work of life keeps their noses to the grinding-stone.

"Why, Kate, you were a good while in the larder yourself at Timahoe before you got a husband," replied my uncle.

"I may thank the smallpox for that, Stephen," retorted my aunt: "only for that enemy I should never have been mistress of Moret Castle, Counsellor Stephen being governor of it!"

"Well, you'll see that I am right," said my uncle. "I tell you, men who look out for wives like a seasoned, obedient woman at the head of their families, and not your tittering, giddy young creatures that have not had time to settle their brains or mature their understandings. No girl should be away from the eye of her natural guardian till she arrives at the full extent of her twenty-sixth year, like Dolly. "You'll see now she'll do some *mischief* at the church or churchyard of Portarlington!"

"Stephen," said my aunt (who, by-the-by, had her nose nearly stopped by the smallpox, which made her somewhat snuffle, and gave a peculiar *emphasis* to her vowels) 'tis too late! Dolly knows nothing of the world. It would take a full year at the church and balls at Portarlington, the races of the Great Heath and green of Maryborough, the hurlings at the fort of Dunnally, and a month or two on a visit to our nephew, Jack Barrington, at Blandsfort, before she would learn enough to be able to converse with mankind on any subject—except darning your stockings, or turning off a kitchen-maid."

My uncle started as much as his form would admit; cocked his eyebrows, and stared with all his might. "'Fore Gad, Kate, I believe you are out of your wits! Did you say Jack Barrington's of Blandsfort? Jack Barrington's! Why, you know very well, Kate, as everybody knows, that there's nothing going on at that house but hunting and feasting; dancing all night, and rattling about all day like mad people; and coshering with raking pots of tea, hot cakes, syllabubs, pipers, and the devil knows what! No, no. If Dolly were to get one month among her cousins at Blandsfort, I should never see a day's comfort after; topsy-turvy would go Moret! I'd never be master of my own house half-an-hour after Dolly had received a course of

instruction at Jack Barrington's. I don't wish her to know too much of the world. No, no. 'Fore Gad, Kate, Dolly never puts her foot, while she is a spinster, into Jack Barrington's house at Blandsfort."

Folks generally become mulish as their years advance, and my uncle enjoyed that quality in its greatest perfection. The Misses Dolly and Fanny Fitzgerald were commanded, under the pain of displeasure, by their patriarchal father, Stephen, to abjure and give up all thoughts of the festivities of Blandsfort.

"'Fore Gad, Kate!" said my uncle to their more conceding mother—"'Fore Gad, Kate, you had better send the girls a visiting to the *antipodes* than be turning them upside down at Blandsfort. No rational man would have anything to do with them afterwards. There it is only pull-haul and tear, and the devil take the hindmost!—eh?"

"And for Heaven's sake, Stephen," replied my aunt (who was no cosmographer), "what *family* are these *antipodes* whom you would send our daughters to visit in preference to their nearest relations?—I never heard of them: they must be upstarts, Stephen. I thought I knew every family in the county."

"'Fore Gad, Kate!" rejoined my uncle, laughing heartily, "your father, old Sir John, ought to be tied to the cart's tail for so neglecting your education. Why, Kate, the antipodes are at this moment standing on their heads immediately under you—upside down, just as you see a fly on the ceiling, without the danger of falling down from it."

"And for Heaven's sake, Stephen," said my puzzled aunt, "how do the ladies keep down their petticoats in that position?"

"Ask Sir Isaac Newton that," said my uncle, who was not prepared for that interrogation. "But let me hear no more of the topsy-turvy of their cousins at Blandsfort. I'll send my daughters to church at Portarlington, Kate, where they cannot fail of being seen and much noticed."

"And that may not be much in their favour at present, Stephen," replied my aunt, who was not blind to her progeny—

"at least until they are a little better rigged out than in their present nursery dresses, Stephen."

"Rig away, rig away, Kate!" said my uncle, "rig away; you may make them as tawdry as jackdaws, so as you don't turn their heads at Jack Barrington's."

In fine, they were made sufficiently glaring, and, accompanied by aunt in the resuscitated postchaise, made their first *debut* at the church of Portarlington. Of course they attracted universal notice. The ladies congratulated my aunt on her showy girls; the parson on their coming of age; and the innkeeper declared they were the most genteelest of all the new subscribers to his ball and supper at the market-house.

The ladies returned to Moret highly delighted with their cordial reception in the churchyard, and Mrs. Gregory, the head mantua-maker of the county, was immediately set to work to fit out the ladies in the newest taste of Dublin fashions, preparatory to the next ball.

Now, Portarlington had been a very small village in the Queen's County until the French Protestant emigrants, on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, made a settlement there (it was said from the enormous quantity of fine frogs generated in that neighbourhood), and there they commenced schoolmasters and mistresses, with a good reputation, which they ceased not to keep up, until in time it became an established seminary. Here the numerous schools and academies were always ready to pour out their hobbledehoys and misses in their teens to the dances and assemblies; but very few mature gentlemen assisted at these coteries, and it was the customary prayer of all the young ladies going to those balls—"If I cannot get a *man* for a partner, O Heaven, in thy mercy, send me a big boy!"

Suffice it to say that my cousins, at the first ball, outglared all the females in the room put together; my aunt's old rings and hereditary paraphernalia had been brought fully into requisition. But, unfortunately, Providence sent them that night neither a grown man-partner nor a big boy in the shape of a man-partner, and, after having sat as full-blown wall-flowers

the whole night, they returned to Moret highly discouraged that their rose-colour satin and family Dresdens, which cut all the other girls out of feather, had no better result than the going home again—my philosophical aunt telling them all the way home, "that balls were no places to catch husbands at, there was so much variety; and I assure you, Dolly," said my aunt, "men, now-a-days, look more at a girl's purse than her flounces, and you'll have nothing very showy in that way whilst your father and mother are alive, Dolly."

My poor cousin Dolly's feet also, after three balls more (dead failures), got so crimped and cramped by tight shoes, to restrain her fat brackets within reasonable boundaries, that corns, bunions, callosities, etc., showed a plentiful harvest the ensuing summer, and, conspiring with her winter chilblains, and tortures to match, put my poor cousin's jigging out of the question for the remainder of her existence.

My cousin Fanny, whose feet were only bone and gristle, made numerous exhibitions both in the minuet and rigadoon, and for the same purpose. But no wooers for the Miss Fitzgeralds of Moret Castle made their advances; not a sigh was exploded for either of the demoiselles, though the church, the balls, the races at the Great Heath, and hurlings at the fort of Dunnally, were all assiduously attended for the laudable purpose aforesaid. All in vain. And after a two years' vigorous chase the game was entirely given over, and my cousins slunk back into cover, where, in all human probability, they would have remained during their lives, had not heaven sent down a putrid fever to bring my uncle Stephen up to it, as all the old ladies asserted, to please the widow, although old Julian, the exciseman, ungratefully remarked, that "there must have been a great number of vacancies in Heaven when they called up the counsellor there." However, before her weeds got rusty, my aunt, shaking a loose leg, after having been forty years handcuffed and linked to Counsellor Stephen, set out with the entire family for the great city of Dublin, where, no doubt, the merits if not the beauty of my cousins, with a more proximate reversion, would be duly appreciated.

However, neither their merit nor beauty, nor the reversion, could exorcise the spirit of celibacy, which still pursued them from Moret. Jack, their brother, married a mantua-maker; and my poor uncle, not being a Mahomedan, and, of course, not having any houri in the clouds to solace his leisure hours, and finding himself lonesome without his old Kate, Providence again showed its kindness towards him, and sent down a pulmonary consumption to Dublin to carry my aunt up to her well-beloved Stephen. My unfortunate cousins were now left orphans, of only forty and forty-one years of age, to buffet with the cares of the world, and accept the brevet-rank of old maidens, which they certainly did with as much good-humour and as little chagrin as are generally exhibited on those occasions. Their incomes were ample for all their purposes, and they got on to the end of their career very comfortably. Dolly chose three lap-dogs and a parrot for her favourites, and Fanny adopted a squirrel and four tom-cats to chase away her ennui. But those animals having a natural antipathy to each other, got into an eternal state of altercation and hostility, the parrot eternally screeching to make peace between them. So a maid-servant, who understood the humour of poodles, cats, etc. etc., was hired to superintend and keep them in peace and proper order.

This maid of natural history got great ascendency; and, as she was what is termed in Ireland a swaddler, in England a canter or psalm-singer, she soon convinced my cousins that there was no certain road to salvation, save through the preachers and love-feasts of those societies. Of course a plate was laid ready for some lank pulpiteer at dinner, every day, and my cousins became thorough-paced swaddlers (singing excepted). But, as years would still roll on, and they could not be always swaddling, and saving their souls, some extra comfort was, as customary, found necessary for their languid hours. The maid of natural history therefore suggested that, as solid food and weak Bordeaux were not of the best efficacy for feeble appetites, which her mistresses were beginning to show symptoms of, a

glass of cordial, now and then, in the morning, might restore the tone of their stomachs. Of consequence, a couple of liqueur-bottles were prepared, and always properly replenished; the ladies found their liquid appetites daily increase: the preacher got the whole bottle of wine to himself; Lundyfoot's most pungent was well crammed into my cousin's nostrils, as an interlude, till snuffling was effected; and the matter went on as cheerily as possible between the dogs and cats, the preacher, snuff, and the cordial comforts, till an ill-natured dropsy, with tappings to match, sent my cousin Dolly to my uncle Stephen; and some other disorder having transmitted cousin Fanny the same journey to her mother, I anticipated very great satisfaction in opening the last will and testament of the survivor; whereupon, all things being regularly prepared, with an audible voice I read the first legacy, bequeathing "her body to the dust, and her soul to God," in most pious and pathetic expressions, and of considerable longitude. The second legacy ran: "Item—to my dear cousin, Jonah Barrington, I bequeath my mother's wedding-ring and my father's gold sleeve-buttons, as family keepsakes; also all my father's books and papers of every description, except bonds, or any securities for money, or contracts;" and so far looked favourable, till, casting my eye over the third legacy, to the wonder of the company I stopped short, and handing it cautiously to the swaddling preacher (who was present), begged he would be so kind as to read it himself. This office he coyly accepted, and performed it in a drawling whine, and with heavy sighs, that made everybody laugh, except myself. In fine, cousin Fanny, after her "soul to God, and her body to the dust" (the latter of which legacies she could not possibly avoid), as to all her worldly substance, etc., bequeathed it "to such *charitable* purposes as her maid Mary might think proper, by and with the spiritual advice and assistance of that holy man, Mr. Clarke. This pious philosopher never changed a muscle at his good fortune. The will, indeed, could be no surprise either to him or Mrs. Mary. With the aid of the orator's brother, who was an attorney (and got snacks), they had prepared it according to their

own satisfaction; and cousin Fanny executed it one evening, after her cordial and prayers had their full operation; and, in a few days more, her disorder put a conclusive termination to any possibility of revoking it.

This affair had its sequel exactly as any rational person might have anticipated. The preacher and Mrs. Mary, after a decent mourning, united their spiritual and temporal concerns, and became flesh of the flesh and bone of the bone; in which happy state of husband and wife (which happy state they had been in many months before the ceremony was thought necessary) they remained nearly two years, when his reverence, happening to light on a younger and handsomer swaddler and legatee, after beating Mrs. Mary almost to a jelly, embarked with his new proselyte for America, where, changing his name, curling his hair, colouring his eyebrows, etc. etc., he turned Quaker, and is at this moment, I have learned, in good repute at meeting, and solvency as a trader, in the city of Philadelphia.

The entire of my uncle Stephen's library and manuscripts, with the exception of the year-books, Newcastle on the Manége, seven farriery and several cookery books, I gave to my friend, old Lundyfoot, to envelop his powder in; and most of my books being well impregnated, or rather populously inhabited, by divers minute and nearly impalpable maggots, probably added some poignancy to the sneezing qualities of his celebrated preparation.

I recollect a whimsical expression used by Davy Lander, an Irish counsellor, whom I brought with me to hear the will read.

"By my soul, Barrington," said Lander, "she was right enough in bequeathing her soul to God, out of hand, or the devil would certainly have taken it as heir-at-law! But I hope he has the reversion."

That branch of the Geraldines is now entirely extinct, having ended with my cousin Fanny, the swaddler; and nothing now remains but the old castle, its celebrated ivy tree, St. Bridget's stone, and my legends, to preserve even the recollection of Moret.

HANGING AN ATTORNEY BY ACCIDENT.

A HANGING-MATCH of a very curious nature occurred a few days after the breaking out of the same rebellion in Dublin, and its relation will form an excellent companion to that of Lieutenant H——'s mode of execution.

The attorney's corps of yeomanry, horse and foot, were at that period little less than 800 or 900 strong; and I really believe it might, in an enemy's country (or even in a remote district of its own), have passed for as fine a "pulk of Cossacks" as ever came from the banks of the Don or the Danube.

In Ireland, everything has its *alias* denomination; in the regular army, certain regiments are honoured by the titles of the "King's *own*," the "Queen's *own*," or the "Prince's *own*," etc. Many of the Irish yeomanry corps, in 1798, were indulged with similar distinctions; not indeed by the King himself, but by his majesty's sovereign mob of Dublin. For example, the attorney's regiment was christened, collectively, the "*Devil's* own;" the infantry part of it, the *Rifle* Brigade; and the cavalry, the *Chargers;* the custom-house corps, Cæsar's (*seizer's*) army, etc. etc. etc. The pre-eminent titles thus given to the attorneys, who are gentlemen by *act of parliament*, were devised by one Mr. Murry, a cheese and oilman in Great George Street, whose premises (as he deponed) were stormed one night by a patrol of that legal corps, and divers articles of the first quality—food and luxury, cheeses, hams, tongues, anchovies, Burton ale, and bottled porter, etc., were abstracted against his will therefrom, and feloniously conveyed into, and concealed in, the bodies, bowels, and intestines, of divers ravenous and thirsty attorneys, solicitors, and scriveners; and thereby conveyed beyond the reach or jurisdiction of any search-warrants, replevins, or other

legal process. A more curious deposition did not appear during the whole of those troublesome times, than that sworn by Mr. Murry, cheese and oilman, and annexed to a petition to Parliament for *compensation*. However, the Parliament, not considering Mr. Murry to be an extra-loyalist (but which the attorneys certainly were; and *ultra* into the bargain), refused to replenish his warehouse. In consequence whereof, Mr. Murry decided upon his own revenge by nicknaming the *enemy*, wherein he succeeded admirably.

Here I cannot avoid a little digression, by observing, that so strong and enthusiastic was the genuine loyalty which seized upon the nobility, gentry, and clergy of Dublin at that period, that even the young gentlemen of Merrion Square, who had so far advanced toward their grand climacteric as to exceed three-score, formed a strong band of volunteers, who proved their entire devotion to king and country by first parading every fine evening, then drinking tea and playing whist, and afterwards patrolling all Merrion Square—east, west, north, and south; and if there had been any more sides, no doubt they would have patrolled them also. They then, in a most loyal manner, supped alternately at each other's houses. They were commanded by Lord Viscount Allen, who was surnamed the "*Bog of Allen*," from his size and substance, and contrasted with the Lieutenant-Colonel, Mr. Westenra (father of the present Lord Rossmore), who, having no flesh of his own, was denominated "the Commissary." This company, as a body, were self-entitled the *Garde du Corps*, alluding to their commander Lord Allen; and as they could have (by the course of nature) but a short period either to fight or run away, and life, like every other commodity, when it runs rather short, becomes the more valuable, so they very wisely took most especial care of the remnants of their own, as *civilians;* and, of a wet or damp night, I have with great pleasure seen a score, at least, of our venerable *Garde Grenadier* gallantly patrolling Merrion Square, and marching in a long file of sedan-chairs, with their muskets sticking out of the windows ready to deploy and fire upon any rebel enemy to church or state who should dare to oppose their progress and manœuvres.

The humorists of that day, however, would not consent to any *Gallic* denomination for these loyal yoemen, whom they rather chose to distinguish by a real Irish title—viz. the *Fogies*,* a term meaning, in Hibernian dialect, "a bottle that has no liquor in it." This excellent corps, in due time, however, died off without the aid of any enemy, and, I fear, not one of them remains to celebrate the loyalty of the defunct. I therefore have taken upon myself that task (so far as my book can accomplish it), for which I shall, doubtless, receive the heartfelt thanks of their sons and grandchildren.

I shall now proceed to the misfortunes of an attorney, neither deserved nor expected by that loyal yeoman: the anecdote, however, should remain as a caution and warning to all hangmen by profession, and other loyal executioners, down to the latest posterity.

The regiment of attorneys, etc. (or, as the malicious Mr. Murry called them, the "Devil's own"), was at that time extremely well commanded; the cavalry (or "chargers") by a very excellent old fox-hunting solicitor, Arthur Dunn; the infantry (or rifle companies), by Mr. Kit Abbot, a very good, jovial, popular practitioner.

Both commanders were loyal to the back-bone; they formed unbending buttresses of church and state, and had taken the proper obligation, "to bury themselves under the ruins of the Weavers' Hall and Skinners' Alley, sooner than yield one inch of the *Dodder River* or the *Poddle Gutters* to any *Croppy* or democratic papist."

* Few gentlemen in Ireland made more "*Fogies*" than the good and witty Sir Hercules Langrishe, one of that corps, and who was said to have been the godfather of his company.

Sir Hec's idea of "*Fogies*" may be collected from an anecdote Sir John Parnell, chancellor of the exchequer, used to tell of him with infinite pleasantry.

Sir John, one evening immediately after dinner, went to Sir Hercules on some official business; he found him in the midst of revenue papers, with two empty bottles and a glass standing immediately before him. "What the deuce, Sir Hec!" said Sir John, "why, have you finished these two already?" "To be sure I have," said Sir Hec; "they were only claret." "And was nobody helping you?" said Sir John. "Oh, yes, yes!" said Sir Hercules; "see there, a bottle of port came to my assistance; there's his *fogy*."

After the rebellion broke out, some of these true and loyal attorneys, feeling that martial law had totally superseded their own,—and that having nothing to do in the *money*-market their visits to the *flesh*-market were proportionably curtailed; credit having likewise got totally out of fashion (as usual during rebellions),—they bethought themselves of accomplishing some military achievement which might raise their renown, and perhaps at the same time "raise the wind;" and, as good luck would have it, an opportunity soon turned up, not only of their signalising their loyalty, but also (as they imagined without much hazard) of a *couple of days' feasting* at free quarters.

This adventure eventually had the fortunate result of procuring a bulletin in several of the Dublin newspapers, though it did not seriously give the gallant yeomen half the credit which their intrepidity and sufferings had merited.

Sir John Ferns,* who had been sheriff, and the most celebrated wine-merchant of Dublin, was at that period justly admired for his singing—his luxurious feasts—insatiable thirst—and hard-going hospitality: his amarynth nose, with cheeks of Bardolph, twinkling black eyes with a tinge of blood in the white of them, rendered any further sign for his wine-vaults totally unnecessary.

This Sir John (like the Earl of Northumberland in Cheviot Chase) had made some vow, or cursed some curse, that he would

* Sir J. Ferns had one quality to an astonishing extent, which I can well vouch for, having often heard and seen its extraordinary effects.

His singing voice, I believe, never yet was equalled for its depth and volume of sound. It exceeded all my conceptions, and at times nearly burst the tympanum of the ear, without the slightest discord!

Yet his falsetto, or feigned voice, stole in upon the bass without any tones of that abrupt transition which is frequently perceptible amongst the best of songsters: his changes, though as it were from thunder to a flute, had not one disagreeable tone with them.

This extreme depth of voice was only in perfection when he was in one of his singing humours; and the effect of it (often shivering empty glass) was of course diminished in a large, and altogether inoperative in a very spacious room; but in a moderately low and not very large chamber its effect was miraculous.—(*Author's note.*)

take his sport three summer days, hanging or hunting rebels, and burning their haunts and houses about the town of Rathfarnham, where he had a villa. All this he was then empowered and enabled to do, by virtue of martial law, without pain or penalty, or lying under any compliment to judges or juries, as in more formal or legal epochas. He accordingly set about recruiting well-disposed and brave associates to join him in the expedition, and most fortunately hit upon Attorney James Potterton, Esq., in every point calculated for his aide-de-camp. The troop was quickly completed, and twenty able and vehement warriors, with Captain Sir John Ferns at their head, and Mr. James Potterton (who was appointed sergeant), set out to hang, hunt, and burn all before them where they found disloyalty lurking about Rathfarnham.

The troop was composed of five attorneys; three of Mr. John Claudius Beresford's most expert yeomen, called *manglers*, from his riding-house; two grocers from the guild of merchants; an exciseman, and a master tailor; a famous slop-seller from Poolbeg Street; a buck parson from the county of Kildare; one of Sir John's own bottlers, and his principal corker; also a couple of sheriff's officers. Previously to setting out, the captain filled their stomachs gullet-high with ham, cold round, and cherry bounce; and being so duly filled, Sir John then told them the order of battle.

"I sent to the landlord of the yellow house of Rathfarnham, many months ago," said Sir John, "a hogshead of my capital *chateau margot*, for which he has never paid me; and as that landlord now, in all probability, deserves to be hanged, we can at least put up with him at nights; drink my *chateau;* do military execution in the days, which will report well to Lord Castlereagh; and at all events, the riding and good cheer can do us no harm." This was universally approved of; and, led by this gallant and celebrated vintner, the troop set off to acquire food and fame about the environs of the capital.

Sergeant Potterton, who was a very good-humoured and good-natured attorney, with a portion of slang dryness and a sly

drawl, diverting enough, afterwards recited to me the whole of their adventure, which campaign was cut a good deal shorter than the warriors premeditated.

"No man," said Attorney Potterton, "could be better calculated to lead us to any burning excursion than Sir John. You know, Counsellor, that every feature in his face is the picture of a conflagration; and the people swear that when he bathes, the sea *fizzes*, as if he was a hot iron.

"But," continued Sergeant Potterton, "Counsellor Curran's story of Sir John's nose setting a cartridge on fire, when he was biting off the end of it, has not one word of truth in it."

This troop had advanced on their intended route just to the spot where, a few nights before, the Earl of Roden had received a bullet in his nightcap, and had slain some rebels, when Sergeant Potterton espied a rebel skulking in what is called in Ireland a brake or knock of furze. Of course the sergeant immediately shouted out, in the proper military style—"Halloa, boys!—halloa!—hush!—hush!—silence!—halloa! Oh! by ——, there's a nest of rapparee rebels in that knock. Come on, lads, and we'll slice every mother's babe of them to their entire satisfaction. Now, draw, boys!—draw!—cock!—charge!" said the grocers. "Charge away!" echoed the attorneys; and without further ceremony they did charge the knock of furze with most distinguished bravery; but, alas! their loyal intentions were disappointed; the knock of furze was found uninhabited; the rebels had stolen off, on their hands and feet, across a ditch adjoining it; and whilst the royal scouters were busily employed cutting, hacking, and twisting every furze and tuft, in expectation that a rebel was behind it, of a sudden a certain noise and smoke, which they had no occasion for, came plump from an adjoining ditch. "Halloa!—halloa!—I'm hit, by ——!" said one. "I'm grazed, by the ——!" said another. "I heard the slugs whiz like hailstones by my head!" swore a third. "O, blood and ——z!" roared out Sergeant Potterton, the attorney, "I've got an *indenture* in my forehead," "This is nothing else but a fair ambush," said Malony the bailiff, scratching his cheek,

through which a couple of slugs had made an illegal entry to visit his grinders. "Church and state be d—d!" said the buck parson, *inadvertently*, on seeing a dash of blood on his waistcoat. "Oh, murder! murder!" cried the slop-merchant. "Oh, Mary Ann, Mary Ann! why did I not stay fair and easy at Poolbeg Street, as you wanted me, and I would not be massacred in this manner!"

Many of the combatants actually fancied themselves mortally wounded, at least, and all flocked round Captain Sir John Ferns for orders in this emergency. "Halloa!" roared the captain; "Halloa, boys, wheel—wheel—eel—l—boys! I say, wheel—l—l—!" But being too brave to specify whether to the right or left, or front or rear, every wheeler wheeled according to his own taste and judgment; some to right and others to left, by twos, threes, fours, and single files, as was most convenient; of course the poor horses, being equally uncertain as the riders, absolutely charged each other in one *mélange*—heads and tails—helter-skelter—higgledy piggledy—rumps and foreheads all toulting and twisting, to the great edification of the gentlemen rebels, who stood well hid behind the ditch, charging for another volley.

Sir John, standing bravely in the centre to rally his men, his nose like the focus of a burning-glass collecting its rays, was himself a little astounded at seeing the number who appeared wounded and bleeding after so short an encounter. For this surprise the captain no doubt had very good cause; his charger had, in truth, got a bullet through his nostrils, and not being accustomed to twitches of that kind, he began to toss up his head, very naturally, in all directions, dispersing his blood on the surrounding warriors; whilst, there being no particular tint by which the blood of a Christian or an attorney and that of a horse are distinguished on a field of battle, every gallant who got a splash of the gelding's *aqua vitæ* from his nose and nostrils, fancied it was his own precious gore which was gushing out of some hole bored into himself, in defence of the church and state; to both of which articles he gave a smothered curse for bringing him into so perilous and sanguinary an adventure.

However, they wisely considered that the greatest bravery may be carried too far, and become indiscretion. By a sort of instinctive coincidence of military judgment, therefore, without waiting for a council of war, word of command, or such ill-timed formalities, the whole troop immediately proved in what a contemptible point of view they held such dangers; and to show that they could turn a battle into a matter of amusement, commonly called a horse-race—such as was practised by the carbineers at the battle of Castlebar, Captain Ferns, Sergeant Potterton, and the entire troop, started from the post, or rather the knock of furze, at the same moment, every jockey trying whose beast could reach a quarter of a mile off with the greatest expedition. This was performed in a time incredibly short. The winner, however, never was decided; as, when a halt took place, every jockey swore that he was the last—being directly contrary to all horse-races which do not succeed a battle.

When the race was over, a council of war ensued, and they unanimously agreed, that as no rebel had actually appeared, they must of course be defeated, and that driving rebels out of the furze was, in matter of fact, a victory.

After three cheers, therefore, for the Protestant ascendency, they determined to follow up their success, and scour the neighbourhood of all lurking traitors.

With this object (like hounds that had lost their game), they made a cast to get upon the scent again; so at a full hand-gallop they set out, and were fortunate enough to succeed in the enterprise. In charging through a corn-field, the slop-seller's horse, being rather near-sighted, came head foremost over some bulky matter hid amongst the corn. "Ambush! ambush!" cried Sir John. "Ambush! ambush!" echoed his merry men all. Sergeant Potterton, however, being more foolhardy than his comrades, spurred on to aid the poor slop-trader. In getting across the deep furrows, his gelding took the same summersets as his less mettlesome companion, and seated Sergeant Potterton exactly on the carcass of the slop-man, who, for fear of worse, had laid himself very quietly at

full length in the furrow; and the sergeant, in rising to regain his saddle, perceived that the slop-man's charger had stumbled over something which was snoring as loud as a couple of French horns close beside him. The sergeant promptly perceived that he had gotten a real prize. It was with good reason supposed to be a drunken rebel, who lay dozing and snorting in the furrow, but certainly not dreaming of the uncomfortable journey he was in a few minutes to travel into a world that, before he fell asleep, he had not the least idea of visiting.

"Hollo! hollo! hollo! Captain and brave boys," cried Attorney Potterton. "I've got a lad sure enough, and though he has no arms about him, there can be no doubt but they lie hid in the corn. So his guilt is proved, and I never saw a fellow a more proper example to make in the neighbourhood!" In this idea all coincided. But what was to be done to legalise his death and burial, was a query. A drum-head court-martial was very properly mentioned by the captain; but on considering that they had no drum to try him on, they were at a considerable puzzle, till Mr. Malony declared "that he had seen a couple of gentlemen hanged in Dublin on Bloody-bridge a few days before, without any trial, and that by martial law no trial was then necessary for hanging of anybody." This suggestion was unanimously agreed to, and the rebel was ordered to be immediately executed on an old leafless tree (which was at the corner of the field, just at their possession), called in Ireland a rampike.

It was, however, thought but a proper courtesy to learn from the malefactor himself *whom* they were to hang. He protested an innocence that no loyal man in those times could give any credit to. He declared that he was Dan Delany, a well-known brogue-maker at Glan Maleer; that he was going to Dublin for leather, but the whisky was too many for him, and he lay down to sleep it off when their hands waked him. "Nonsense!" said the whole troop, "he'll make a most beneficial example!"

Nothing now was wanting but a rope, a couple of which the bailiff had fortunately put into his coat-case for a magistrate

near Rathfarnham, as there were no ropes there the strength of which could be depended upon, if rebels happened to be-fat and weighty, or hanged in couples.

This was most fortunate, and all parties lent a hand at preparing the cravat for Mr. Dan Delany, brogue-maker. Mr. Walker happened to be the most active in setting the throttler, so as to ensure no failure. All was arranged: the rebel was slung cleverly over the rampike; but Mr. Walker, perceiving that the noose did not run glib enough, rode up to settle it about the neck so as to put Mr. Delany out of pain, when, most unfortunately, his own fist slipped inadvertently into the noose, and, whilst endeavouring to extricate himself, his charger got a smart kick with the rowels, which, like all other horses, considering as an order to proceed, he very expertly slipped from under Attorney Walker, who was fast, and left him dangling in company with his friend the brogue-maker, one by the head and the other by the fist; and as the rope was of the best manufacture, it kept both fast and clear from the ground, swinging away with some grace and the utmost security.

The beast being thus freed from all constraint, thought the best thing he could do was to gallop home to his own stable (if he could find the way to it), and so set out with the utmost expedition, kicking up behind, and making divers vulgar noises, as if he was ridiculing his master's misfortune.

He was, however, stopped on the road, and sent home to Dublin, with an intimation that Captain Ferns and all the troop were cut off near Rathfarnham; and this melancholy intelligence was published, with further particulars, in a second edition of the *Dublin Evening Post*, two hours after the arrival of Mr. Walker's charger in the metropolis.

Misfortunes never come alone. The residue of the troop in high spirits had cantered on a little. The kind offices of Mr. Walker to Mr. Delany being quite voluntary, *they* had not noticed his humanity; and, on his roaring out to the very extent of his lungs, and the troop turning round, as the devil would have it, another tree intercepted the view of Mr. Walker,

so that they perceived a very different object. "Captain, captain," cried out four or five of the troop all at once, "Look there! look there!" and there did actually appear several hundred men, attended by a crowd of women and children, approaching them by the road on which the rebel had been apprehended. There was no time to be lost, and a second heat of the horse-race immediately took place, but without waiting to be started as on the former occasion; and this course being rather longer than the last, led them totally out of sight of Messrs. Walker and Delany.

The attorney and rebel had in the meantime enjoyed an abundance of that swing-swang exercise which so many professors of law, physic, and divinity practised pending the Irish insurrection; nor was there the slightest danger of their pastime being speedily interrupted, as Captain Ferns' troop, being flanked by above three hundred rebels, considered that the odds were too tremendous to hold out any hopes of a victory. Of course a retrograde movement was considered imperative, and they were necessitated, as often happens after boasted victories, to leave Messrs. Walker and Delany twirling about in the string, like a pair of fowls under a bottle-jack.

But notwithstanding they were both in close and almost inseparable contact, they seemed to enjoy their respective situations with a very different demeanour.

The unpleasant sensations of Mr. Delany had for a considerable time subsided into a general tranquillity, nor did his manner in the slightest degree indicate any impatience or displeasure at being so long detained in company with the inveterate solicitor, nor indeed did he articulate one sentence of complaint against the boisterous conduct of his outrageous comrade.

The attorney, on the contrary, not being blessed with so even a temper as Mr. Delany, showed every symptom of inordinate impatience to get out of his company, and exhibited divers samples of plunging, kicking, and muscular convulsion, more novel and entertaining than even those of the most celebrated rope-dancers; he also incessantly vociferated as loud, if not

louder than he had ever done upon any former occasion, though not in any particular dialect or language, but as a person generally does when undergoing a cruel surgical operation.

The attorney's eyes not having anything to do with the hanging matter, he clearly saw the same crowd approaching which had caused the retrograde movement of his comrades; and, as it approached, he gave himself entirely up for lost, being placed in the very same convenient position for piking as Absalom, when General Joab ran him through the body without the slightest resistance; and though the attorney's toes were not two feet from the ground, he made as much fuss, floundering and bellowing, as if they had been twenty.

The man of law at length became totally exhausted and tranquil, as children generally are when they have no strength to squall any longer. He had, however, in this state of captivity, the consolation of beholding, at every up-glance, the bloated, raven-gray visage of the king's enemy, and his disloyal eyes bursting from their sockets, and full glaring with inanimate revenge on the loyalist who had darkened them. A thrilling horror seized upon the nerves and muscles of the attorney. His sins and clients were now, like the visions in Macbeth, or King Saul and the Witch of Endor, beginning to pass in shadowy review before his imagination. The last glance he could distinctly take, as he looked upward to Heaven for aid (there being none at Rathfarnham), gave a dismal glimpse of his once red-and-white engrossing member, now, like the cameleon, assuming the deep purple hue of the rebel jaw it was in contact with, the fingers spread out, cramped, and extended as a fan before the rebel visage; and numbness, the avant-courier of mortification, having superseded torture, he gave himself totally up to Heaven. If he had a hundred prayers, he would have repeated every one of them; but, alas! theology was not his forte, and he was gradually sinking into that merciful insensibility invented by farriers, when they twist an instrument upon a horse's nostrils, that the torture of his nose may render him insensible to the pains his tail is enduring.

In the mean time the royal troop, which had most prudentially retreated to avoid an overwhelming force, particularly on their flank, as the enemy approached, yielded ground, though gradually. The enemy being all foot, the troop kept only a quarter of a mile from them, and merely retreated a hundred yards at a time, being sure of superior speed to that of the rebels, when, to the surpise of Captain Ferns, the enemy made a sudden wheel, and took possession of a churchyard upon a small eminence, as if intending to pour down on the cavalry, if they could entice them within distance; but, to the astonishment of the royal troopers, instead of the Irish war-whoop, which they expected, the enemy set up singing and crying in a most plaintive and inoffensive manner. The buck parson, with Malony the bailiff, being ordered to reconnoitre, immediately galloped back, announcing that the enemy had a coffin; and were performing a funeral; but, both swearing that it was a new ambush, and the whole troop coinciding in the same opinion, a further retreat was decided on, which might be now performed without the slightest confusion. It was also determined to carry off their dead, for such it was taken for granted the attorney must have been, by the excess of his agitation, dancing and plunging till they lost sight of him, and also through the contagion and poisonous collision of a struggling rebel, to whom he had been so long cemented.

In order, therefore, to bring off the solicitor, dead or alive, they rallied, formed, and charged, sword in hand, towards the rampike, where they had left Attorney W—— and Mr. Delany in so novel a situation, and where they expected no loving reception.

In the meantime, it turned out that the kicking, plunging, and rope-dancing of the attorney had their advantages; as at length the obdurate rope, by the repeated pulls and twists, slipped over the knot of the rampike which had arrested its progress, ran freely, and down came the rebel and royalist together, with an appropriate crash, on the green sod under their gibbet, which seemed beneficently placed there by Nature on purpose to receive them.

The attorney's innocent fist, however, still remained tightly moored to the gullet of the guilty rebel, and might have remained there till they grew or rotted together, had not the opportune arrival of his gallant comrades saved them from mortification.

To effect the separation of Attorney W—— and Mr. Delany was no easy achievement—the latter had gone to his forefathers; but the rope was strong and tight—both able and willing to have hung half-a-dozen more of them, if employed to do so. Many loyal pen-knives were set instantly at work, but the rope defied them all—the knot was too solid. At length Sergeant Potterton's broadsword, having assumed the occupation of a saw, effected the operation without any accident, save sawing across one of the attorney's veins. The free egress of his loyal gore soon brought its proprietor to his sense of existence, though three of the fingers had got so clever a stretching, that the muscles positively refused to bend any more for them, and they ever after retained the same fan-like expansion as when knotted to Mr. Delany. The index and thumb still retained their engrossing powers, to the entire satisfaction of the club of Skinners' Alley, of which he was an active alderman.

The maimed attorney was now thrown across a horse and carried to a jingle,* and sent home with all the honours of war to his wife and children, to make what use they pleased of.

Captain Ferns' royal troop now held another council of war, to determine on ulterior operations; and, though the rebel army in the churchyard might have been only a funeral, it was unanimously agreed that an important check had been given to the rebels of Rathfarnham; yet that prudence was as necessary an ingredient in the art of war as intrepidity; and that it might be risking the advantage of what had been done, if they made any attempt on the yellow house, or the captain's *Bördeaux*, as they might be overpowered by a host of pot-valiant rebels, and thereby his Majesty be deprived of their future services.

They therefore finally decided to retire upon Dublin at a

* A jaunting-car.

sling-trot; publish a bulletin of the battle in Captain Giffard's *Dublin Journal;* wait upon Lords Camden and Castlereagh, and Mr. Cooke, with a detail of the expedition and casualties; and, finally, celebrate the action by a dinner, when the usual beverage, with the anthem of "God Save the King," might unite in doing national honour both to the liquor and to his Majesty, the latter being always considered quite lonesome by the corporators of Dublin unless garnished by the former accompaniment.

This was all carried into effect. Lieutenant H——, the walking gallows (*ante*), was especially invited; and the second metropolis of the British empire had thus the honour of achieving the first victory over the rebellious subjects of his Majesty in the celebrated insurrection of 1798.

FLOGGING THE WINE-COOPERS.

An anecdote, amongst many of the same genus, which I witnessed myself, about the same period, is particularly illustrative of the state of things in the Irish metropolis at the celebrated epocha of 1798.

Two wine-coopers of a Mr. Thomas White, an eminent wine-merchant in Clare Street, had been bottling wine at my house in Merrion Square. I had known them long to be honest, quiet, and industrious persons. Going to their dinner, they returned, to my surprise, with their coats and waistcoats hanging loose on their arms, and their shirts quite bloody behind. They told their pitiful story with peculiar simplicity. That, as they were passing quietly by Major Connor's barrack, at Shelburn House, Stephen's Green, a fellow who owed one of them a grudge for beating him and his brother at Donnybrook, had told Major Connor that—"He heard we were black rebels, and knew well where many a pike was hid in vaults and cellars in the city, if we chose to discover of them; on which the Major, please your honour, Counsellor, without stop or stay, or the least ceremony in life, ordered the soldiers to strip us to our buffs, and then tied us to the butt-end of a great cannon; and what did he do then, Counsellor dear, to two honest poor coopers, but he ordered the soldiers to give us fifty cracks a-piece with the devil's cat-o'-nine-tails, as he called it—though, by my sowl, I believe there were twenty tails to it—which the Major said he always kept softening in brine, to wallop such villains as we were, Counsellor dear! Well, every whack went through my carcass, sure enough; and I gave tongue, because I couldn't help it. So, when he had his will of us, he ordered us to put on our shirts, and swore us to come back in eight days more for the remaining fifty cracks,

unless we brought fifty pikes in the place of them. Ah, the devil a pike ever we had, Counsellor dear; and what'll we do, Counsellor—what'll we do?"

"Take this to the Major," said I, writing to him a note of no very gentle expostulation. "Give this, with my compliments; and if he does not redress you, I'll find means of making him."

The poor fellows were most thankful; and I immediately received a note from the Major, with many thanks for undeceiving him, and stating, that if the wine-coopers would catch the fellow that belied them, he'd oblige the chap with a cool hundred, from a new double cat, which he would order for the purpose.

The Major strictly kept his word. The wine-coopers soon found their accuser, and brought him to Major Connor, with my compliments; who sent him home in half-an-hour with as raw a back as any brave soldier in his Majesty's service.

Learning also from the coopers that their enemy was an attorney's clerk (a profession the Major had a most inveterate and very just aversion to), he desired them to bring him any disloyal attorneys they could find, and he'd teach them more justice in one hour at Shelburn Barracks than they'd practise for seven years in the Four Courts.

The accuser, who got so good a practical lecture from Major Connor, was a clerk to Mr. H. Hudson, an eminent attorney of Dublin.

The Major's brother, Arthur, was under a state prosecution, and incarcerated as an unsuccessful patriot—but one to whom even Lord Clare could not deny the attributes of consistency, firmness, and fidelity. His politics were decidedly sincere. Banished from his own country, he received high promotion in the French army; and, if he had not been discontinued from the staff of his relative, Marshal Grouchy, the battle of Waterloo (from documents I have seen) *must* have had a different termination. This, however, is an almost inexcusable digression.

THE ENNISCORTHY BOAR.

A most ludicrous incident chanced to spring out of the most murderous conflict, for the numbers engaged, that had occurred during the merciless insurrection of 1798 in Ireland.

The murdered victims had not been effectually interred, the blood was scarcely dry upon the hill, and the embers of the burned streets not yet entirely extinguished in Enniscorthy, when, in company with a friend who had miraculously escaped the slaughter, and Mr. John Grogan of Johnstown, who was then seeking for evidence, amongst the conquered rebels, to prove the injustice of his brother's execution, I explored and noted the principal occurrences of that most sanguinary engagement. I give them, in connection with the preposterous incident which they gave rise to, to show in one view the *mélange* of fanaticism, ferocity, and whimsical credulity, which characterised the lower Irish at that disastrous epocha, as well as the absurd credulity and spirit of true intolerance which signalised their London brethren in the matter of the silly incident which I shall mention.

The town of Enniscorthy, in the county of Wexford, in Ireland (one of the first strong possessions that the English, under Strongbow, established themselves in) is situate most beautifully on the river Slaney, at the base of Vinegar Hill; places which the conflicts and massacres of every nature, and by both parties, have marked out for posterity as the appropriate sites of legendary tales, and traditional records of heroism and of murder.

The town is not fortified; and the hill, like half-a-globe, rising from the plain, overlooks the town and country, and has no neighbouring eminence to command it.

The first assault on this town by the rebels, and its defence

by a gallant but not numerous garrison, formed one of the most desperate, heroic, and obstinate actions of an infatuated people. It was stormed by the rebels, and defended with unflinching gallantry; but captured, after a long and most bloody action, during which no quarter was given or accepted on either side. Those who submitted to be prisoners only preserved their lives a day, to experience some more cold-blooded and torturing extinction.

The orange and green flags were that day alternately successful. But the numbers, impetuosity, and perseverance of the rebels, becoming too powerful to be resisted, the troops were overthrown, the rout became general, and the royalists endeavoured to save themselves in all directions. But most of those who had the good fortune to escape the pike or blunderbuss were flung into burning masses, or thrown from the windows of houses where they had tried to gain protection or conceal themselves.

The insurgents were that day constantly led to the charge, or, when checked, promptly rallied, by a priest who had figured in the French revolution in Paris—a Father Roche. His height and musculat powers were immense, his dress squalid and bloody, his countenance ruffianly and terrific. He had no sense either of personal danger or of Christian mercy. That day courage appeared contagious, and even his aged followers seemed to have imbibed all the ferocity and blind desperation of their gigantic and fearless pastor.

The streets through which the relics of the royal troops must traverse to escape the carnage were fired on both sides by the order of Father Roche, and the unfortunate fugitives had no chance but to pass through volumes of flame and smoke, or yield themselves up to the ferocious pikemen, who chased them even into the very body of the conflagration.

My accompanying friend had most unwittingly got into the town when in possession of the army, and could not get out of it on the sudden assault of the rebels. He had no arms. Many of them knew him, however, to be a person of liberal principles, civil and religious; but he with difficulty clambered to a seat

high up in the dilapidated castle, where, unless as regarded the chance of a random shot, he was in a place of tolerable safety. There he could see much; but did not descend till the next morning; and would certainly have been shot at the windmill on Vinegar Hill, had not the Catholic priests of his own parish vouched for his toleration and charity; and above all, that he had, early that year, given a large sum towards building a chapel and endowing a school for the cottagers' children.

His description of the storm was extremely exciting; and the more so as it was attended by an occurrence of a very interesting nature.

It was asserted by some of the loyal yeomen who were engaged, that the rebels were commanded, as to their *tactics*, by Captain Hay of the —— dragoons, who had been some time amongst them as a prisoner—a report countenanced by the disaffection of his family. This gave rise to charges against Captain Hay of desertion to the rebels, and high-treason. He was submitted to a court-martial; but an act of the most gallant and chivalrous description saved him from everything but suspicion of the criminality imputed.

Mrs. Ogle and Miss Moore, two of the most respectable ladies of Wexford, happened to be in Enniscorthy when it was assaulted, without any protector, and subject to all the dangers and horrors incidental to such captures. They had no expectation of escape, when Captain Hay, in the face of every species of danger, with a strength beyond his natural powers, and a courage which has not been exceeded, placing them on a horse before him, rushed into the midst of a burning street, and through flames and shots, and every possible horror, bore them through the fire in safety; and, although he sadly scorched himself, proceeded in conveying and delivering them safe to their desponding relations. Mr. Ogle was member for the county. The act was too gallant to leave anything more than the suspicion of guilt, and the accused was acquitted on all the charges.

Very shortly afterwards his eldest brother was executed at Wexford, his father died, while another brother, also deeply im-

plicated, was not prosecuted, and figured many years afterwards as secretary to the Catholic Committee; but he was neither deep enough nor mute enough for Mr. Daniel O'Connell, who, at that day, was, by-the-by, a large, ruddy young man, with a broad and savoury dialect, an imperturbable countenance, intrepid address, *et prætercea nihil.* He was then more fastidious as to his approbation of secretaries than he afterwards turned out to be.*

Amongst the persons who lost their lives on that occasion was the Rev. Mr. Haydn, a very old and highly respected clergyman of the Established Church: he was much more lamented than the thirty priests who were hanged at the same period. He was piked or shot by the rebels in the street, and lay dead and naked upon the Castle Hill, till duly consumed by half-starving dogs or swine of the neighbourhood, that marched without invitation into the town, to dine upon any of the combatants who were not interred too deep to be easily rooted up again.

After the rebellion had entirely ended, it was remarked in the neighbourhood, that what the peasants call a "slip of a pig," which had been busy with his neighbours carousing in Enniscorthy, as aforesaid, had, from that period, increased in stature and corresponding bulk to an enormous degree, and far outstripped all his contemporaries, not only in size, but (so far as the term could be applicable to a pig) in genuine beauty. At length his growth became almost miraculous; and his exact symmetry kept pace with his elevation.

This young pig was suffered to roam at large, and was universally admired as the most comely of his species. He at length rose to the elevation of nearly a heifer, and was considered too great a curiosity to remain in Ireland, where curiosities, animate and inanimate, human and beastly, are too common to be of any peculiar value, or even to excite attention. It was therefore determined to send him over as a present to our Sovereign—as an olive-branch, so to speak, for the subdued and repentant rebels of Enniscorthy, and a specimen which,

* Mr. O'Connell was called to the bar, Easter 1798, on or about the same day that Father Roche was hanged.—(*Author's note.*)

being placed in the Tower, might do great honour to the whole race of domestic swine, being the first tame gentleman of his family that ever had been in any royal menagerie.

This Enniscorthy miracle was accordingly shipped for Bristol, under the care of two rebels and a showman, and in due season arrived in the metropolis of England. Regular notice of his arrival was given to the king's proper officers at the Tower, who were to prepare chambers for his reception, though it was maliciously whispered that the "olive branch," as they called the pig, was intended only second-hand for his Majesty; that is to say, after the party and showman should have pursed every loose shilling the folks of London might be tempted to pay for a sight of so amiable an animal. The pig took admirably; the showman (a Caledonian by birth) was economical in the expenditure, and discreet in his explanations. The pig became the most popular show at the east end; Exeter 'Change even felt it. However, fate ultimately restored the baboons and tigers to their old and appropriate rank in society.

This proceeding, this compliment of the *olive branch*, was neither more nor less than is generally used in the case of our most celebrated generals, admirals, and statesmen (and occasionally our most gracious Sovereigns) who, being duly disembowelled, spiced, swaddled, and screwed up in a box, with a white satin lining to it, well stuffed to make it easy, are exhibited to their compatriots of all ranks, who can spare sixpence to see an oak trunk, covered with black, and plenty of lacquered tin nailed on the top of it. But here the pig was seen alive and merry, which everybody, except testamentary successors, conceives has much the advantage over anything that is inanimate.

I had myself, when at Temple, the honour of paying sixpence to see the fork which belonged to the knife with which Margaret Nicholson attempted to penetrate the person of his Majesty, King George the Third, at St. James's; and the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, through their actuaries, receive payment for showing the stone heads of patriots, poets, and ministers, whom they have secured in their tabernacle: Sir

Cloudesley Shovel, who was drowned as an admiral; Major André, who was hanged as a spy; and Mr. Grattan, who should have been buried in Ireland.

There can be little doubt that the greatest men of the present day, for a British shilling, before much more of the present century is finished, will be exhibited in like manner.

The thing has become too public and common. In early days great men dying required to be buried in the holiest sanctuary going. Sometimes the great bust was transferred to Westminster Abbey; but, of late, the monuments are becoming so numerous, the company so mixed, and the exhibition so like a show-box, that the modern multiplication of Orders has made many Knights very shy of wearing them. Thus the Abbey has lost a great proportion of its rank and celebrity; and I have been told of a gentleman of distinction, who, having died of a consumption, and being asked where he wished to be buried, replied, "Anywhere but Westminster Abbey."

To resume, however, the course of my narrative—the celebrity of the "olive branch" every day increased, and the number of his visitors so rapidly augmented, that the showman considered that the day when he should be committed to the Tower would be to him no trifling misfortune. Even the ladies conceived there was something musical in his grunt, and some tried to touch it off upon their pianos. So gentle, so sleek and silvery were his well-scrubbed bristles, that everybody patted his fat sides. Standing on his bare feet, his beautifully arched back, rising like a rainbow, overtopped half his visitors; and he became so great and general a favourite, that, though he came from Ireland, nobody even thought of inquiring whether he was a Papist or Protestant grunter!

One day, however, the most unforeseen and grievous misfortune that ever happened to so fine an animal, at once put an end to all his glories, and to the abundant pickings of his keeper.

It happened, unfortunately, that a Wexford yeoman, who had been at the taking and retaking of Enniscorthy (a theme he never failed to expatiate on), and had been acquainted with the

pig from his infancy, as well as the sow which bore him, having himself sold her to the last proprietors, came at the time of a very crowded assembly into the room; and, as Irishmen never omit any opportunity of talking, especially in a crowd, and, if at all convenient, *more* especially about themselves, the yeoman began to brag of his acquaintance with the hog, the storming of the town, the fight, and slaughter; and, unfortunately, in order to amuse the company, by suggesting the cause of his enormous bulk and stature, mentioned, as a national curiosity, that the people in Ireland were so headstrong as to attribute his growth to his having eaten the Rev. Mr. Haydn, a Protestant clergyman of Enniscorthy, after the battle; but he declared to the gentlemen and ladies that could not be the fact, as he was assured by an eye-witness, a sergeant of pikemen amongst the rebels, that there were several dogs helping him, and some ducks out of the Castle court. Besides, the parson having been a slight old gentlemen, there was scarcely as much flesh on his reverend bones as would have given one meal to a hungry bull-dog. This information, and the manner of telling it, caused an instantaneous silence, and set every English man and woman staring and shuddering around him, not one of whom did the pig attempt to put his snout on. The idea of a *Papist* pig eating a *Protestant* parson, was of a nature quite insupportable; both church and state were affected. Their praises were now turned to execration; the women put their handkerchiefs to their noses to keep off the odour; everybody stood aloof both from the pig and the showman, as if they were afraid of being devoured. The men cursed the papist brute, and the rebellious nation that sent him there; every one of them who had a stick or an umbrella gave a punch or a crack of it to the "olive branch;" and in a few minutes the room was cleared of visitors, to the astonishment of the yeoman, who lost no time in making his own exit. The keepers, now perceiving that their game was gone, determined to deliver him up, as *Master Haydn*, to the lieutenant of the Tower, to be placed at the will and pleasure of his Majesty.

The lucky showman and the two amateur rebels now pre-

pared to return to Wexford. Though somewhat disappointed at the short cut of their exhibition, they had no reason to find fault with the lining their pockets had got. The officers of the Tower, however, had heard the catastrophe and character of the "olive branch," and communicated to the lieutenant their doubts if he were a fit subject to mix with the noble wild beasts in a royal menagerie. Several consultations took place upon the subject; the lord-chamberlain was requested to take his Majesty's commands upon the subject in council; the king, who had been signing some death-warrants and pardons for the recorder of London, was thunderstruck and shocked at the audacity of an Irish pig eating a Protestant clergyman.

"The Tower! the Tower!" said his Majesty, with horror and indignation. "The Tower for an Irish hog that ate a pious Christian! No, no—no, no, my lords. Mr. Recorder, Mr. Recorder—here, see, see—I command you on your allegiance, shoot the pig, shoot him—shoot, Mr. Recorder, you can't hang. Eh! you would if you could, Mr. Recorder, no doubt. But, no, no—let me never here more of the monster. A sergeant's guard—shoot him—tell Sir Richard Ford to send his keepers to Ireland to-night."

The Recorder withdrew with the usual obeisances, and notice was given that at six next morning a sergeant's guard should attend to shoot the "olive branch," and bury his corpse in the Tower ditch, with a bulky barrel of hot lime to annihilate it. This was actually executed, notwithstanding the following droll circumstance that Sir Richard Ford himself informed us of:—

Sir Richard was far better acquainted with the humour and management of the Irish in London, than any London magistrate that ever succeeded him; he knew nearly all the principal ones by name, and individually, and represented them to us as the most tractable of beings, if duly come round and managed, and the most intractable and obstinate, if directly contradicted.

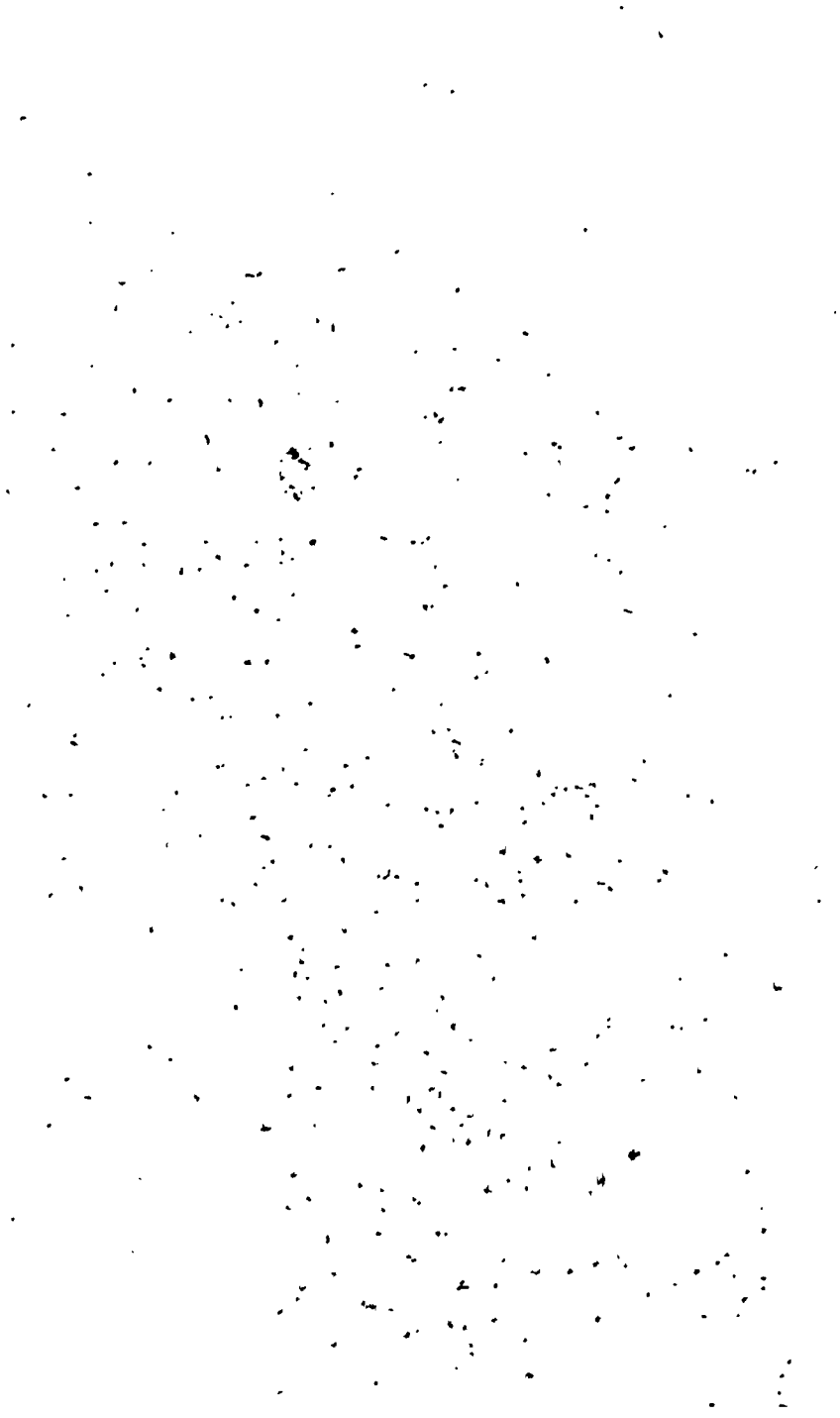
The Irish had been quite delighted with the honour intended for their compatriot, the Enniscorthy boar, and were equally

affected and irritated at the sentence which was so unexpectedly and so unjustly passed on him; and, after an immediate consultation, they determined that the pig should be rescued at all risks, and without the least consideration how they were to save his life afterwards. Their procedure was all settled, and the rescue determined on, when one of Sir Richard's spies brought him information of an intended rising at St. Giles's to rescue the pig, which, the frightened spy said, must be followed by the Irish firing London, plundering the Bank, and massacring all the Protestant population—thirty thousand choice Irish being ready for anything.

Sir Richard was highly diverted at the horrors of the spy, but judged it wise to prevent any such foolish attempt at riot, by anticipating his Majesty's orders; wherefore, early in the evening, a dozen policemen, one by one, got into the hog's residence, with a skilful butcher, who stuck him in the spinal marrow, and the "olive branch" scarcely brought life to the ground with him. The rescue was then out of the question, and in a very short time Doctor Haydn's gourmand was not only defunct, but actually laid ten feet under ground, with as much quick-lime covered up over his beautiful body as soon left hardly a bone to discover the place of his interment.*

Sir Richard told this anecdote, as to the execution, etc., with great humour. The Irish used to tell Sir Richard that a pig was dishonoured by any death but to make bacon of; and that, when killed for that purpose, they considered his death a natural one!

* I cannot discover the drift of this extraordinary episode. It may be a satiric allegory crookedly directed against some individual. At all events, it is a curiosity, which is all that can be said in its praise.



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